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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Beginning

FIRST FIDDLE

By

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON





Playtime hours that start with *daytime* freedom

Much of the fun of informal entertaining is feeling rested enough to enjoy it and having a home so well furnished that you're proud to have guests come in—for after all, who wants to be a household drudge when there are so many more pleasant things to do. Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs contribute both to the charm of the home and to the leisure of the housewife.

Here is a floor-covering that is the easiest thing in the world to keep clean. A few whisks with a mop over its sleek, sanitary surface is all that is necessary. No dusty sweeping. No back-breaking scrubbing.

You will like, too, the way a Congoleum Gold Seal Rug keeps its fresh, gay beauty throughout its long and useful life. In homes where lively children track in mud and sand, these waterproof, flat-lying rugs are a boon to busy mothers. And when you price them, in their wide variety of charming colors and designs, you'll find that genuine Congoleum Rugs are unbelievably low in cost.

There is just one more point to keep in mind when you make your selection. Anything as good as a Congoleum Gold Seal Rug is bound to have imitations. Be careful you get the genuine. You can always identify genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs because the Gold Seal is pasted on the face of the rug—put there to protect you from inferior substitutes.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, N. J.

•

Also sole manufacturers of the famous stain-proof, spot-proof, easily-cleaned Sealex Linoleums (battleship, plain, embossed, inlaid, duotone Jaspé and the new Feltones).



This living room was photographed in the "Budget Home" of John Wanamaker, New York. The rug pattern is "Kashmira" No. 630—a Persian motif. In the Vale of Kashmir, natives weave this "tree of life" design into rugs combining there same rich colors.

CONGOLEUM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOLD SEAL RUGS





If it hasn't this Gold Seal, it isn't genuine, guaranteed Congoleum.



"AVALON"—At the left. Congoleum Rug No. 628. "SAVOY"—At the right. Congoleum Rug No. 634.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—I really can't laugh *that* off!



"PINK"—on your tooth brush—seemingly innocent, isn't it? Yet "pink tooth brush" is an indication of a gum condition which may cause you no end of trouble before you're finally through with it!

It means that your gums are lazy, flabby, and becoming more and more tender with every day. You've eaten soft foods ever since you ate anything at all. And your gums, lacking the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their health, have gradually lost that vigorous hardness they had when you were a child. That's why they tend to bleed—that's why you had better do something at once about this "pink tooth brush" business!

If you don't, your teeth are going to look dull and grayish. But far more serious than the good-looks of your teeth is any one of a number of gum troubles that "pink tooth brush" makes you susceptible to. Gingivitis, for instance. Or Vincent's disease. And you wouldn't ever *choose* to have pyorrhea, would you?—though that's far more rare.

If you ignore "pink tooth brush", you may even be risking the soundness of good teeth through infection at the roots!

To check "pink tooth brush" isn't complicated or expensive. All you have to do is to get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it in the usual way. But each time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and lightly massage it into those inactive, touchy gums of yours.

You'll like the way it makes your gums feel, and the way it brings back almost at once a nice sparkle to your teeth. Keep on using it—regularly—with massage—and you won't be bothered for long with "pink tooth brush"! Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage! He'll explain *why* it checks "pink tooth brush" so summarily!



Ipana *tooth paste*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-121
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

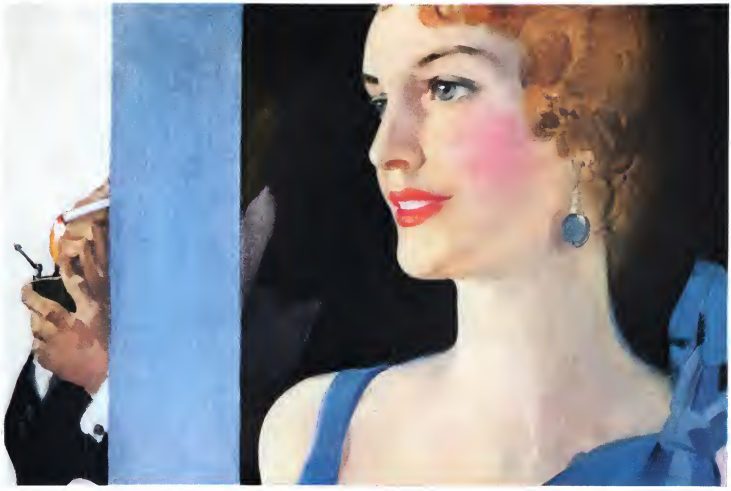
Name

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DO 94 MEN

want to Marry the same Girl?



CERTAINLY not! It would be pretty hard on the rest of us if that were the case. Just the same when I asked 100 attractive and unmarried young men to describe the girls they'd like to marry, I did get a surprise.

94 of them agreed! 94 out of 100 said, "My ideal girl must look and be *natural*."

Had you realized how much men admire *natural* beauty? I hadn't before those interviews.

By being natural they didn't mean being plain. No man would like that. As one young newspaper reporter expressed it—"she needn't be beautiful but she must look fresh and attractive and alive."

What 73 Doctors say about your skin

Since fresh, natural charm is what men want, let's give it to them! Let's use a recipe for it that really has medical approval—Camay cleansing.

Dermatologists, you know, are doctors who specialize in the care of the skin. They are the only real authorities on what complexions need for health and beauty. Here's what they say: "Every normal complexion needs regular cleansing with water and a gentle soap."

73 of these famous specialists enthusiastically approve Camay as an ideally gentle soap for even the most delicate skins. Many of them prescribe Camay for the extra sensitive complexions of their own patients.

No other soap has won such medical approval.

On their advice and mine—and also because of those 94 attractive young men — do try Camay. You'll find it the loveliest soap you ever used—a cake of creamy whiteness that lathers to fragrant, petal-soft suds, and leaves your skin fresh and glowing with that clear natural beauty men admire so much.

Helen Chase

When I asked *a handsome young doctor* whether the girl he'd marry would have to be beautiful, he said, "Beauty? When a girl is healthy and happy, and looks natural and unaffected, she *is* beautiful!"

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CAMAY

For the fresh NATURAL skin - men admire

THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

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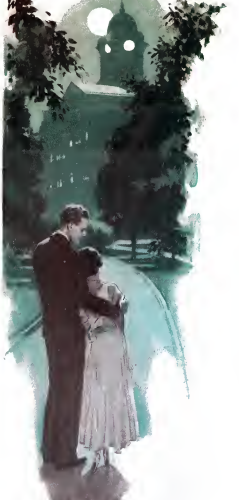
To Father Christmas

As busie as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the twenty-seventh day of December. . . . Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty humours; it was the season of hospitality, merriment, and open-heartedness; the old year was perparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him, and amidst the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. . . . How many old recollections, and how many harmonic sympathies, does Christmas time awaken!

— Pickwick Papers.



Painted by
Norman Rockwell
for the
Ladies' Home Journal



HER LOVELY, LOVELY FACE, CROWNED IN HIS KISSES, THE EYES, CLOSED AND MEEK, THEN OPENED AND WONDERFULLY SHINING AND BRIGHT, SHE SEEMED TO HAVE CHANGED, THERE IN HIS ARMS

Three days before John Moore went overseas Cecily Carr married him. He came home from the war to a son he had never seen and a wife he didn't know—a working wife whose career was

First Fiddle

By MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

THE speeches that followed the alumni banquet droned on and on. Old Mr. Cromwell, the president of the gas company at Indianapolis, was on his feet, and the sound of his own voice had enchanted him into his annual debauch of words.

The older alumni listened with an amused patience. They had heard Mr. Cromwell at the alumni banquet for so many years that hearing him again had come to be part of the visit back to college for them. Thornton College was only forty miles from Indianapolis, and the old gentleman never missed a commencement.

With sly smiles at one another the guests consulted watches, timed him, and whispered a little. Some of the older women looked at Mr. Cromwell with an expression of awe.

John Moore, sitting in glory with the others at the senior table, caught that look on more faces than one, and it intrigued him. He tried to understand just what it meant. A look of incredulous amusement on the face of a stout old lady not far away, the mother of seven boys that had graduated from Thornton, and the identical expression on the face of a woman member of the faculty who had practically no personal experience of men.

It was as though—as though all women knew all men were fools, but here in front of them was such a colossal example as to compel astonishment, and even, by its very proportions, awe.

John sat up straighter, startled by his own penetration. He looked at the old man, booming away, and although John knew that all men were not like Mr. Cromwell, and knew that Mr. Cromwell was an able business man, yet the quality of his blindness and self-infatuation was so distinctly masculine that John wished, in a burst of sex loyalty, that the old man would sit down and quit making fools of them all, right here where the women could smile and stare like that.

He wished for the termination of the banquet for other reasons. The student hall, where the alumni were gathered, was unbearably hot. Now and then, through the open windows, like the touch of a hand, came a vagrant cool breeze.

Outside was Cecily Carr, but here were a thousand people, for Thornton had a compelling quality for its old graduates, who lived mostly in the state. There were men and women of all ages and all conditions. Prexy, at the head table, looked old and tired, unequal longer to the surging stream of youth that constantly buffeted against him.

Around the senior table, with John, were his classmates and fraternity brothers, Norton Seely and Flag Thomas, among others. At the next table were the group that had graduated last year, fellows John knew and loved, especially Tom Ronder, who had been head of the Tau house John's junior year, and beyond, in another class group, Cecily's brother, Walter Carr.

John's instinctive dislike and distrust of Walter was, for the moment, checked by his interest in Cecily. Everyone was either flushed or pale from the heat and the confinement of the room and the grinding, unending sound of the human voice.

But outside, it was June night, sweet and soft and flower scented. Outside, a pearling of dew lay on green grass, and the fortunate students who weren't graduating were walking, hand in hand and arm in arm, under the clear, soft starlight. There would be a light on the porch of the Woman's Hall, for everyone had late leave tonight. Someone would be playing a piano in the Pi Phi house. Dates on the chapel steps, boats on the lake, a mandolin on a fraternity-house porch. And out there, in the June night, Cecily was waiting for him, and he was wild to go to her.

He had a great deal to tell Cecily tonight, things he could keep in his own heart no longer. He might not see her again for weeks, after tonight. She lived in a small town down state. Lord knew, he thought, the color suddenly appearing in his cheeks, he might never see her again. In a day or so he would be an enlisted man.

"And when this great nation unfurls the battle flag, then Thornton's men reply to the bugle as they have ever done ——"

HE HEARD it. He could not be sure at first. It had seemed only a trick of his own senses, so faint and clear had been the sound discernible through the undulations of Mr. Cromwell's voice. But now it came again through the open window, a whistle clear and sweet as a blackbird's note, only much softer. But it picked up the cadences of his fraternity call and sounded it truly. Cecily! She was out there, with Jean, most likely, standing on the walk by the mimosa bushes, and whistling to him.

It was their last night, and tomorrow they'd be starting home. He stirred restlessly, feeling his heart flooded with tenderness for her. It did not seem strange to him at all, but entirely natural, that this little freshman girl whom he had not even seen ten months before should now be the most important person in his life.

For the time, at least, everyone else had faded. His fraternity house had become only a place in which to eat and sleep, his roommate someone to avoid, or to get rid from in organizing parties to which John might invite Cecily. Mother and father, sisters and brother, all the people who had filled his twenty-two years full of affection and happiness, of adventure and satisfying human relationships, were now only shadows. He could scarcely remember what they looked like. His parents, this morning, had been lovely to Cecily, and his mother had seemed to understand what Cecily meant to him, had forgiven him for rushing off. They had gone back home in the afternoon, and left him free, and he appreciated it.

The whistle tessed him again, unbearably. He cast a helpless glance at Walter Carr and saw the older youth's eyes dancing with mischief, Walter had heard, and knew, Cecily's whistle. Walter looked at him with comprehension, and John wondered uneasily if anyone else had heard and understood. But Walter was quicker than most where it was a matter concerning a girl. John frowned a little thinking of how Walter had just missed being expelled from college, and from his fraternity, the year John was a freshman. The girl's parents had taken her away and the thing had been hushed up. But to John it was inconceivable that a fellow like Walter could be blood brother to a girl like his own darling Cecily.

PREXY, John saw with hope, was moving a little, getting ready to head off the stream of eloquence. Mr. Cromwell was always lengthy, but he did not always have a war to lend wings to words. Facing John, at the other end of the senior table, sat a man in uniform. There were others scattered over the room.

In a few days, John, too, would be in soldier's clothes. He sat dreaming, thinking of the future with the high, expectant pulse of youth, seeing himself in battle, leading men against the Germans, with a confused picture of the Stars and Stripes fluttering over his head, with, in his veins, a passionate love of country that had been growing all these years, unseen and unfelt, and had now sprung to great life and beauty.

Prexy was talking quietly after the storm of words. Class breakfasts were being announced.

John saw a man rise suddenly and leave his table and move to the doors, and he waited no longer but slipped from his place and went out through the speaker's door. He ran down the long flight of stairs that led to the campus as quietly as he could and burst out into the cool June night.



HER FACE WET WITH TEARS, CECILY WATCHED THE MOVING TRAIN BEARING AWAY HER SOLDIER-HUSBAND



MARRIAGE SEEMED A COWARDLY THING FOR HIM, A BRAVE THING FOR HER. BUT IF SHE WANTED IT ——

It was like coming suddenly from hot sunshine into cool shaded water. He took the outer seven steps in two long strides and rounded the corner. At once he saw them, Cecily and Jean, by the mimosa bushes, in their white dresses, their arms around each other. Cecily's face crinkled with laughter as it had a way of doing. John's heart surged. She was sweet and small. A man could pick her up and carry her like a child. Yet she was not child, but woman, seductive, lovely.

She wasn't beautiful, he told himself, as though the fact increased his love for her. Her brown hair was heavy and fine. Her brown eyes were soft and large, a dove's eyes. Her face was brown, too, and thin, with a good nose and wide, smiling lips. Her mouth and eyes were extraordinarily fine, but too large for the rest of her. But from the cloud of hair piled above her small face, to the little feet under her ankle-length white dress, she was feminine, supple, graceful with a sweetness and docility in her bearing that made her lovelier than more beautiful girls.

He caught her hand and pressed it, and she said, laughing a little, "Did you hear me whistling?"

"Hear you?" he exclaimed. "I'd have heard you if guns had been booming." Strange how his thoughts ran to battle. Jean, with her soft, foolish giggle, said:

"You two go on. I'm waiting for Norton; going to meet him here."

John hesitated. He had little patience with Jean, who was one of these silly, helpless girls, excessively fair and feminine, who always had a string of boys waiting on her. But though John was too much in love with Cecily to be sensible of Jean's charms, he had the common masculine anxiety about her and hated to leave her alone on the campus, at nine o'clock, within sight of the dormitory!

But Cecily had no such compunctions. She slipped her arm in John's and said, "See you later, Jean—don't fall down any wells!"

They turned down along Science Hall, leaving Jean giggling behind them. There was a path there that led to Frat Row, a path overhung with great trees. It was as dark and cool as the inside of a well. Music rolled over them. The alumni singing the Thorn Blue.

Cecily turned, natural and direct, and was at once in John's arms. John stooped and touched her lips with his own, and at once there was a feeling like a burst of stars in his head. Souls and bodies melted and merged. In their kissing was that ecstasy that comes only once—in youth. Her lips under his were so sweet, his sense of newborn life and manhood so keen, that his heart swelled within him. For long moments they stood, wordless and lost.

It was strange that he had never kissed her before. Since he had first seen her on the Freshman walk he had had dates with her constantly. There had been other dates for her at first, and he had been content. She was a freshie, had to find her way around. But gradually, and insistently, he had winnowed the others away, had come to be taken for granted by her and the rest.

But it was Christmas before he really felt that she was his girl. It was late winter before they held hands on straw rides, or in a cab, coming home from a dance. It was spring before he dared put an arm around her. For all her docility, she was not one to allow liberties. A man had to go slowly and carefully with Cecily. Those were the much-vaunted "old days" before the war, when a kiss might mean everything.

Certainly it meant everything now to John and Cecily both. It meant that they belonged to one another "forever."

"Cecily! Cecily!" he whispered at last, as though her name alone spoke volumes for him. They stirred and moved a few steps and stopped again, as silent and motionless as the old trees above them.

It seemed to John that there was a soft light shining all around Cecily. He could see her face by its illumination, her lovely, lovely face, drowned in his kisses, the eyes, closed and meek, then opened and wonderfully shining and bright. She was changed. She seemed to have changed, there in his arms. Her mouth was sparer, fuller, her face imbued with tenderness and love, a woman's face. How long it took them to walk the little path under the trees, they never knew or cared.

But at length, over their heads, the chapel clock boomed eleven, and John was startled. In half an hour Cecily must be in. Even on late nights, there was this limit. And he had so much to tell her!

He took one arm from about her and fumbled at his shirt, and took from it the jeweled badge he had worn four years. He had to use both hands to loosen the safety clasp. But then it was in his hands, and he stooped, as she waited, and pinned it on her dress. Burdened with his love and unselfconscious, there in the dark, alone with her, John was on his knees, his arms encircling her, his face pressed against her. She stooped and kissed him and pulled him to his feet.

"John, darling—don't be humble with me. I love you!"

"Cecily, I'm going, next week, to enlist. I promised mother and father I'd wait until I graduated, but now I'm going. I'm not going to try for officers' training camp. That's too slow. I want to get overseas. Do you understand, Cecily? I'm not going to work to make a home for us now, but go into the Army."

o o o

Illustrated by Ben Dale

"Of course you are," she said softly. "Of course. But we'll talk about that tomorrow morning. Now we have only a little time, and it's all so new. Let's just keep this evening for ourselves, John, and let the future go. I've been in love with you all spring. I thought you weren't going to find out in time."

"Find out?" he could laugh now. He was walking beside her, his arm around her waist. He could notice now the marvelous suppleness of her as she swayed in against him, notice that her head just came to his breast pocket, that her voice was husky with feeling. He was full of talk. He had a thousand things to say at once.

"I've been in love with you since the very first day I saw you," he said. "You were standing before the music hall with some girls as I went by, and I knew you then. Since, it seems as though there hasn't been anyone but you and I here, just the two of us. At dances it seemed we were all alone. But I wanted you to be sure. You're such a child, Cecily, such a darling baby."

"I'm nineteen, John. And I'm terribly old for my age. And I know it'll always be you. I've dated around, but I've never been in love before, and I'll never be in love again."

I DIDN'T want it to be just a college romance for us," he told her. "A campus affair. I've sat, nights, over my books and dreamed about you and planned how we'd be married, and how I'd work and take care of you and give you everything, and I wanted it to be as real to you as it was to me, Cecily."

"And now the war's come," she said with courage, but with a woman's deeper, more tragic knowledge of what war meant. "But it only means putting things off a little, John, and we're both young. The war can't last long. When Germany sees how serious we are about it ——"

"You'll be in college, next year, while I'm overseas," he answered. He did not want the war to be too brief, although he was unaware of this wish. "I'll think of you here."

"But I'm not coming back, John. I can't afford to. I had a letter from home today. I'm going to work. John, and I'll be working while you're away. I'll save some money." She laughed tenderly.

He simply could not imagine her working. He felt for the first time the real pinch of war. If he hadn't been going to enlist they could be married almost at once, and she wouldn't need to work.

"Mother and father are going to California," she said. "His health is bad, and they're going right away. Dad gets a pension from the railroad; that will take care of them, with what they've saved, but it wouldn't send me to school. I'm not going with them. Don't look so worried, John. I'm going to Indianapolis. Walter and I will have a little flat

(Continued on Page 42)



PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOR BY NICHOLAS MURAY

Answers to Christmas Puzzles

IT'S worse than working out a dozen cross-word puzzles—trying to find the right gift words to match the special friends' and relatives' names on your Christmas lists. Of course it is; especially considering the remarkable trick such lists have for lengthening, the longer you study them and the nearer you come to December twenty-fifth.

Names you'd completely forgotten pop up out of nowhere as unexpectedly as the bad fairy at the christening party—and there you are, with nothing planned to meet them. Or a package arrives, well ahead of time—as packages do at this season—and it's almost always a gift from someone you hadn't thought would remember you. So there's still another name for that fast-growing list; and you're pretty tired already, after haunting crowded shops aimlessly.

Who hasn't been through it? It's why people who would otherwise love Christmas and its festivities don't.

This year, then, we thought we'd send the gayest and most varied bits of the shops we could find to you, here in the JOURNAL pages, photographed in natural color, too, so you can actually see the things just as they look in the shops, without having to depend on written descriptions.

We suggest your taking the JOURNAL off to your own room, shutting the door against interruptions and sitting down in the most comfortable chair you can find, with a good reading lamp pulled up cozily beside you, and a pad and pencil in your lap. And just making an exciting game of it. Armchair shopping, you might call it. And if it isn't a game thousands of people all over the country have been longing to play for years, then we've guessed wrong.

We've divided the gift suggestions into groups, as you'll see by glancing at the list on the opposite page. Gifts for mother and sister; gifts for father and brother; and gifts for children.

Do you want to give a present for somebody's house? We've brought you lamps, furniture, a hooked rug, a waste-basket, gay boxes for her closet, gifts for her dressing table and her desk. Isn't there a young bride on your list who would love the blue lounging pajamas or the lovely coral velvet negligee? Or the charming orchid towels and mat for her new bathroom? And the woman who travels a good deal? What about the green fitted dressing case, or the lizard-covered hat box? And the sports things?

There are sports suggestions for fathers, brothers and husbands, too—both indoor and outdoor sports, of course. Smoking accessories, games, sweater and sock sets in the new, smart winter colors. Towels for his bathroom, too, in a ship design that will make him homesick for past summers.

Or—we'll let you shop by yourself. Merry Christmas!



FOR MOTHER AND SISTER

(On Opposite Page)

Striped sweater, reversible knitted woolen and chamois jacket with nickel buttons; golf jacket of chamois with green knitted woolen sleeves and ribbed waistband. From Peck & Peck.

Two closet boxes for hats and lingerie, decorated with a French print on their covers, hat stands, traveling set of three quilted envelopes; set of stenses in a leather case; two boudoir lamps; striped "carry-all" bag; tube wastebasket. From R. H. Macy & Co.

Leather bottle case containing five bottles; leather desk set. From Mark Cross Co.

Bottle case containing two bottles; set of three small leather books in stand for phone, addresses and engagements. From Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Traveling iron in leather case with cord. From Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Inc.

Week-end case with glass and enamel fittings; lizard-covered hat box fitted with a tray. Both have Yale locks. From K. Kaufmann & Company.

Transparent velvet negligee, trimmed with hedemaviderry; bouffant pajamas with lace vest. From Stockwood Bros. & Co.

Two umbrellas. From Folkmer Clogg & Co.

Bath towel, mat and wash cloth in "Sparta" design. From Cannon Mills, Inc.

Maple armchair covered in a reproduction of an old coverlet; reproduction butterfly table of maple. From W. & J. Sloane.

Hooked rug. From Jas. McCutcheon & Co.

(At bottom, left, of this page)

Six glass bracelets. From Little Shop of Asses.

Twelve flower candlesticks, six chain-dog place-card holders; dressing-table set of two glass bottles and powder jar. From Marshall Field & Co., Wholesale.

Rose Pyrelin dressing-table set. From Saks Fifth Avenue.

Bridge set of teapot, creamer and sugar bowl on a tray and four plates, cups and saucers (one only shown here); vanity case of red enamel, black and gold corners. From Ovington's.

Unbreakable cup and saucer and matching plate. From Beetleware Corporation.

Bracelet of yachting-flag designs, enamel on silver, containing a tiny square watch. From Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Three "Fortune" tea bones. From Charles & Co.

FOR FATHER AND BROTHER

(At right and top right)

The "Whistling Cowboy," carved and modeled gray silver-knight cigarette lighter; black-and-red combined cigarette and card box, copper lined; skis and ski poles; leather golf bag and set of clubs; ski set of flannel shirt, with matching knitted cap, mittens and socks; green silk pajamas; terry-cloth wrappers, flannel bathrobe; yellow loosely knitted sweater, matching golf socks; rust-colored angora sweater, with matching golf socks; slender set in steel. From Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Three knitted woolen neckties. From Peck & Peck.

Giraffe pencil holder, its neck a spring; pipe holder with colored cleaners. From Ovington's.

Folding leather tie rack and red leather case; pigskin traveling kit with fittings and closed with thile fastener; leather box containing set packs of cards. From Mark Cross Co.

Carafe set with matching tray. From Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Inc.

Indian drum. From Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts.

Towel and bath mat set, "Tree" design. From Martex Mills.

Mexican glass bottles with sealing-wax tops. From R. H. Macy & Co.

(Continued on Page 138)

Why be Discouraged?

I AM nineteen. It may be startling to some to read of a girl so young being the mother of three children and married almost five years.

But I know there are many very young wives and mothers and I haven't a doubt that many of them feel as I have felt about love, marriage and life! I wonder if I could possibly help them by telling them what I have so far discovered. For I have just begun to realize how really beautiful life is, how sacred and wonderful marriage can be.

I'll admit I have, at times, been terribly discouraged and heartsick. I have, too, sincerely regretted my act of becoming married while only a child to a man nearly twice my own age—not that he hasn't been good to me!

I have felt that life has cheated me. At times my rebellious spirit has risen up ready for most anything but the everlasting grind, terror and bewilderment that have been my life.

Every young girl—many older than I—must feel that way at times and seek a solution of their troubles, as I have myself. Many of us, I know, think of divorce. It seems rather terrible, doesn't it? Although I call myself modern in many ways, that word "Divorce" seems terrible to me. To me it spells "disaster," "misery" and mostly "failure."

I have decided, recently, that it is not life cheating me—I am cheating myself.

Why should we be discouraged? There are so many happy things to look forward to, Our babies, that we love so dearly. Useful things that we may do. Making our husbands and homes happy. If we think they do not love us we'll be so good they'll just *have* to love us! And if we do not love them—ah, but we do!

No one really needs to be unhappy, I've found.

To all good women, love and marriage and children are still the only thing. To make a success of all of them is, after all, the most glorious and satisfied success *anyone* could have.

—Mrs. E. F. L.

"THE happiest women and the happiest countries leave no history," a reader wrote us a few months ago.

"Birth, and death, and love, and hunger—these are the facts of life"—said Channing Pollock last month.

It is not great national events alone that make a nation great. Of even greater importance are the thoughts, the hopes, the aspirations of that nation's people—fathers and mothers who see no glory for themselves in the daily grind of work, but labor on happily that their sons and daughters may have better things in life than they themselves have had.

On these pages, and on similar pages in coming months, we are publishing the real stories of some of these anonymous people, as they come to us in the day's mail—their ideas for better living conditions, for greater human happiness, for a appreciation of tenderness and loyalty and self-sacrifice. Such stories as these are the real voice of America.

—L. A. S.



AS I LOOK AT THE EXPENSES I HAVE ASSUMED I AM A LITTLE DISMAYED AT MY TEMERITY

The Day's Mail

A New Department in Which Journal Readers Discuss Marriage—The Cost of Parenthood—The Open Church—Adoption

Illustrated by Alice Harvey

The Cost of a Son

CONGRATULATIONS!" said the doctor. "It's a boy."

"Thank you," said I.

After the usual flood of congratulations, the first, or more strictly speaking the fourth, warm glow of proud parenthood is past, the bills have begun to come in, and I pause to take stock.

I find added to my inventory a fine, fat, homely boy, weight eight pounds, cost twenty-five dollars a pound. Rather an expensive morsel of humanity. Worth it, of course. But for all that, financially a liability rather than an asset for twenty years to come.

As I look at the expenses I have assumed for the years ahead I am a little dismayed at my temerity, until I happen to remember that an authority on poverty and population problems maintains that for people in the lower income groups a large family is the cheapest form of old-age insurance. If this is true my expenditures, even for my fourth child, may be in the nature of an investment after all. In most insurance policies and annuities there is a stated cash value which the policy acquires after a period of years. How much is this new unit of my old-age insurance going to cost? How much will it be worth at the end of twenty years when I ought to be about through paying my premiums on it? Let's see what items we ought to include:

Acquisition cost of a boy	$ 200.00
Food—365 days per year for 21 years at 40c per day	3,066.00
Clothing—21 years at $60 per year	1,260.00
(This is an average. It will be more when he starts stepping out with the girls, less when he's helping to wear out his older brother's sweaters and underwear. There will be little or no carry-over on shoes and rompers after the first two years.)	
Shelter—an extra room at $100 per year.	2,100.00
(In my case this will apply only after he gets old enough to object to sleeping with his older brother. Up to that time he is simply giving me some economies of large-scale production.)	
Doctor and dentist—21 years at $50 a year	1,050.00
(This amount is uncertain, but, including vaccination, inoculation, medication, appendectomy, tonsilectomy, measles, mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, coughs, colds and flu, dentistry and orthodontistry, and all the rest, $50 a year is a conservative estimate and it may run much higher. There are no reductions for quantity production here.)	
Personal expense	1,250.00
(This is another item that is hard to estimate. Haircuts alone at $6 a year for twenty years—we're not figuring on any until he is a year old—would be $120. Membership in the Y. M. C. A. and Boy Scouts, vacation expense of one sort and another, toys, books, a red wagon, and later on gas and oil and wear and tear on the family car, something for movies and baseball games and a few music lessons, dancing lessons and other frills will run this item up as far as you like.)	
Education—public schools—12 years at $100 a year. .	
College—4 years at $300 a year	2,400.00
Putting these items all together we get a total of	$11,326.00

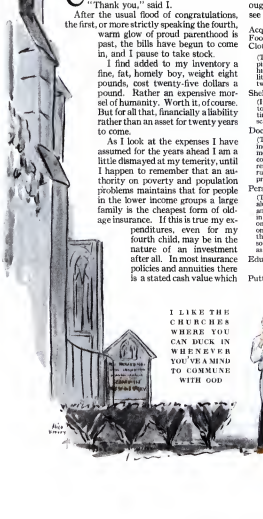
This makes no provision for investment in permanent equipment like a camera, a suitcase, a trunk, musical instruments, stamp collections, books and sporting goods, of which every boy wants to accumulate his share. Figuring everything in, there is no question but that by the time he is twenty-one years old my new son will represent an investment of at least $11,500, and if I give him a car on his twenty-first birthday I can easily run the cost up to an even $12,000. Or allowing for savings from large-scale production, from my family of four, in shelter, in clothing perhaps, in occasional schoolbooks passed down from one to another of from $1200 to $1500, the least he will cost me is $10,000.

If I bring up my family of four children as I hope to do and give them a reasonably good education, it looks to me as though they would represent an investment of about $40,000. Will it be a profitable one? I wonder. Like every other investment there is an element of risk involved. But my wife, like all mothers, would rather speculate on her own flesh and blood than on any of the favorites of the stock market. Like all mothers, she maintains that investing money in her boys and girls isn't speculation at all, but a sure thing. I hope she's right.

Let's see, $10,000 invested at 10 per cent should pay $1000 a year over and above all expenses. Will my boys and girls when they have finished college be able to earn $1000 a year over and above their living costs? Probably not for the first few years, but if they care to pay me $1000 a year apiece by the time I am ready to retire I will be able to live pretty well in my old age. Even if they only pan out as a 5 per cent investment, $2000 a year will buy plenty of bread and butter for me and the old lady in our declining years.

Of course, if I can save an additional $40,000 of my own I won't need to draw on this little investment in my children, but if I can't there is some degree of security awaiting me. Besides, just think of all the fun, to say nothing of the free advertising in these days of small families, that the proud father of four can have along the way.

—H. F. B.



I LIKE THE CHURCHES WHERE YOU CAN DUCK IN WHENEVER YOU'VE A MIND TO COMMUNE WITH GOD

Selling the Church

It may be that the demand for comfort and a place in our Protestant churches is an acknowledgment that other things are lacking. —*From The Church Pew, by Mary Roberts Rinehart in the June Ladies' Home Journal.*

THERE'S a phrase much used in mercantile parlance—"selling a bill of goods." It means making a customer.

In my humble opinion, many churches should learn how to "sell a bill of goods."

Every church has something to sell—each particular something with a special appeal to some particular group. Do empty churches throughout the country mean these various somethings are not properly sold?

I think all will agree that more Catholics, proportionately speaking, go to church than members of any other denomination. It seems strange to me that those interested in

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An Unholy Alliance

"ORGANIZED crime is always the result of an unholy alliance between the political powers and the criminals.

"It is a question whether the criminals employ the officials or the officials employ the criminals.

"You can always know absolutely that you are living in a corrupt community if slot machines are permitted, if violations of the Prohibition Act are open, and if gambling places and vice resorts are notorious.

"The decent citizens in any community are in the majority, if only they can be aroused.

"The income-tax laws are a backhanded method of getting at gangsters to punish them for crimes which primarily are within the jurisdiction of the state and county officers.

"It makes little difference in my mind for what particular crime they are jailed, just so long as they are jailed.

"The law as it stands is everywhere more powerful than crime can ever hope to be. But the law can never be more powerful than the citizens, by their votes, will it to be."

Votes Will End Gang Rule

An Interview With George E. Q. Johnson

United States Attorney, Northern District of Illinois

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

CRIME follows the path of least resistance. If a community is interested in other things more than in keeping out crime, then crime will flourish. The law can punish only criminals. For every criminal that is sentenced, two more will spring up unless also steps are taken to cure the conditions out of which crime springs.

There is nothing very mysterious about crime, and, although organized crime can become very powerful, it takes only a prick to destroy the balloon.

But that prick has to be given by the citizens. The law, if it be supported, can destroy organized crime and make law-breaking furtive. Furtive crime is not important. It is only open crime that matters.

Crime as a business has only a single purpose—the gaining of easy money. The crimes of passion, degeneracy and vengeance come within the ordinary police routine and, although they provide sensational stories, the leading figures are seldom seasoned criminals.

The same is true of embezzlement and, although pay-roll, bank and other robberies cost a great deal of money each year, they do not present of themselves any new problems.

The technic of criminals is not ahead of available detection methods. It only seems to be so, because in many of the rural communities the sheriff's job is largely political and modern police methods have not been adopted. This is also true in those cities where the police are under a corrupt political control and have neither time nor inclination to track down clever criminals. Only organized crime today presents any new problems, and the chief problem is not to catch and punish the criminals but to revoke their privilege to commit crime. For organized crime is always the result of an unholy alliance between the political powers and the criminals.

It is a nice question whether the criminals employ the officials or the officials employ the criminals. Organized evil can wait, and it reappears as soon as public interest wanes.

Organized crime is a business. Its chief revenues come from four sources—violation of the national Prohibition Act, trade racketeering, gambling and vice.

Gangsters and Gorillas

THE instrument through which organized crime operates is the gang. The gang is a business organization built around a leader who has sufficient personal force to keep his people in hand, and who has satisfactory connections with whatever public officers may be necessary to permit him to go about his business unmolested.

The gang itself is a motley group recruited from our colleges of crime—the penitentiaries. Since gangs live outside the law, they make their own laws and enforce them by gunmen or gorillas.

The leading spirits of a gang are rarely, if ever, involved in the actual commission of offenses. They leave all this work to the gorillas. These are men of the lowest known type who slug or kill without compunction—provided they can do so without danger. A gangster will never engage in any killing enterprise where there is the slightest danger that his intended victim can fight back.

There is nothing of romance or chivalry about gangs, and from my contact with them I am quite unable to understand the type of mind that can represent them as other than they are. They are jailbirds who eventually get killed or go back to jail.

They are held together solely by money and they can exist only so long as they can earn enough money to make it worth the while of public officials to protect them.

If you cut off the revenue of a gang it breaks up at once, for then the only tie that binds is gone. Crooked law-enforcement officers will not accept promises to pay in return for immunity. They must have cash. There is no loyalty whatsoever among gang members.

The Power of Money

DURING five years, some three hundred gang murders have been committed without anyone being punished, and every one of these murders that I have had occasion to investigate was due to violating what might be called the business ethics of the gang and had to do with money.

When the public officials coöperate a gang's gross revenues are large, but they quickly drop when protection becomes less secure. This is strikingly shown in the receipts of one mob whose books I had audited. In 1925, the receipts of this gang ran about a million and three-quarters, but in the next year, when Mayor Dever took office and put his power behind the law, the receipts dropped by half.

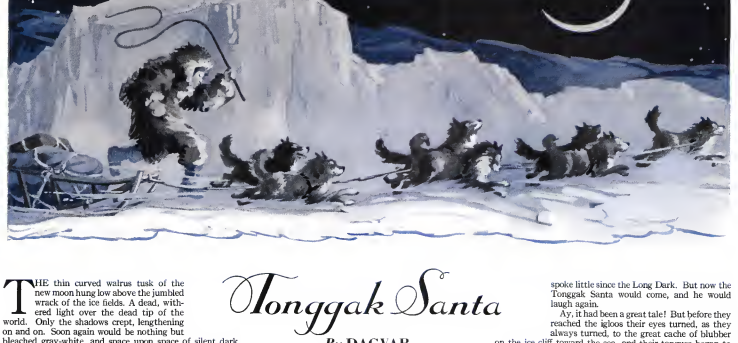
When the policy of the city changed and became what is humorously called liberal, the income of the syndicate at once rose to its old figure.

In the trial of Ralph Capone we proved an income of nearly two million dollars, and in the trial of Jack Guzick we proved more than a million dollars. These are large sums and it is this money that makes the suppression of organized crime difficult. For a large proportion—possibly more than one-half—of the money passes on to corrupt all the agencies of law enforcement, from the lowest to the highest, and by large political

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Decoration by C. H. Sykes



Tonggak Santa

By DAGVAR

Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay

THE thin curved walrus tusk of the new moon hung low above the jumbled wrack of the ice fields. A dead, withered light over the dead tip of the world. Only the shadows crept, lengthening on and on. Soon again would be nothing but bleached gray-white, and space upon space of silent dark filled only with the tremor of stars. It was the great Polar Night.

The low rounded tops of the Eskimo snow huts shrank behind the windbreak of the ice hummocks by the shore . . . the dull yellow of their ice windows smudging the night. Life!—pressed almost out of sight by the weight of the silence and the dark. Huddling close with its fire and its food.

Only the two windows of the Singing House—the big snow hut which rose above the others—were a bright splash. Through the Long Night the people of the Spotted Seal Channel gathered before every sleep for pounding of drums and shouting of songs. Huddling together, always together—fearful of being alone. Shielding the heart against the night, even as warm furs shield the body against the cold.

The Singing House was packed now, but there was no sound. An old hunter had come home from a long journey to the Loon River. And he had brought a new tale.

Rows of brown faces leaned forward, silent, to his words. Broad, flat Eskimo faces, bleached grayish by long darkness, with high cheek bones and small eyes deep-set against the cold. Thick, short-legged men with great shoulders and knotted wrists from much paddling in the kayaks and cracking of great dog whips. Women with smoke-darkened faces half hidden by their loose-hanging hair, babies slung in fur hoods on their backs.

The voice of the old story-teller was not loud—they leaned close and silenced their breathing to hear him. They had forgotten that the cooking pots had already boiled overlong; that outside, the barking of the empty-bellied dogs cracked the silence of the long Arctic night.

THE many lamps which hung on the snowpost in the center of the hut fluttered and hissed as the blubber grew low in the bowls, unheeded. On the curving snow walls drops of moisture gathered in the warmth and trickled down, leaving shining trails. . . .

The moon had long walked beyond the edge of the world when they left the Singing House, crawling out one by one through the low entrance tunnel. A many-tongued clatter of words burst into the flat, unechoing silence. *Egeriak!* It had been a great tale to shorten the dark between sleeps! Such a tale as they had never heard before, of a *tonggak*, a spirit, of the white men, who came from his great igloo under the north star, his sled loaded with gifts. Tonggaks they knew in plenty . . . invisible, but real as the companions who walked beside them in the flesh. Each rock on the hillside, each seal that came to the ice hole, had its own spirit—even the very knives within their belts. But a spirit who brought gifts! And wherever he went there was laughter. It was beyond belief, this Tonggak Santa!

As they trod the paths their eyes turned to the square hut of stone against the hill beyond the village, buried under the deep drifts—the hut where the White Man lived who had come among them at the last summer hunting, gathering herbs and leaves and bits of stone. He would be all right now, they said. It had troubled them that he sat alone and spoke little since the Long Dark. But now the Tonggak Santa would come, and he would laugh again.

Ay, it had been a great tale! But before they reached the igloos their eyes turned, as they always turned, to the great cache of blubber on the ice cliff toward the sea, and their tongues began to clatter of other things.

Soon after the Long Dark was half-old would come the great feast to Sedna, Mother of the Sea, when they would eat till the empty were filled and the lean were fattened! The time of marriages, when young hands would be joined over new-lit lamps. Since the beginning of the Long Night there had been much eye-speaking among "those who go alone," the unmarried ones. The songs of the young "harpoon arms" had been more boastful of their strength and their deeds; the fingers of the "needle hands" had been busy with their Sedna dresses and their dowry of hunter's garments, stitched with embroidery of dyed sinew, and beads.

STITCHED, too, with dreams, twisted with the sinew in and out—bright as the flowers on the sunny slope of an inland hill in spring. Dreams of new igloos and of soft, warm little bodies slung in fur hoods between glad shoulders . . . to be rocked across tireless miles when hands were busy.

Life is wise which busies itself so through the long empty sleeps of the Great Night. Wise with the unconscious wisdom of those who have gone before—who survived.

The deep-trodden paths parted the furred figures into groups. Ice blocks were shoved aside from entrance tunnels and steaming puffs of warm air burst out, thick with the strong smell of boiling seal meat. The igloos swallowed up the noise.

The White Man sat motionless by his table, indifferently turning the pages of the open book before him, now and then staring for a long time at the window. The table was two cases of milk set on end a space apart, with the cover of a packing box laid between; the window, a piece of dried white sealskin chinked into the stones with moss. A neglected stubble of blond beard covered his cheeks, glinting bronze in the light. The Eskimos wondered at it, as they wondered at everything else about him—at his height, half a head above their own; at his strangely colored eyes; at his skin bleached, too, by the Long Dark—but not grayish, rather to the color of new moss that has grown under a stone. There was a scraping in the passageway, and a gust of cold air swept across the floor like the swirl of icy waters. A moment later the skin curtain of the low doorway was shoved aside and a thin, wizened little man crawled in and stood up—small even in the shaggy bulk of his furs. The Angokok, the aged chief medicine man.

The White Man did not turn his head. The Angokok stood a moment by the door, looking expectantly toward him; the fur fringe of the old man's hood drooped over his face, half hiding it. "I have words to speak," he said at last.

"SPEAK WORDS TO THE TONGGAK SANTA WHEN HE COMES, THAT HE SHOULD LEAVE A LITTLE LAUGHTER FOR MY PEOPLE," SAID THE ANGOKOK

"I do not want to talk," returned the White Man shortly.

The Angokok looked at him, and after a moment sat down on the fur-covered floor beside the lamp—the big semicircle of hollowed stone filled with melted blubber and set with wicks of twisted moss, which is light, and heat, and hearth. He took off his mittens, pushed back his hood from his long hair rimed with the frost of many winters, and let his eyes wander unhurriedly about the room. Little eyes, deep-set in a face brown and wrinkled as the skin of a withered ground-nut—keen eyes, sharpened by many years of need to see what missed the eyes of others.

It was not the first time the White Man had spoken shortly to him of late, but he gave it no notice—he was his friend and he knew his heart. Many hours they had spent together gathering the leaves and grasses in the specimen cases along the walls, the Angokok sharing freely his knowledge of their properties and uses, while the White Man wrote with his short black stick. Though he often seemed most pleased with an herb which the Angokok had told him was no use at all. . . . Many times the White Man had given him coffee in the large white cup painted with flowers and bright-winged things which seemed just blown against it by the wind . . . or had given him lumps of sugar to suck.

AND when Seorak was shaking with fever and an evil spirit was chewing the liver of Rikuk's wife, the White Man had given him charms for their healing; and—at such friendship the Angokok wondered—had asked him to tell no one. Not even when men spoke aloud praise of the Angokok's skill.

The old man looked again at the White Man's back, sucking his cheeks back and forth between his toothless gums. Looked at the book, at the letters scattered about. Old letters; no one had been to the trading post, where the ships came, for many turns of the moon. The autumn had been stormy and the sea slow to freeze, and there had been no traveling.

After a time he shook his head gravely at the silence. "It is not well that you sit alone in the Long Dark, speaking to no one."

"I have told you that I do not want to talk."

"But I am your friend. And my liver aches for you."

The White Man shrugged as if to throw aside words that he had heard before and turned farther away, rustling the pages at random. Almost he was sorry he had won the old man's friendship. It was to escape being doctor to the whole village that he had tried to pass on the credit for his medicines; but the Angokok insisted on being grateful. True, the old witch-doctor had been of great use in the scientific work last summer, and would be again when spring came. He had even been amusing at first, but he was getting unbearably bonesome. Yet it was hard to be very harsh to his simple old friendliness.

"It is well," the Angokok went on after a pause, leaning forward, "it is well that the Tonggak Santa comes soon!"

"Who?" The White Man was startled out of his indifference.

"I have heard the tale of your Tonggak Santa." In the old voice was the pleased pride of knowing. "The *tonggak* who brings laughter."

"Santa Claus?" The White Man turned around, his face relaxing into an unwilling smile. "Tonggak Santa! Where did you hear *that?*"

"YOU ARE COLD, TONGGAK SANTA—COME DOWN AND TAKE OFF YOUR MITTENS. YOUR DOGS NEED REST. HERE IS FIRE!"

The Angokok chuckled—a thin, reedy sound; but there was reproach in his words. To him, the friend of a white man, such a tale must come from others. The old hunter in the Singing House had been told it by Nannook of the Loon River people, and he had it from Kittelkut, who heard it from a hunter who had himself been to the Wolf's Nose, the point where the whaling ships stopped and the white men came.

"It must be a great tale—by this time," said the White Man. He took his tobacco pouch from his shirt and began slowly to fill his pipe, a twinkle coming in his eyes. This promised to be interesting.

"Ay," the Angokok nodded gravely. "My shoulders are heavy with many winters, and many *tonggaks* I know—*tonggaks* above the ground and *tonggaks* below the ground—and the words to get their hearing. Yet never have I heard of a *tonggak* such as this!"

IT TOOK no more than a willingness to listen to start him talking. As Santa Claus turned into the Tonggak Santa and invaded the room, the White Man's smile became a chuckle—and the chuckle, bursts of uproarious laughter—at the tale itself, but more at the awestruck wonder which the telling wrote on the old man's face.

And the Angokok, all the while he talked, searched the White Man's face with his keen little eyes, puzzled at his amusement.

". . . Over all the land of the white men the Tonggak Santa travels, where people are thicker than flies on the fish racks in spring!" . . . Before every igloo he stopped his sled—in one night. Though the nights there were never more than one sleep long. Through the smoke hole of the igloos he climbed, and left his gifts beside the lamp. He knew the thoughts of everyone asleep on the sleeping bench—and for everyone he left that which brought laughter. . . . "For the married ones, and those who go alone . . . the old men of many winters—and those who sit yet in their mothers' hoods. . . ."

He told of the great drum dance and the feasting of many days, when for one time the white men were not like dogs in their eating, who stopped when they had enough; for one time they ate like men and never put on their mittens until everything was gone. More he told, and more. And always the White Man laughed louder. But the Angokok's eyes

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"I DO NOT WANT GIFTS. ONLY—THE TONGGAK SANTA IS KIND—ONLY LET HIM BRING NELUK AGAIN SAFE FROM THE BLOWING!"



"OH, STOP!" CRIED MOTHER. "I WANT TO GO HOME BROKE." AND SHE EMPTIED HER PURSE INTO THE BIG BLACK POT AND GAVE THE BELL AN EXTRA TWIRL, JUST FOR LUCK

The Silver Flower

By ELIZABETH COOK

Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli

IN A CERTAIN household there is a silver flower with a bold blue heart that gets put away with special care every Christmas. The other tree ornaments may be wrapped in clean newspapers, but the silver flower always gets the white tissue paper. It has the place of honor on the tree, too, the tip-top place. It's so gay, so cool, so sparkling. There's an audacity about it, as if it were saying, "You wouldn't expect to see me up here, would you?" It gets closer to the ceiling each year because the children always buy the tallest tree they can find.

One of these children bought the flower when he was very young, and I am sure when he is very old the flower will still be blooming on a Christmas tree. Somewhere. It's that kind of decoration, sturdy with a stout wire stem, made for long service. It has a future.

It so happened on a certain Christmas, that the mother of this particular family gave life up for a bad job. Things were not right in her private world. Plunged so deep was she in her own grief that Christmas scarcely touched the surface of her consciousness. The children went gallantly ahead, writing letters to Santa Claus and sniffing around in buffet drawers and on closet shelves and even in the little room under the eaves. But there were no strange packages, no jolly baking bees in the kitchen, no tree to trim. Christmas, for some reason, was not materializing at home. Something needed to be done.

A week before the great day the oldest of these four children, a boy of ten, went to the dime store. "I want to see you alone," he told his mother when he got home. He then handed her the little package. She unwrapped the silver flower with the brave blue heart. She looked at the boy and he gave her back a look as grave as her own.

"At first I was going to give it just to you," he said, "and then I thought you'd like it better if I got it for all of us."

"For all of us!" A few simple words, but they broke the ice in that mother's heart. The trust of it—"I thought you would like it better if I got it for all of us."

Mother stood for something in that home and the decoration which her child had so unwittingly laid in her lap had the same effect that pinning a medal has on a soldier. Did things happen? Sound Boots and Saddles! My dears, it was laughter and tears and secrets behind doors and hands over mouths and whisperings. Joy flowed through that house in an ever-widening stream. Christmas was really coming.

WAYS and means were found, and the next afternoon father and mother dashed around town in a taxi that bulged with bundles. They tied poinsettias in the windows and made such fools of themselves that the taxi driver, who had seen a great many things that day and gotten tired of them all, began to laugh himself. "Faster, faster," they cried. The snow blew round the corners and lifted up the battered red coat tails of the Santa Claus ringing his bell by the iron kettle.

"Oh, stop!" cried mother. "I want to go home broke." And she emptied her purse into the big black pot and gave the bell an extra twirl, just for luck.

"Woman," said papa, poking his nose out, "I want my supper."

"Are you sure you got something round for the toe?" she asked anxiously as she climbed back in.

"Something round for the toe of every stocking, perfectly round," reported papa.

"That's good." And for the fiftieth time she peeked in the paper sack which held the pink-and-white-striped peppermint canes. "They are so brittle I'm afraid to give 'em a hard look," she laughed. "I can't remember a Christmas when we haven't put a cane in the top of each stocking."

And then she felt a sudden chill to think how close she had come to not having Christmas at all, to say nothing of candy canes. "To think I might have failed these babies," she thought that night as she sat in the dark with the silver flower in her hand. "I was deliberately throwing my dark hour on their shoulders—me, who would gladly die to bring them up happy and good.

"And all they are asking of me is not to kick down the beautiful thing we've been building together." Right then and there, she learned afresh what every mother knows: that the gay, happy things we start doing with our children just for fun become the dependable bricks in the family wall.

Children who have been brought up on genuine family fun are seldom lost in the spiritual wastelands. The homes that mean something are the homes where "mamma always loved flowers on the table." "We always blew out the candles on our birthday cakes and wished. If the candles all went out with one breath, the wish would come true." "Papa always put a quarter under our pillows when our teeth came out!" Happy things to look forward to, sure things, like the sun rising in the morning.

Some mothers, blessed with understanding hearts, begin these happiness habits early in the game. Others acquire them. And still others find that pleasant family ways have been wished upon them.

Take Christmas night. The lights are all turned out, the logs are put fresh on the fire and the children gather round the tree to sing, Silent Night, Hark the Herald Angels Sing, O Little Town of Bethlehem. They are quite out of time and tune, but their enthusiasm is great. "Lemme hunt one now." And there's a scramble for the songbook. "It's my turn to choose. Mamma, isn't it my turn to choose?" The baby climbs into somebody's willing lap and the singing goes on.

"Aw, mamma, just one more. Gosh, it isn't late yet." There is something fresh and moving about the firelit faces, the eyes turned lovingly toward the tree and its familiar decorations. There isn't an ornament on it that they can't tell you all about.

Several times we tried to abolish the tree singing in our family because of the stockings and the hectic nature of Christmas Day in general, but the plebiscite overruled us. Now we wouldn't abolish it for anything. The singing usually ends up with We Three Kings of Orient Are that grandpa used to sing in the choir when he was a handsome young man and had beautiful blue eyes. And maybe Adeste Fidelis, with the Latin words.

But mother thinks of the words, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

Foundations of family life, sunk deep in love and affectionate customs. A happy childhood is a bulwark against fate, a fund to draw on in the future when life grows grim and hard. Nobody is utterly without hope or recompense who can look back over a childhood of happy memories.

And does anything lend itself so beautifully or so generously to this treasure of the spirit as Christmas? A child will forget that his hands were cold, but he will always remember the thrill of unpacking his stocking. I once heard a man say, "Christmas is silly," with hard, bitter lines in his mouth. The next minute he was saying, "My mother always made just pecks of those old country cookies, *Pfeffernüsse*, dusted over with cinnamon. Little round things, just big enough for one bite." And the hard lines were gone.

How many men there are, and women, too, who have felt the bitterness melt round their hearts' edges as they recalled the things that "mother did at Christmas" or that "we children did at Christmas."

When we were little, there were rumors of truly terrible people with marble hearts who put lumps of coal or bits of cob in their children's stockings as a sign that it was time to put away childish things. I told this to one of my sprouts, and to my intense astonishment and distress, she burst into tears. "Oh, I hope I never get too big for Christmas." God bless her! Of course we never get too big for Christmas. We never get quite big enough.

"It isn't that I want lots of presents; it's just the fun of looking forward to it and undoing bundles and listening in the dark when papers rustle and having a hard time going to sleep and hearing you and papa laugh, and trying to wake first—oh, dear, I can't explain it."

She didn't have to. I knew what she meant. As I look back on my own childhood, it is just one long avenue of Christmas trees. We had wax candles that sputtered and dripped. They leaned backward and forward and caused my papa to give his yearly sermon on the perils of fire. The decorations were red stars cut out of cardboard, and butterflies I cut out and colored myself. I raised and popped and strung the pop corn for that tree and stone apples for the dark hollows next the trunk. We made tarlatan bags, which were filled with candy and hung on the tree, the idea being that any guest who came in should have a present.

CHRISTMAS EVE I lugged my blankets to the dining room and went to sleep with one blissful eye on the glowing base-burner and the other on the tree. I, too, tried to stay awake and kept a listening ear toward the rustling and whispering in the bedroom. And then it would be morning, with snow piled up around the window sill, the click of stove lids in the kitchen, the smell of bacon, and the knobby, the beautiful knobby stocking on the chair.

I used to hold it tenderly and caress the lumps. I've seen my own children do the same thing! Only a game, but since it can be played but once a year, and is such a lovely game, how precious it becomes.

Wise is the mother who builds her family foundations with tender customs. Year by year the loving association of memories goes on, the funny little things that make living real: The time the baby put her stuffed stocking on the new tricycle and went riding without any further investigation, resisting nobly any attempts to help her. The time that Santa Claus got mixed and put a much-wanted Boy Scout knife in one of the girl's stockings and just about broke a loving heart. The time that the five-year-old put a plate of slightly damaged cookies for Santa Claus because he might be hungry. The trading. The counting. "How many pieces have you got?" The ecstatic rushes. The kisses. The "Thank you. This is the best Christmas I've ever had."

Do we believe in Santa Claus? I should say we do. We make such a game of it from the very start that the children

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What Every Girl Should Know

By GRAEME and SARAH LORIMER

Illustrated by Irving Nurick



IT'S certainly interesting, what two years can do to a person. Here was Lysbeth, a high bicycle at fourteen if ever there was one, and now holding everybody at lunch positively spellbound.

"A crush party!" Pauline said. "My goodness, what on earth's a crush party?"

"Well, honestly!" Lysbeth said. "How perfectly quaint! Didn't you any of you ever have a crush party with any of the boys around here?"

"No," said Julie Purviance in a sort of reverent tone, "what is it?"

Lysbeth tried to smile pityingly with her mouth full. "Why, my dear, how simply sobbing," she said. "Imagine not knowing what a crush party is! What are men for?"

Julie still looked dumb, which it wasn't a very hard thing for her to do.

"Good grief, do I have to go into details and draw a diagram and everything?" Lysbeth said, lighting one of father's cigarettes and blowing smoke all over everybody. "You innocent children make me feel positively antique."

Well, I just wished mother could hear, that was all. All through the years, up to the time I was fourteen, I had to listen to mother saying what a suitable companion Lysbeth was for me—just the picture of her mother at her age—and wear myself out giving her a good time when she came to visit which I would have to go around and make it up to everybody for after she left. Mother and Lysbeth's mother were dear friends all through their childhood, so they seemed to feel they had to sick me and Lysbeth onto each other. Then her family moved so far away we couldn't visit for a couple of happy years; but now they were back in sicking distance again, and in a fit of friendship mother had invited Lysbeth for the Christmas holidays. Well, I bet mother was going to cool off some about dear Caroline's darling daughter when she saw how she got lipstick all over the napkins.

"DO YOU actually mean to say you let Chi kiss you the first time you met him?" Pauline asked in shocked tones and then looked at me and blushed. I guess she'd remembered Money. But that was different. He'd proposed marriage to us both and we thought he meant it, so that wasn't like necking at all.

"Kiss me!" Lysbeth laughed loudly. "That boy should be on the wrestling team."

It looked like Lysbeth had turned into one of these younger generation you're always hearing about.

"But I don't see how ——" Julie looked quite puzzled. "You didn't know Chi before you came here, did you?"

"No, darling," Lysbeth said, "I never laid eyes on him before last night. But I think he's awfully cute."

"Not as cute as Davy, do you think, Pauly?" Julie said to Pauline as one friend to another.

"Oh, cuter," Pauline said. I smiled quietly to myself. I own Davy. He's really awfully cute.

"But I don't see how ——" Julie said, like a dog coming back to a bone, "how you get intimate like that with a boy when you've just met him. I should think a nice boy like Chi ——"

"They're all alike, nice ones and all," Lysbeth gave us her superior smile, "when you stir up the old B. U."

"B. U.?" Julie asked dumbly. B. U. is so old it's been called in around here, but trust Julie—honestly, that girl has moths in the piano.

"Why, biological urge, of course, darling," Lysbeth said. "And I have a way that never fails."

"You have?" Pauline was all ears. "How?" I felt disappointed in Pauline. That was just what Lysbeth had wanted somebody to ask.

"Don't be dull." Lysbeth blew smoke through her nose in a very sophisticated manner. "You don't expect me to give away my system, do you, when it's taken me years to develop it?"

I suppose a person ought to observe the duties of hospitality to a guest and all; but that woman-of-the-world line from Lysbeth, who I happen to know is three days younger than I am, was just too much. And besides, a person can't help having some ideals and morals.

I swept Lysbeth with a haughty look. "We don't call petting a system around here. We just call it petting—that is, we did call it petting. It's sort of gone out now—it's sort of a little old-fashioned. I mean we sort of think a system means being a little clever, and I don't see anything terribly clever or even interesting in being a sausage."

Lysbeth looked rather blank. The ice cream was around to me and I was trying to get some chocolate without any of the green. I loathe green food.

"What's a sausage?" Julie said.

"Anybody's meat," I said, still working on the ice cream. Lysbeth looked mad, as who wouldn't? Julie looked awfully dazed; but Pauline, who had been shut up practically every time she tried to say anything, leaped in happily with both feet.

"Maudie," she said, "I suppose Davy's taking you to the Paint and Powder next Friday, isn't he? Gosh, Maudie, this green end is like soup. I ought to have a straw. Gosh! Well, anyhow, is he?"

Before I could tell her, and I wasn't going to anyhow, Lysbeth boiled over and said in a mean way, "I suppose you think you're the girl of the U. S. A. or something?" Julie and Pauline laughed a smothered laugh.

"Not at all," I said. "That's what I'm trying to tell you. I have a system that is a system, that takes brains, not muscle."

"Brains?" Lysbeth said, making an unattractive noise. "That gets a laugh out of me before you begin."

"I AM NOT beginning," I said. "I've ended. Your way may be perfectly all right for you, but I think it's lousy. My system gets me what I want out of boys and I don't get my hair mussed either." I was feeling rather fed up in more ways than one. "Are you all ever going to stop eating? Because it's after two ——"

Lysbeth cut in, knocking my sentence down my throat till I about choked. "The thing about you is, Maudie," she said, glowering down at me as we went into the hall, "you think what works with boys here will work with men in boarding school like Chi. It's too perfectly quaint the way you have such a swelled head about everything you do. I certainly would laugh to see you try your marvelous brain system on a passionate man like Chi."



LYSBETH

As a matter of fact that was just what I was planning to do. I thought it would be sort of nice to have Chi take me to the Paint and Powder. I was sure of a drag from Davy, but I just happened to feel like I needed a change of air.

I was burrowing around in the umbrella stand for my skates. "Would you?" I said, my voice sounding kind of hollow on account of the umbrella stand. "Well, you better start then."

"I suppose you think you can get a bid out of him for Paint and Powder?" Lysbeth asked sweetly.

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said.

"I would," Lysbeth gloated, "'cause he asked me last night."

Well, for a minute I kept my head in the umbrella stand and I felt as though I didn't want to ever come up; and then I realized that I must have been mistaken about Chi if he'd fall for anything as crude as Lysbeth.

It was beginning to snow as we started down the hill—just a lazy kind of snow that whirls around and sticks to

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HE LAUGHED SMUGLY AND SAT DOWN ON THE BANK WITH THE AIR OF A MAN WHOM WOMEN ADORE

A Christmas Gift You Can Make for Your Garden Friends



Photographed in Natural Color by Nickolas Muray

Article by George H. Pring

Glass Gardens

FOR nearly a century Wardian cases have been used by botanical institutions and commercial growers in shipping delicate plants on long voyages. But these elaborate devices, which actually were greenhouses in miniature, were beyond the skill of most amateurs. It remained for Miss Ruth Barry, of the St. Louis Horticultural Society, to discover the ease of converting an ordinary fish bowl into a glass garden, and thus to place them within the reach of everyone with access to a department store and suburban woods or a neighborhood florist. Miss Barry's aquarium gardens, for obvious reasons, became immensely popular within a few months. A special section was set aside for them at the spring show of the Horticultural Society, and more than fifty competed for a special prize offered by the Botanical Garden. One shown by Miss Barry had been watered twice in two years, and another, exhibited by a well-known local physician, had been watered once in eighteen months and was in excellent condition. The chief point of rivalry, of course, is the age to which the plants are grown without water or attention.



Above—African violet, clubmoss and snakeshead, at age of eight months. At left—Ordinary light bulb planted with clubmoss, at five months.

Planting these novel and attractive gardens is a matter of half an hour's pleasure, preceded by a ten-minute stop at the florist's or an afternoon excursion to the nearest woodland. Once planted, they thrive anywhere out of direct sunlight or heavy shade. They require watering perhaps in six months, perhaps once a year, and ten minutes' ventilation at intervals ranging from a day or so to a full week. In other words, they are distinctive, highly individual—since everyone's glass garden is his personal creation—little or no trouble, and as nearly neglect-proof as any living thing, with the possible exception of house flies and jimson weed.

A variety of odd or decorative glass inclosures may be used, as indicated by the photographs illustrating this article, but the most convenient is the ordinary aquarium in the form of a very fat disk or very flat cylinder—a round fish bowl with two flat sides. They may be obtained at department and even five-and-ten stores, and the flat sides are effective for display. The glass must be clear, since plants will not thrive under tinted glass.

First, a large handful of charcoal in the bottom will aid in keeping the soil sweet. Next comes a handful of broken flowerpots or of irregularly shaped rocks. The soil most thoroughly tested for all suitable varieties of plants is a mixture of one part each good garden soil, leaf mold and sand; but if native plants may be used, a mixture of two parts well-rotted leaf mold, direct from the woods, plus one part sand, is probably better. It should be moistened after it is placed in the bowl. Landscaping begins even before the bowl is filled to its required level, about one-third of the way to the top. Moss and bits of colored stone are forced down the flat sides. The moss grows upward in a miniature forest. The surface of the soil should be arranged in tiny hills and valleys to represent a natural woodland. This matter of design becomes tremendously important if the artist decides to use native plants, and many do so decide, for a little decorative skill will make up for the lack of colorful exotic plants, and one large and enthusiastic school of "glass gardeners" declares that the search for woodland plants of the proper sort is half the fun.

THROUGH the year and far into November the tiny rills in woods near the city will yield treasures of moss and baby ferns hidden against the winter under fallen leaves. Seedlings of pine, cedar or spruce under three inches tall are real discoveries. Every variety of moss that grows on soil—not on wood—can be used, and the tiny bright or bowlder-shaped bits of rock that probably will be found right along with it will add handy touches to the decorative scheme. A tiny rooted cutting of begonia will begin to bloom almost immediately, to add color.

From that point, with the actual planting down, the task of creating a glass garden offers much the same problem, as well as the same thrill, as decorating a Christmas tree. The will, talents and patience of the individual must decide

whether he is to lay out a definite, ambitious scheme and follow it through, or simply place his materials where they "look right," as most people string the colored lights and tinsel. Both methods lead to satisfaction and attractive results, and each has its own adherents.

In either case the larger plants are set first according to individual fancy, and then the miniature hills and brooksides are planted with the varieties of moss. The decorative rocks and a shell or two may be used to advantage. The ambitious designer may follow out a definite landscape with paths and pergolas and bridges, lakes made of very small mirrors protected from the moisture by shellac on the reverse side, and tiny Buddhas or dwarf figures under the baby trees.

Once the garden is finished and the smears of soil cleaned from the glass, the bowl should be covered with a glass lid—a small square of window glass or a glass saucer will serve excellently—and placed in a north window. It will be seen that the miniature garden creates its own weather in miniature—that is, moisture which collects on bowl and lid each morning will fall on the plants and soil later in the day like a refreshing rain. When the glass "sweats" badly inside, the glass lid should be tilted for ventilation until it clears up, just as opening the window of a closed car which has fogged up in winter will soon clear the glass. At the first sign of mildew the glass should be left tilted for half a day. The soil should be tested occasionally with the finger and, whenever it begins to dry, should be sprinkled very lightly.

IT IS vitally important that plants be selected in dwarf or extremely slow-growing varieties; otherwise they will soon attempt, as Captain Mallard wrote back in 1853, "to push the top of the box off." It is difficult for the amateur who hasn't tried it to understand how small the plants must be for these vest-pocket gardens if they are to be a real success.

Direct sunlight and dark corners must be equally avoided. A north window is ideal.

Cactus and plants with "fleshy" leaves are fatal to glass gardens. They give off too much moisture and lead to mildew, which will destroy all your hopes.

Many city people find it inconvenient to reach even those vestigial bits of woods required to find native plants for glass gardens, and many others prefer the more colorful arrangements possible with tropical plants which can be obtained at most florists'. Design may still be a major feature, but the tropical effect of "jungle gardens" is currently the more popular. The following plants have been thoroughly tested in glass gardens:

FOR JUNGLE GARDENS (mostly green)

Selaginella (chubmoss in iridescent shades).
Ficus repens.
Adiantum capillus-veneris (maidenhair fern).
Cocos weddelliana seedlings.
Kentia forsteriana seedlings
Mundo japonicum (snake-board).
Saintpaulia ionantha (African-violet).
Aspidium falcatum (hollyfern).
Nephrolepis exaltata (sword-fern).

FOR BRIGHT COLOR

Tradescantia (wandering-jew).
Vittonia (red or white mosaic leaf plant).
Acalypha wilkesiana (copper-leaf).
Pandanus sanderi, P. veitchi (saw plant).
Maranta, dwarf species.
Dieffenbachia (dumb cane)
Peristrophe aurea.
Pteris cretica albolineata (variegated fern).



One can create many unusual effects by exerting a little imagination, not only in the choice of materials to be planted but in the type of container used. The author's young son made a burnt-out electric light bulb shown on these pages do service as a container for a tiny glass garden. It is not only novel but characteristic of the results one may obtain by using intelligently whatever may be at hand.

Dish gardening has become a national fad in the past few months, and it is indeed fascinating. But it has limitations that are easily overcome by the inclosed glass garden. It is difficult to regulate the moisture supply in the dish garden, with the result that it is often too wet or too dry, to the consequent hardship of the plants grown.

The glass garden is as near foolproof as any garden can be. Moisture is a problem that seldom intrudes itself, and then only when the occasional watering is necessary. Evaporation and condensation on the container itself keep up the supply in constant succession, as atmospheric conditions dictate reproducing in miniature what takes place in Nature's great garden out-of-doors.

Glass gardens are not only foolproof so far as care is concerned, but they are within the reach of everyone. No matter how limited your means may be, or where you live, they will thrive for you. They are not expensive—anyone can afford them. They may be started with small, inexpensive seedlings in any sort of container that can be sealed.

Especially interesting will they prove as Christmas gifts to friends who love gardening. They will open up a whole new angle to gardening interest. Why not a glass garden this year?



Top of page—Ordinary fish bowl planted two months with snakeboard, red mosaic leaf, copperleaf, pandanus, peristrophe and clubmoss. Glass jar with red and white mosaic leaf, plant, age one month. Immediately above—Kentia palm, maidenhair and blechnum ferns, Ficus repens, age four months. At right—Variegated wandering-jew, peristrophe and clubmoss, age one month.

The Man Without a God

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

II



DOCTOR'S OFFICE. Consider the doctor, Homan, iron your after-hours loafing place in the office corner; consider that he ought to be sleeping while they'll let him, and ask him for the dozenth time why he doesn't go to bed.

It's another night, and another cold one, another winter. How many winters is it since Cynthy went; is it four? It doesn't say in the letter in your pocket. Never mind. Mind the doctor, and his sixty years, and his dilemma.

The Doc's not a drinking man. Through thirty-odd years of practice he has rarely touched liquor except at need, at night and on the road—a gulp to get his heavy head and lean stomach over some desperate last mile to a broken leg or a childbearing, and a double gulp to get him home in time to start out again.

The War paid for slavery, and Doc is paying for the War. He has never thought of it so; simply, he has his work to do—and two saddle horses to wear out doing it—and any way to keep going has been his way.

But tonight it's queer; he's up a stump, and doesn't know it. Had he been forewarned of a freak, a night when nobody north or east or south or west would be sick enough to send galloping for Doc Pride, he could have gone to bed at eight, when he was so sleepy. At least he thinks he could have. What, he would ask, would there have been to prevent his turning in and snoring peacefully the night through, leaving his saddlebags unwanted on the office floor and his whisky flask unneeded—for once—here on the desk top, where it is now? Eh? What? Yet here at midnight it's an irony, he's so wide awake it's all he can do to keep from jumping up and pacing the floor in front of you while he listens. Veins that at sixty have never bothered him, stand out on his temples as he listens, listens for a sound of galloping coming, listens and listens—will it never come?

Lord's sake! What's the matter with him? His hand, wanting something to do, finds the flask and holds it up between him and the lamp, and the amber of it yellows the socket of his eye. But then he puts it down again quickly.

DOC'S never had a temper in his life, yet when you ask, for the last time, rising, "Why the devil don't you go to bed, Doc?" he jumps you.

"Bed! You're a fine one to ask, you half-baked loafer!"

"If that's the way you feel—if it's my being here——"

"Oh, shut up, you fool, Homan. Sit down. Don't mind me. And for heaven's sake, man, don't go yet."

"Why not?"

"Mind your own business. And your own troubles."

"I haven't got any troubles."

"The hell you haven't! All evening you've looked as if you needed a dose of paregoric. What did you eat today?"

"Doc, do you remember Cynthy Wyrick, went away North a few years ago?"

"Is it Cynthy's worrying you? What's she got to be now—prima donna?"

"No."

"Streetwalker?"

"No. I had a letter from her today. Her voice is good, but there's lots have got better. She's got married, she says. To an Italian, a house builder. He plays the 'cello, she says."

"Fine. There's one fool mistake off your conscience."

"They were married by a—by a priest, Doc."

"Fine. That's legal."

"Legal! What difference does it make if it's legal or not? If you think I give a dang—whether—nothing—I —— She says she's happy, Doc."

"Well, what more can you ——" Now what's got into Doc, to break off so, stare at you puzzled-doctor-wise, then crack the grin and slap the thigh of derision. "The trouble with you," he muses, as he lifts the flask absent-mindedly again to yellow his eye with its glow, "is that you've bitten off more than you can chew. And you lie about it."

There never was an honester man than Doc. Is he lying about anything to himself, when he tells himself that what his nerves want now is the work of their habit, a bitter wind in his face and a horse between his knees? How far and few have been the nights when he hasn't had to give his animal a breather at the beginning of some desperate last mile! And himself a bracer. Out of this flask that's yellow in his eye. Oftentimes around midnight—around about now.

"They tell me that this stuff is a bad master, Homan. But as for me—well, it's kept me awake a smart of nights and it's saved me a smart of lives. It would be kind of funny, wouldn't it ——"

Put the flask down, Doc. Jump up. Walk around.

"Damn it, Homan, how does a man get sleepy?"

Oftentimes about midnight—about now—in the lee of some pine

Pick it up again, shake it, taste the color of the bubbles. Odd pair—doctor who's never gone to any man to ask his pay; Piper come to ask his now. Pay for never having that new overcoat, never saying, "Not now; in the morning."

Of a sudden Doc cracks the grin and slaps the thigh of another derision, loudly. "Good Lord, what are we, Homan? Why don't we have a night-cap?"

"That's what I've been wondering for two hours, Doc."

Tumblers out of the operating alcove. "Say when!" It's almost the first time Doc has ever drunk whisky out of a tumbler; it's the first time he's ever drunk it sitting in his office chair.

"Plenty where this came from, Homan, you good-for-nothing. Say when!"

Doc's getting old. "Old man, Homan, nearly done; so wha's difference?"

"Wha's difference anything, Doc? Wha's real, wha's dream, who knows? All big gamble. Who said priest? Haw! Could o' had Cynthy if I wanted her. . . . Here today, gone tomorrow, all big gamble. . . . No, come on get up, Doc, got to go bed now."

"Le'me be, le'me go asleep here, tha's good fellow; go 'way le'me sleep."

Tired old Southern Christian, asleep in his chair. Tired your Southern heretic, reeling homeward, captain of his soul for a little while, devil-may-care

Great night, night of discovery. For something has been discovered to you two tonight, something perilous to men who've just about finished the jobs life laid out for them; To the older, that the eye-opener of a thousand last miles will serve as well for the shut-eye of the last mile; to the younger, that there's a potion distilled to let the man-that-is lie down in bed with the boy-he-was, and sleep.

BURYING GROUND. Everybody knows what's the matter with you, Homan; you've neither pride nor decency. As for pride: What are the names of infamy you used to call an old man, under his roof and with his whisky in you; and what are the names you've taken from him that no Carolinian takes from anyone? And as for decency: Today, when he's dead, and they're going out in carriages to bury him, where among the decent folks are you?

What decent folks, what kind-minded, grateful folks they are. Already the hours Old Doc has been dead have wiped out the years he might as well have been. It's as if, in their minds, when young Doc Findley had to come in and take the practice, the Old Doc died then. Somehow he hasn't belonged in the Hollwell of the past decade, with trade beginning to revive, a bank founding, mills building, and Breed County massing in the new town hall twice to wallop the Northern money kings and put Democrat Cleveland in the White House. No, they remember him only in distance, riding through weathers to reach them; they forgive and forget the rest. They'd even forget that he's harbored the town trouble-maker in the house of his untidy dotage, if you'd let them, Homan.

But no: "Where's Homan?" you make them wonder as they ride behind the hearse. "Him and Old Doc so much together, you'd think he'd have at least the common decency to come to the burying. Drunk, you reckon? Be like him."

Would it be like you, Homan? It would. But are you? No. Why are you here, then, sitting on a box in a hidden corner of the "drug end," staring out of a dusty window all



"SO YOU'VE COME BACK," YOU SAID, THE HEART GONE OUT OF YOU



OLD FELLOW, EH? WHAT A GOOD ONE ON THEM, NOT TO REALIZE THAT THE OLD ONE IS GONE BEYOND THEIR GRASP; NOT TO PERCEIVE THAT, FOR ALL HIS DROLL MASQUERADE OF BAGS AND VEINS AND WHISKERS, IT'S A LITTLE BREED COUNTY FARM BOY

HURRY, HURRY! GRAB HOLD A HAND, CYNTHY; THERE'S LIGHTS IN THE CHURCH ALREADY

the afternoon they're burying the dead? Till the light fails and night comes to blacken the dusty window.

And now that you've bestirred yourself at last, where are you going? What is it you're carrying under your coat, beyond the lighted houses and out the Drill Field road toward the burying ground? It's the wrong shape and the wrong size for flowers.

They brought flowers in the crowded daylight; now in the desert night they lie in wreaths all about you, over the grave. A crushed one is even under you, as you sit where the footstone's going to be, head sunk between your shoulders and the brown flask clasped in your hands.



You're a strange incalculable, abominable fellow, Homan. What a thing to do! With the mouth of the flask to your mouth, whatever's the wild whimsey that makes you take it away and wet the grave earth with a spill of the whisky before you put it back to gulp?

Cynthy's gone. Horatio's gone. Bub's gone. Doc's gone. It's strange—enough corn whisky, and as a rule your eyes grow heavy and their vision distorted. Tonight, at Doc's grave, the more you drink the clearer they grow. And still the more you drink, still the clearer they grow till, when Doc comes out of the ground to sit weightless where the headstone's going, you see him with a vividness and new verity that makes you sob. "Doc, you can't go!"

And all of a sudden you, in the clarity of drunkenness, and he, in the clarity of death, begin to speak to each other. Things never before comprehended, never confessed. And never now to be forgotten. Too bad you will have forgotten, by tomorrow.

"Doc, you're all the old good. You are my folks, my stock, my South. You are bravery, loyalty, self-abnegation; you are patience, long purpose, faith in things not seen. You're all that's old and beautiful, Doc, and you mustn't go."

"You're all that's new, Homan, and that's not yet beautiful. And you must go on. You are discord, doubt, ingratitude. You are the gracelessness of peeping and prying, the ugliness of the unfinished, the pain of change. You are the grain chosen to be bruised between the stone that won't move and the stone that won't stop, if there's to be bread for our children's children. You are the thorn in our flesh."

"Keep on trying to pluck me out—save everything you can, Doc—that's your job."

"Keep on not letting me, Homan, that's yours."

The flask is empty. And that's all.

MOVING PICTURES. Pretty soon they'll be learning how to run a ribbon of camera film through a magic lantern and turn a sheet between two poles at fair ground into an animate likeness of people diving into water and undiving out of it again, or of khaki lads charging up a hill in Cuba, or of the second inaugural of a war president who'll never live to see Charlie Chaplin. Very bad moving pictures, fluttery on the sight, little more as yet than a sequence of still glimpses, broken by blanks of darkness when the film breaks or the mechanism jams.

But anyway, when they've done this, Homan, they'll have found out how life looks as it goes past your eyes. Fluttery, blurry glimpses. A shutter that sticks or a film that breaks, leaving you befogged in another darkness.

A buggy without shafts or horse to it, careening, hiccuping . . .

They say that Teddy Roosevelt . . .

o o o

Illustrated by Victor C. Anderson

Down Alabama-Georgia way, all the coal and iron they've got . . .

Do you know what they're learning our boys and girls out to the new high school—learning 'em that men come from . . .

Bad film, broken picture. All right, Homan, you didn't want to know anyway. You know that men came from monkeys, and you don't care how long folks go on kicking you around for it, they'll never make you say different. Nor make you swallow a whale.

This engineer fellow, Eugene Wyrick Ferraro, over at State College, he must think he's another Billy Sunday, the way he's calling Carolina to repentance for her muddy roads and swamplands, and the way . . . and . . .

Hang on! Ferraro? Who's he? Where'd he come from? Dago-sounding, how did he ever get a Turbied "Wyrick" stuck in his name? . . . Don't you know who he is? Why, Eugene Ferraro came from . . .

Bad shutter, bad acetylene always sputtering out, and always another film in the machine when they light it up again.

But the worst thing that ever happened to you, the glimpse that hurt you most, was when Horatio came back home.

When you were young, Homan—when all that the South asked, life or death, was the hanging-together of its best ones—you, the renegade, were crying its picked youth on to desert, clear out, go. Breaking holes in the narrow walls for them to get out of; breaking nothing for yourself but your heart.

And now what's come of it? What's come of them? Cynthy, wife of some immigrant, mother of who-knows-how-many hybrid children, grandmother of how many? Bub Exum in some Northern print shop, vague, owner of a high hat, and what else? And now Horatio, the best bet of the lot, you'd have staked your life—here he came back home one day a while ago, with a wife, a child and a debt.

YOU looked at each other that day, he from the sidewalk, you from your seat on a thrown-out butter tub in the lot by the store. How did he strike you? Not so much changed was Horatio. Still carroty of head, eager of eye, gangling, grinning. And how did you strike him?

"So you've come back," you said, the heart gone out of you.

"Yes, Mr. Macy. I've come back."

"Couldn't make it? Fail in college?"

"No, I did pretty well in college. I went into business then."

"Fail in that?"

"No. I didn't like it, though. I was born a farmer; reckon I'll die one."

Farmer, and he the best bet of them all!

"Come back to it, eh? Come back borrowing money from the bank to start."

"Need lots. A lot to buy the Bailey and Starbuck places next our old one. A lot for a Guernsey bull and five registered heifers. A lot to build barns with. A lot for seed, kinds you can't get around here. . . . Gene Ferraro and I talked it all over. Thought it would be fun to see what a Breed County farm boy that's been to college and run a business can do with a Breed County farm."

"Farmer. H'm."

It was too bad your mind caught that word and stopped with it, Homan. It hurt you, and you hurt him. Did you know it? When you saw his neck and ears go crimson when he turned to catch at a friend's hail and drift away across Depot Street, what did you think it was? Did you think it was because he'd had to come home and borrow money and be a farmer and ashamed?

Whatever it was, it hurt you more than ever anything else has, that day's picture.

And now the pictures go on, ever blurrier.

They say that Taft . . .

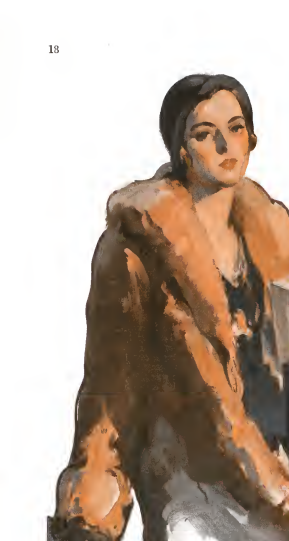
They say that another Democrat, a Southerner, man named Wilson . . .

GEORGIA BEAT YALE. The story recommences, almost in the same words. The sky is mended. This time it's a German, Einstein, who's done the job, with a new needle. Ten comprehend, ten thousand applaud, ten million make wise cracks, yet even while they snigger begin to doubt their sniggers, each man wondering a little uneasily to himself: What's it all about? Somebody's laid the ghost of the eternal, you say? Got me out of the prison house of the infinite? Given me the freedom of time and space? Well, what do you know! And me, no odds where I stand, I'm the center of it all again? And so's that sparrow yonder, falling?

(Continued on Page 104)

Presents for the Rich

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING



IT WAS NOW LATE AFTERNOON AND SHE MUST GET SOMETHING FOR JOAN BEFORE SHE WENT HOME. IT WAS TOO RIDICULOUS TO TRY TO FIND A PRESENT FOR A PERSON WHO ALREADY HAD EVERYTHING

THE longer she stood there, with her packages pulling on her arm, the more unreasonable the whole business seemed to Cynthia. For thirty minutes she had been part of a long line moving in little jerks toward the mailing desk, and the cord on the box for Sally Archer's children cut into her hand. Blitheness was leaking out of her spirit. The sagging procession across the post office looked as if it were being driven reluctantly toward Christmas and as if its bundles were no more than burdens. The very thought of the contents of the ones she herself was carrying began to discourage her. None of the presents seemed right, now that they were practically on their way. Gifts that at first had appeared to be inspirations began to change into stupid, commonplace ideas and mistakes. Not one in the lot was worth anything to speak of and yet their selection had been a matter of buffeting crowds and remembering ages and rubbing off price tags and tying up packages for days, and, taken together, they had cost much more than she had hoped or intended. Why did everything in the world cost just about two dollars and a half more than it ought to?

A woman behind her in the line poked Cynthia again with an evil, sharp package that felt like a blade.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said without sympathy, just as she had said five times before.

Cynthia made a very slight gesture of accepting the apology. Nobody, she said to herself grimly, should be allowed to send spikes through the mail. She tried to get her backbone out of danger, but the line was close and firm. In front of her stood a chauffeur and he, too, was irritating. Not personally, for he was a pleasant-looking, well uniformed young man, but he represented all the women who didn't have to stand in line and mail their own packages. He made her think of Joan's chauffeur and that reminded her that though it was now late afternoon she must get something for Joan before she went home. The thought dragged on her fatigue and on her tired ingenuity. It was too ridiculous to try to find a present for a person who already had everything in the world. And if Joan was finally going to marry Geoffrey Carter as was rumored, she'd soon have just that much more of everything.

THE line suddenly moved. Cynthia dropped a package and the spruce young chauffeur picked it up and returned it to her. He made her feel shabby and poor, though it was only the second winter for her ten carracul coat and the lines of it were really as good as ever. She wished, in a wave of complete absurdity, that the chauffeur knew that she had chosen not to be rich, deliberately given up all ambition to employ expensive, shining young men like himself when she married Douglas Ware. Newspapermen, even intelligent and grand ones, didn't get rich, and Cynthia was not resentful about that. But just for the moment she wanted it to be clear that she had turned away from wealth, not wealth away from her. She could have been a limousine wife if she'd wanted to. There had been plenty of chances, five and six years ago, even for Geoffrey Carter had asked her to marry him once. It had been, to be sure, during one of those periods when he and Joan were having a row. That was when Geoff usually grew adventurous and dramatic, and went from flower to flower. Those two had been having rows periodically for years, but they never seemed quite able to leave each other alone. It was queer that neither of them had ever married anyone else. Perhaps, thought Cynthia, other girls felt as I did, that he was really Joan's property even if she hadn't taken possession yet.

INCREDIBLY she found herself at the mailing window and her packages were being taken from her, weighed and stamped. She began to think more highly of them as she turned away. The box for Aunt Harriet had been packed with little cedar chips around the edges and the seals were huge silver modernistic deer that had seemed beautifully decorative against pale green tissue paper. It was fun to do things like that for people who wouldn't be likely to get much else and would appreciate it. Aunt Harriet would save the wrappings, smooth them out and enjoy them.

There was Joan's present still to buy and Cynthia felt that it didn't matter much what she chose. She could not hope to match the rare quality of Joan's possessions or compete with the kind of thing that Joan would probably give her. Anyway, she did not want to spend much more money. As it was, Cynthia knew that she would have to use most of the January coupons on her fee bonds to pay the Christmas bills and she'd hoped to have enough left out of that interest to get a few things for the house and herself. There was always a waiting list of things she meant to have when she could afford them and new kitchen curtains and a small coffee table and long black suède gloves were at the top of the list just now. Every cent she was spending made the possibility of those possessions recede. It was all right to stretch a financial point for Sally Archer, who was quite up against it this year, but Joan was another matter. Joan could buy anything she wanted for herself. She was rich and her money was all in her own hands. There was no use in plunging on her present. Cynthia decided to get it off her mind. She would stop in at Marlin's on the way home and she might see some little thing there that would do for a rich friend.

At Marlin's, where the management evidently believed that the Christmas spirit always has its price, there was a dollar table, a two-dollar one, a five-dollar one and a ten-dollar one. They were near the front entrance, to tempt customers who might be lazy when they came in or desperate when they went out.

Cynthia circled them thoughtfully. She couldn't very well give Joan a grapefruit knife with daisies painted on its handle even if it was only a dollar and a useful implement as well. Joan's servants probably didn't want daisies on their knives. There were ashtrays on pieces of weighted leather, but Joan's ashtrays always matched and were in sets and she had dozens of them. Those printed bookplates certainly wouldn't do in the Osborne library; and stray pieces of cheap, bright pottery couldn't be given to a person who bought that sort of thing in Spain or Mexico.

The five-dollar table looked full of suggestions until she came up to it, and then it seemed largely an exaggeration of values. She hesitated over a set of cold-cream jars but remembered the complexities of Joan's dressing room, with its queer red paper and modern benches, and wasn't sure they'd fit in. Besides, perhaps there was something to be found for less than that. It was only a remembrance anyway.

SHE took only a casual look at the ten-dollar table, for that was scaled too high. Of course anyone would like that ivory-colored breakfast tray. It was a new kind, divided like an old English supper tray and it looked firm and comfortable. But it was too much to spend, especially when with no effort Joan could afford that sort of thing for herself.

People bumped against Cynthia, reached past her to handle and estimate as she drifted back to the display of dollar articles. She did not like this array of professional presents. They were not the sort of thing she usually hunted out, for she liked to suit gifts to people and that meant beginning with the personality and not the present. But she wasn't thinking of Joan as a person just now. She didn't see her as the slim, handsome, always-elegant young heiress with shy brown eyes and an arrogant manner that protected them. She didn't remember her as the excited bridesmaid in yellow chiffon who had stood beside her in St. Jerome's chancel five years ago.

Joan had become an abstraction, somebody who had to have a present even though she didn't need one. She was an obligation, who stood between Cynthia and getting home where she wouldn't be puzzled and crowded and bumped. Perhaps that parchmint memorandum pad would do. It was clever, she lied to herself. It looked as if it might be useful. Oh, it was all right, she insisted coaxingly. After all, she couldn't be expected to give pieces of jade even if Joan could and did. She had been reminded of that by seeing it swing out on its chain from the opening in her coat. The little diamond link sparkled generously.

It took a few minutes for the memorandum pad to be wrapped and then Cynthia went through the crowds toward the side doors of the great store. As she passed the glove counter a display of long gloves caught her eye. She wondered if by any chance the kind she coveted were on sale at less than ten dollars and went up to the counter to see. Other customers were engaging the attention of all the clerks, so she took her place beside a man. Men were usually quick about their purchases.

He had on a thick, loose coat and Cynthia's mind was more on gloves than on men, so she did not give him a glance until she heard him speaking to the clerk.

"You're sure that this is the kind that any girl would like to have and could wear anywhere?"

"Very good for either day or evening wear," the saleswoman answered in the tone of complete authority.

"All right. I'll take a dozen pairs."

"She'll have to grow more hands," said Cynthia aloud.

He turned and gave her a welcoming grin. Geoffrey Carter's smile had done a good deal to keep people from resenting his money.

"Hello, beautiful Cynnie! How are you?"

"Weak from watching you buy gloves," she said. "Are you fitting out a chorus or do you peddle them on the street?"

"Is it too many for one girl?"

"I suppose not. It gives her eleven pairs to lose and she'll still be in luck. Get six black and six white and the glove manufacturers ought to give you a silver cup for breaking records."

"Think it's really all right for a present?"

"It's magnificent. Very lordly."

"What size?" asked the clerk.

Geoffrey hesitated and Cynthia said to him, "Six and a quarter."

His eyes met hers.

"How do you know?"

"We wear the same size. Or aren't they for Joan?"

"No. Don't happen to be."

"Well, happy is the girl that the gloves rain on. Try six and a half. That's a better average size if you aren't sure."

HER tone had reserves in it now, and so had his. She was about to mind her own business and then it occurred to her that was a most uninteresting thing to do. Besides, she'd known Geoff all her life and she hadn't not married him without retaining a certain sense of privilege.

"This is all right now, I suppose," she said, as the clerk turned away to get his change and parcel, "but after you're married I hope you're going to give gloves through the community chest."

"I'll have to take care of that when the time comes." That seemed to be a blind alley so she tried another one.

"What are you giving Joan for Christmas?"

"What can anybody give Joan?" he asked. "She's got everything. Except some advice and she won't take that."

"Who wants advice for Christmas?"

"I don't," he said cheerfully.

It didn't sound promising and there was trouble somewhere. Cynthia looked askance at the narrow fat box the clerk was handing to Geoffrey. A hard-breathing shopper pushed her out of place, but she did not notice.

"It's always a bad sign when you get interested in another girl," she said. "How much do you like this one and who is she?"

"She's a very nice girl," he answered as if he would like to hear anyone doubt it with impunity.

"It's a very general description," said Cynthia.

He chuckled at her. He had never been very much in love with Cynnie. He had always liked her too much for that.

"Come and have tea with me somewhere and I'll tell you more about her. You don't want to stay here and be trampled on, do you?"

"No. I'm all through. I was going to go home and hang wreaths in the windows. But I'd much rather have tea first and get up some spirit for the glad Noel."

"Good. Where shall we go?"

"The Petit Gourmet," she suggested, "is the only place in town where a respectable wife and mother can get a thrill. And it's not apt to be full of shoppers all broken out with bundles. Besides it's so expensive I hardly ever get there."

In the post office Christmas had seemed exhaustion and duty. In the shops it was a fog of uncertainty and worry and barter. It was a holiday for sale, if only you could afford it. But in the Petit Gourmet the season became romantic. A couple of clipped, triangular evergreen trees sparkled with green and white lights at the door. The doorman was red-cheeked and jovial, as he should be. Inside, an orchestra played trivial music delicately. Each table had a bouquet of glistening holly on it and the high-backed benches about them made every compartment a possible rendezvous.

BUT Cynthia knew, as they talked, that Geoffrey's rendezvous was not with her, nor even with the girl he was telling her about. It was really with Joan. He was thinking of Joan even if he tried to avoid talking of her. She kept showing through what he said as if the other girl were only a transparency.

"It's fun to do things for this kid," he told her, as he grew confidential. "She's an awfully grateful little thing."

"She well may be," said Cynthia, "when she sees those gloves."

"She told me the other night that she wished she had a few decent pairs. You see she's never had many things."

"Well, she's the sort of girl who seems able to make her wishes come true."

"A man likes to know what a girl wants—what he can do for her," he said defensively.

Joan never would tell, thought Cynthia. Of course she wouldn't. She's much too shy and too proud to ask for anything. But then what could she possibly want?

"A fellow occasionally likes to feel that he's of some use," added Geoffrey, "as if he wasn't born for a decoration."

There was a bitter note in that. They talked on for another half hour and Cynthia kept putting the situation together as if she were being handed the parts of a simple puzzle. He was picking up with a girl who was easy to please because he felt that he had failed to please Joan. This new girl made him feel like King Cophetua and he found it soothing and satisfying and restoring. Now that she had the puzzle almost finished, the picture on its face seemed to show that it had always been like that between Joan and Geoffrey. They were both so rich, so well equipped that it seemed as if they had everything. She recalled that whenever Geoffrey had a row with Joan he always picked some new girl whom he could dazzle with kindness and attention. All during the summer of their flirtation he had sent Cynthia orchids and she'd known then that it was Joan he wanted, just as clearly as she knew it today. It occurred to her as she listened to Geoffrey's slight fatuousness about this new conquest that it would be no great task for some clever girl to marry him now. His taste wasn't so discriminating as it was. There was Joan—and then almost any other girl. But still one part of the puzzle



JOAN FELT SO LOVED, SO TAKEN CARE OF. . . . IT WAS LIKE A DREAM. . . . THERE WERE SO MANY PACKAGES, AND THEY HAD SUCH ASTONISHING CONTENTS

was missing. Why had Joan always let go? She couldn't be afraid of his riches, and she and Geoffrey were congenial in most ways. They did the same kind of things, liked the same kind of life.

"You still haven't told me what you're going to give Joan for Christmas," she said, trying to force him to talk of her outright.

"I don't know. I guess I'd better leave that job to Bob Lyle."

"Bob Lyle! You don't mean that shyster broker?"

"Sure—he's no good and worse than that. Joan's new friend."

"The one who ran through his wife's money and gave her such a rotten time before she divorced him?"

"That's the cap that fits him."

"Douglas told me who he was at the theater one night. He said he was just barely able to escape the penitentiary. He's awfully handsome, but I can't imagine what else Joan sees in him."

"I don't try to imagine."

"But can't you stop it? You know he's the cheapest sort of rascal."

"Joan doesn't take orders from me. Or suggestions from anyone since her father died. She's harder than she used to be, Cynnie."

Cynthia was thoughtful about that. There was some truth in it. She'd noticed it herself in Joan in the past year. There was a hardening in Joan, just as there was softening in Geoffrey. How dreadfully they needed each other!

She slipped into her coat.

(Continued on Page 56)

o o o

Illustrated by Guy Hoff

Out of Bounds

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ABNER SEWARD has been trying for years to get Potter East to marry him. But the girl has refused him time and again. Her husband must be an ardent golfer like herself. Abner has no use for golf.

Potter wins the ladies' championship at the Mayfield Country Club and at the conclusion of play her uncle and guardian, Beauchamp East, collapses. Overexcitement, say his friends; but Potter thinks differently. She senses that the vain, dapper little man who thinks no woman can resist his charms has had a shock of some kind and she recalls two unfamiliar faces in the gallery.

This conviction is strengthened when one of the strangers calls at the house later in the day to see Uncle Beau. Potter interviews him instead, and although she learns little she is alarmed. Uncle Beau is undoubtedly mixed up in something, but she cannot question him, as he has slipped out of the house.

That night at a party celebrating her victory she meets the other of the strangers—one Bangs Kemble, young and handsome and like herself an enthusiastic golfer. A match is arranged for the next day. Potter goes to the club early to practice. A corpse is found in the rough. She recognizes the murdered man as the stranger who had called the day before. She is frightened and says nothing.

Bangs Kemble proves to be an agreeable companion and a good golfer—the type of man she has visualized as the ideal husband. She hurries home to question Uncle Beau and finds that worthy preparing for flight. A servant delivers a note. It contains a warning for the recipient not to leave town.

Potter can get nothing out of Uncle Beau; he is so frightened that he is incoherent. Potter's own alarm is intensified when, later, Abner Seward calls and warns her that Beau is in some way mixed up in the dead man's case, that he himself had seen the man leave the East home the previous afternoon. Potter tells Abner to mind his own business.

Potter makes up a foursome with Bangs Kemble and two of his friends—Alanson Van Houten, a well-known financial buccaneer, and Marie Losser, who might be an adventuress. The dead man has been identified as Tanis Hammer. Potter suddenly recalls Van Houten mentioning the name to her uncle at Miami at a casual meeting the previous winter.

The match is played and Potter tests Van Houten's nerve. It breaks on the last hole. She drops hints about Hammer that alarm her opponent and she deduces that Van Houten is in some way connected with the mystery surrounding her uncle. Through Abner Seward she finds out that Van Houten's principal financial enemy is John Wilder, who lives in a neighboring city.

Wilder tells her that her uncle is known to have an interest in an American syndicate operating in Peru and that Hammer had been in Peru in behalf of the syndicate. Van Houten perhaps covets the concession and Uncle Beau is the victim of terrorism or blackmail.

Potter sees a lot of Van Houten, seeking to solve the mystery. She confronts Beau with Van Houten and by virtue of her newly acquired knowledge at last forces her uncle to talk. Beau had been found in a compromising position and Hammer was attempting to get him to part with his interest in the syndicate as the price of silence. Uncle Beau refused. They were talking on the edge of the golf course when Hammer was shot from behind.

Alanson Van Houten proposes marriage to Potter, threatening to expose Beauchamp East if she refuses. "The answer," says Potter, "is no."

XI.

POTTER EAST was dancing with Bangs Kemble. It was the usual informal Saturday evening party at the country club and it marked Uncle Beauchamp's reappearance in society after a lapse of the incredible period of a week.

His round face was alight with the joy of living, and his person fairly flamed with such raiment as was calculated by him best to catch and to hold the favorable attention of the opposite sex.

"That," said Bangs, "is an outstanding garment your uncle is sporting."

"Uncle has wonderful taste," Potter replied. "All of it bad. But you do notice him."

"He's been ill, has he not?"

Potter glanced up at the young man in a cornerwise, interested way and paused before she replied. "He's been interesting," she said, "but not exactly an invalid. And now would you take a look!"

Mr. East was leading out upon the floor a very blond young lady who suffered from what photographers call overexposure.

"I wondered," said Potter.

"Wondered what?"

"When the demure Marie Losser would flash across uncle's horizon. She's his type. Uncle gravitates to slightly draped blondes as rivers flow to the sea—only the rivers get some place and all uncle ever gets is in a mess. But Miss Losser's a friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Only an acquaintance," said Mr. Kemble.



"DON'T YOU THINK HE'S JUST TOO CUNNING, MISS LOSSER, WHEN HE MOUNTS HIS CHARGER AND GALLOPS OFF ACROSS THE DESERT SANDS?"

"Presently Uncle Beau will have danced his fourth straight dance with her. He will have arrived by then at the lonely heart stage. To all intents and purposes he will have made a proposal of marriage and laid himself open to a breach-of-promise action. If he dances five dances with her, his hand will itch to take pen in hand and write her compromising letters. My uncle and a blonde and a fountain pen make a combination hard to beat. But he is beautiful, isn't he?"

"Magnificent," agreed Mr. Kemble.

Presently the music stopped and Potter maneuvered her partner to the spot where Uncle Beau stood gazing rapidly up into the deceptively vapid eyes of Miss Losser. He frowned slightly at his niece's approach.

"Go away," he said.

"No way to speak to a chaperon," said Potter, "and besides, it's my duty to warn Miss Losser against your endearing young charms. My uncle, Miss Losser, is a gentleman vampire. He loves 'em and leaves 'em. Outwardly he may seem to you a beautiful and harmless creature, but his heart is malignant and his object is not matrimony."

"Not really?" said Miss Losser with childlike wonder.

"Potter," said Uncle Beau majestically, "you are impertinent."

"What, again? I'm thinking, Miss Losser, of fixing him up like a well-kept lawn."

"Lawn—you mean grass?" Marie did the dumb lady with excellent effects.

"Exactly. I'm going to post him at strategic points with Keep Off the Grass signs."

Miss Losser's eyes remained big and innocent, but her lips twitched once and Potter knew that the war was on.

Uncle Beau expanded his chest and puffed out his cheeks and assumed so portentous a mien that he resembled a hand-painted frog with a ruffled disposition.

"Children," he said blightingly, "should—er—be seen and not heard."

POTTER smiled genially. "Will you tell Mr. Van Houten what I said about keeping off the grass? He might be interested."

"Why should he be?" asked Miss Losser.

"Because the laborer is worthy of his hire only when he delivers the goods," Potter said sententiously. "Uncle, hand over your fountain pen."

"What do you want with my pen?"

"I want to unload it," she said. "There's a law against carrying concealed weapons. You've no idea, Miss Losser, how he shoots off letters with that pen."

"I don't understand jokes very well," said Marie. "People tell me I've no sense of humor."

The music recommenced and Potter found herself looking up into the face of Abner Seward, which was rather set and very determined.

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz



"My dance," he said shortly.

"By what act of Congress?" asked Potter. But she permitted herself to be led out upon the floor because it was an excellent moment to exit from the scene.

"Why the genial smile and the debonair manner?" she asked.

"Pretty gang you're training with," said Abner.

"Did you ever," she asked, "try minding your own business?"

"Once," he said, "and no good came of it."

"You've stuck your fingers in my mud pies ever since I was five years old," said Potter, "and the novelty is wearing off."

"I'm going right on sticking them in until you're seventy-five," Abner said placidly, "and you're going to take it and like it."

"WHOOSH! Playing a new chancter, eh? The strong, voluble man! Stern and rock-bound. And what, little playmate, do you think that'll get you?"

"A wife," said Abner.

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you."

"Wouldn't you be a swell knickknack to have around the house?"

"Better than that piece of golf-playing bric-a-brac you've been wearing in your hair."

"He's charming," said Potter provocatively; "perfectly charming."

"I'm delivering an ultimatum," said Abner, still with a placidity quite astonishing to Potter. "It begins with an announcement of fact, and works through various stages to a prophesy."

"You dance quite well," Potter said judicially, "for a young man with big feet."

"The opening fact," he said, ignoring her conversational offering, "is that I love you."

"The words have a familiar ring."

"Feel in my vest pocket," said Abner.

"What for?"

"The ring," he said. "It's there. I bought it today. And it's a knock-out. Want to see it?"

"No."

"All right. I'll show it to you in a minute."

"You are supposed to be a hard-headed, rising young man of affairs," she said. "Have you been overworking?"

"To repeat," he said calmly, "I love you. I have loved you since I could spell it. I'm going to be loving you when I have to say it through false teeth."

"Now, there's romance!" exclaimed Potter.

"And the ultimatum," said Abner, "is that you are going to marry me or else ——"

"Or else what?"

"I haven't thought that up yet, because you *are* going to marry me. So I bought the engagement ring and you may begin wearing it now if you like."

"When," asked Potter, "did you take up golf?"

"I didn't."

"And still you're going to marry me?"

"Believe it or not," said Abner almost jovially.

"Perhaps," she said patiently, "you've been a little deaf, or maybe a little dumb. But I do think, if I am not wholly in error, that I have hinted that golf is important in my life. I'm going to play golf with my husband, and not fight with him because I play it. I'm not going to have the neighbors pitying him because he is a golf widower. Am I clear, or have I left something out? No golf, no husband."

"Would you marry me if I took up this game of prairie ping-pong?"

"Probably not. But it would let you enter the tournament."

"Well, listen, sweetheart—if you held up your right hand and swore to marry me Monday if I took up golf, I wouldn't. First, because I don't like it, and, second, because it would be most abominably bad judgment to give in to you right at the start-off. Then who would boss the shanty all our lives?"

"I would," said Potter promptly.

"There you are," said Abner.

"I would, anyhow," said Potter.

"It'll be fun finding out," said Abner imperturbably. "By the way, I'm taking a vacation starting Monday."

"How can the affairs of the nation spare you?"

"Your affairs are more important just now."

"What have my affairs to do with it?"

"Arequipa," said Abner in a lower voice.

He felt her stiffen in his arms, and she did not speak until they had danced half the length of the room. "What," she asked, "do you know about that?"

"Not enough," said Abner. "Hence the vacation."

"Abner," she said in a strained voice, "don't be an idiot."

"It's about time someone was an idiot, if taking a hand in this is being one. You'd be surprised how bright I am. I'm so bright I can see that the swellest girl in the world—which is you—wouldn't be letting her name be linked with Alanson Van Houten's from choice. You couldn't like the man, yet you let him ogle you and monopolize you, and get you talked about. There's only one answer. You have to."

"Nonsense."

"Will you tell me all you know, so I can help intelligently?"

"There's nothing to tell."

"I'm sorry. It would help," Abner said.

THE music stopped. "I'm tired," said Potter; "let's not dance the encore. There's uncle. I don't want to leave him alone with that lovely lady."

"She's in it, isn't she?"

"In what?" asked Potter. "Come along."

As they approached, Uncle Beau dropped Miss Losser's hand, which he had been stroking with marked pleasure, and assumed a look of dignified aloofness.

"Did you get it brushed off?" asked Potter.

"What brushed off?" he asked guiltily.

"Whatever was on Miss Losser's hand," said Potter. "It must have stuck tight. You certainly did scrub."

"Shall we—ah—shall we ——"

"Er," prompted Potter.

"Have some refreshments?" finished Uncle Beau.

"There's Walker Forest," said Abner. "He hasn't been around much since he was appointed police commissioner."

Uncle Beau started and stared and lost his aplomb. He did not like the mention of anything connected with the police, even his old friend Forest. "Let's go into the grill," he said hurriedly.

He started off at once at a sort of trot and the rest followed to a table in a cool corner of the room. Potter stepped to the window to look out upon the moonlit golf course, whose gracious sweep was lovely in the mysterious, silvery glow. She continued to stand, delighting in the illusion of it, when a meek voice spoke at her side.

"Miss East, I—can I speak to you a moment?"

She turned and smiled in the pleasant way she had with servants. "Why, of course, John," she said to the waiter. "What is it?"

"It's—it's kind of important, Miss East."

"Go right ahead, then," she said.

"I wouldn't say anything, but my wife has been sick and I been in pretty hard luck and all."

"That's too bad, John. Tell me all about it."

"It's about your uncle, Miss East, and the night that man was killed over there."

She looked down at him and suddenly did not like his eyes or the avid look in his eyes.

"Well?" she asked shortly.

"I WAS walkin' out from town, and his car passed me. I seen it turn into the lane over there, and he put out the lights. But there was a moon and I seen him walk down the lane toward the spot where that man was found."

"You're sure it was my uncle, John?"

"I could swear to it—if I had to."

"And what else did you see?"

"I saw another man, when your uncle was gone, get out of the shrubbery and follow after him cautious."

"Did you recognize the other man?"

"Couldn't see him plain, miss."

"But you could see my uncle plain?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"Thank you for telling me, John."

He looked up at her and the avid look became more distinct and legible.

"I been havin' awful tough luck, miss. I thought maybe you'd like to kind of help me along some."

"About how much did you think I'd like to help?"

"Well, tonight maybe a hunderd dollars to sort of bind the bargain."

"Oh, a bargain? What bargain?"

"That I was to keep my mouth shut, miss, and not let on to anybody what I seen."

(Continued on Page 127)

The Hostess and the Journal Kitchen set a colorful Christmas dinner table.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOR BY NICHOLAS MURAY

Candy—Longchamps. Table settings—R. H. Macy & Co.

A Yuletide Dinner

AGE is nonexistent on Christmas Day. Willy-nilly, we are children; our celebrations prove it. With child-like simplicity we demand a day glamorous with fulfilled anticipations. Not even dinner plans should stray far from cherished traditions.

We can thank the good Dutch burghers for most of our Christmas jollity. A bedecked tree, gayly caparisoned gifts and family feasting are customs that they brought to New Amsterdam. Yuletide has been a specially beloved feast in Holland and Germany since the ninth century. Though English folklore is rich in Christmas carols, Cromwell and the Puritans frowned severely on a frivolous celebration. In fact, Massachusetts, that stronghold of the Puritan fathers, waited until 1856 to make December twenty-fifth a legal holiday. Tradition does, however, report that the capacious hold of the good ship Mayflower held a barrel of holly along with all the heirlooms beloved of our hearts.

If a sprig of mistletoe is magic in your home, this old Derbyshire myth may amuse you. The kissing bunch is magic only as long as it has berries. Alas, they are all too quickly depleted, since one must be plucked for every kiss. In old Norse mythology, mistletoe is sacred to Freya, the goddess of love, but only while it is neither under nor on the earth but hangs from on high.

Be generous with holly; 'tis hateful to witches.

Do all the poets in your family have their rightful opportunity to shine? A hilarious dinner is assured if they add a bit of satirical poetry or blank verse to silly gifts at each place. Note the careful wrapping that we gave to our nickel jokes.

Though only a foolish virgin would decorate her Christmas table with pastel posies in a modernist design, some up-to-the-minute touch is approved by every clever hostess. The brass bowls for holly in our table center are an important fashion note from the French Colonial Exposition. So give a prominent place to your antique brass and copper heirlooms, especially if they are suited to the still-popular low-flower arrangements. On our table the glow of the brass balances delightfully the gold luster of the service plates and the spirals on the Dresden dessert service. We omitted candles because Christmas dinner is so generally served in the afternoon.

In using Christmas greens, contrast is important. The untrimmed pine tree on our table is a charming variant from the children's big tree. But if your table is gay with your only Christmas tree, forget the restraint of the simple pine cones and remember the traditions by loading it quite madly with glistening stars and pop-corn animals. To make the latter, mold small pop-corn balls of various sizes and form them into dolls or animals with toothpick joints. A clove or a raisin makes a most intelligent eye.

MENU

Fruit Spears
Roast Turkey Kentucky Stuffing Brown Gravy
Celery Curls Assorted Olives
Watermelon Pickle
Mashed Potato Individual Cranberry Molds
Riced Steamed Chestnuts Green Beans
Apple-Ring-and-Carrot Salad Cheese Sticks
Marshmallow Ice-Cream Loaf
Strawberry Marzipan Chocolate Holly Coffee



The first essential to consider in arranging your dinner menu is your own convenience. Do remember that Christmas Eve has but a few hours and that Christmas Day itself should be as carefree as possible. One mother of a large family invites her bachelor and spinster friends to a tree-trimming oyster stew on Christmas Eve. While the men trim the high-boughed tree, the women stuff the turkey and prepare most of the Christmas dinner. This clever custom gives a glow of intimate family activity to her homeless friends as well as eases her holiday labors.

Roast turkey is a truly American institution. In England, tradition demands roast beef; in Germany, a goose is the preferred meat. Have you tried roast duck with peanut stuffing,

(Continued on Page 111)

Christmas Secret

By VIRGINIA DALE

JUNIOR'S been wanting a tool chest ever since he saw Teddy Wilson's. Honestly, he's hardly talked about anything else. I suppose he'll whittle and saw and pound everything in the house," Lucy laughed; "but goodness! they're only young once. I think we ought to give them everything we can." She looked for a moment at Charlie. "Don't you?" she asked firmly, and added as if it had been a hitherto-overlooked observation, "Christmas only comes once a year. It isn't," she went on, "as if the poor little things had as much as half the others in the block."

Charlie stirred. "Whatever you think, dear." It was an answer he had learned when the first of the three children had been born; he had found that it was the most completely satisfying one in the language to Lucy.

"Well, I guess I'll get it, then. Sister wants a doll. I'll make it two outfits."

"I thought she had dozens of dolls?"

"Yes, I know, but she wants a new one. Sister really shows a perfectly beautiful maternal complex," Lucy told him complacently and out of the information gathered from the Mothers' Study Club.

Something in Charlie moved toward a gentle rebellion. He arrested it sharply. An undefined sense of disloyalty made him remind himself that a "perfectly beautiful maternal complex" didn't at all mean loneliness for a father.

He heard Lucy saying, "Baby's too young to know what it's all about this year. We'll just put something in the bank for his college fund."

"ALL right," Charlie brightened hopefully, "and then if I'm not quite able to do it in December, because of the extra bills and all, Lucy, why, we can deposit it later and ——"

Lucy turned shocked eyes upon him. "Oh, no, dear! That wouldn't be in the spirit of Christmas at all, would it? And I want the entries in the bank book so that when he grows up he can see what we gave him on his very first little Christmas."

Charlie had a moment's vision of Baby at twenty feverishly reading his bank book. It didn't quite fit, but, anyway, Lucy had a feeling about these things, and so, "Oh. Yes, I see," he told her. "Well, and what do you want, Lucy? Now, you tell me something nice that you'd really like."

In his mind he saw himself going into a shop to select something. Perhaps a pocketbook. Turning over this one and that. Demanding to see one in the showcase. Or a negligee. Rather fun picking out a negligee for Lucy. He wouldn't be embarrassed a bit, because it would be for her.

"I'll tell you, dear," she said, "you just give me a check. Then I can get whatever I want."

"But ——" How to explain to her that that didn't make it seem like Christmas? "That's what you wanted on your birthday and our anniversary," he reminded her, "and then you don't actually get yourself a thing. It just sort of melts away, doesn't it?"

"Well, it's a grand present to have something extra to melt," she pointed out. A listening look swept over her face. "Sh-h-h! Is that the baby? Yes, it is." She was gone.

Charlie sat on with his evening paper, not really seeing it, just thinking. In his mind columns of figures pursued each other, each topped by a grinning Santa Claus. Presently he took out a pencil and began making figures on the margin of the paper. They resulted in news more sensational to him than any headline.

Lucy returned, announcing, "He's asleep again. What are you doing, dear?"

"Nothing. Just kind of running over expenses."

"Well, we'll just have to come out all right somehow. I've made out my lists completely. I'm going to send mother a check." It was funny about checks. They always amounted to more than the price of a gift somehow. Was it because their giver realized he must make up for his lack of imagination? Charlie sighed.

A new thought struck Lucy. "Now, what do you want, Charlie? Tell me." She took up a pair of Junior's little pants and began busily on buttons. "What would you really like, hum?"

Charlie laughed. "You just forget me, Lucy. I don't want a thing. I give you my word I'll be sore as an Indian if you go spending money on me. I mean it, now. There's nothing I want at all." He had a positive feeling of deep deceit as he said it. As far back as September Charlie Peters had had a clear, urgent desire to own a certain thing. He had always recognized the impossibility of possession, had reminded himself a thousand times that it was a downright selfish wish. "Fine right I'd have to a thing like that. Me, the father of a family and all."

They had been walking down State Street from a movie, he and Lucy and Junior and Sister and Baby, when he had seen it. He was carrying Baby asleep in his arms and he shifted him just a little to see better.

"Come on. What's the matter? Did he wake up?" Lucy asked anxiously. Her time was divided between fear that Baby would wake up and fear that he wouldn't go to sleep.

"No, he's all right. I was just ——" Charlie paused. His eyes were glued on the plate-glass window that magnetized him as it presented an impenetrable wall between him and his desire. He swallowed. "Look, Lucy. Did you ever see anything to beat that?"

"What? Beat what, Charlie?"

"That set of golf clubs. Look at that iron. And the spoon—that's the spoon on the left there, Lucy. And that club's the driver. It ——"

"THEY all look the same to me," Lucy declared. "Come on, Charlie. The children are tired. We have to get home."

Junior was suddenly inspired. "I want now a nice-cream cone," he demanded.

"Soda I," Sister instantly piped. "I want ——"

"Charlie, please come." Sometimes Lucy's tone to him was identical to that she used when she corrected the children.

He had half thought that he might save dollar by dollar enough for the clubs by next summer. If Lucy didn't miss what he put aside, if there was no other need on earth for the money, if he went to the one-arm lunch room instead of around the corner with the boys at noon, he might make it. He saw himself out on the city's public links carrying those clubs, making a hole in one, explaining casually, "Well, you see, I use this. You can see for yourself what a driver it is," to everyone's admiration.

But when he had twenty dollars it was time to begin paying the dentist for Junior's teeth-straightening business. When he got nine together Sister was to be in a kermis and had to have a costume. Then both children developed an ambition for bank accounts. Over and above the habitual dimes and quarters for ice cream and movies, life became a series of payments for services rendered. "Junior, see if you can find daddy his pipe," Charlie might ask unwarily, and Junior would respond inflexibly, "I will if you'll gimme a nickel now."

"Teddy Wilson's daddy gives him a dime every day when he don't get no spot on the tablecloth," Sister announced one night.

"I betcha now our daddy'll give us more

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Illustrated by Lucile Patterson Marsh

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Congressional Patent Medicine

THE new Congress will shortly come into session amid a deluge of panaceas and patent-medicine remedies for whatever ails us and the rest of the world. During recent months we have seen many trial balloons sent up in the effort to get the sentiment of the country toward foreign-debt cancellation, fiat money, billion-dollar farm relief, an American dole, three per cent beer, employment insurance, horizontal trusts. It is a poor politician who can't think up at least one way to save the world.

But panaceas that attempt to resuscitate business by dipping deeper into the public treasury will leave us worse off than we have ever been. Charity never breeds self-reliance; it rarely gives permanent relief either to a man or to a business. And whatever charity our Government may extend to our European debtors or to our own unfortunate unemployed will have to be paid some day in higher and still higher taxes. A twenty-five per cent income tax is the payment England is making right now.

Keep an eye on your congressman and your senators this winter. And don't be afraid to protest if they start saddling you with more burdens of expense than you can bear. You elected them; they will be looking to you for reëlection.

How Much is Enough?

QUITE commonly wives object to their husbands' buying life insurance. "You will live longer than I will," they are likely to argue, "and anyway, we need the money for other things."

But women generally outlive men, and the widow with no money and no business experience is one of the most tragic of figures.

So the question for every family man to ask himself and his wife is not, "Shall I buy life insurance or not?" but rather "How much will be enough to support my family?"

And the answer is to be found not in the face value of the insurance policy, because that money may be dissipated in bad investments or exhausted in living expenses, but in the amount of annual income that the sum total will pay.

The huge amount of life insurance now in force is perhaps the finest indication we have of the love men have for their families, and of the responsibility they feel for the future of their wives and children.

Dividends of Decency

LET me quote from an open letter from Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, associate director of public relations of the Association of Motion-Picture Producers:

> Hard sledding struck the motion-picture theaters, as it did almost every other business in the country, but out of the situation something very interesting has come—namely, the proof that people have money to spend on moderate-priced amusement when that amusement really satisfies them. One of the most important of the trade journals has been making two investigations. One shows that in the downtown theaters of twenty-six of our largest cities the pictures that are paying are seventy per cent of the clean type—just the kind of pictures we are battling for.

It is a hopeful sign if the motion-picture industry is learning that decency pays. The mothers of young children could have told them a long time ago.

Women at Arms

WOMAN has long been accounted an essential opponent of war. Wifehood and motherhood are generally believed to confer upon her a natural antipathy to the greatest and grimmest of human follies.

But the communist government of Soviet Russia, which denies most of our social concepts, is now engaged upon a practical experiment to refute this one. It is trying to demonstrate that women can readily be changed into soldiers.

Not only does the ministry of war plan to organize one large section of Russia's feminine population into a military unit charged with all those services of transit, communication and supply once as completely in masculine hands as any weapon. Such an enormous extension of the women's army-auxiliary-corps idea, evolved in the World War, would indeed release many million Russian men for actual fighting. But the Soviet Government goes further. It is promoting among the remaining women throughout the country a system of rifle clubs, which are feminine militia companies, ready for instant mobilization, competently officered, severely trained, expertly hardened, for use as fighting factors in the field.

Here is something new to civilization. Women fought when mankind was in the very earliest stages of savagery, and women mob members, unorganized militant women in the brief Paris Commune, and the women's Legion of Death in 1917 were throwbacks to those early days.

Few people outside the Soviets will regard Moscow's latest experiment as a forward movement. Fewer still will believe it can succeed.

Home Ownership

THE President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership—with some 1400 members—will meet in Washington in December. Twenty-odd committees which have been studying architecture, construction, household management, industrial housing, Negro housing, farm housing, slums, kitchens, subdivision layout, taxation, finance, and a wide variety of other subjects will make their reports.

But it is exceedingly doubtful if any solution will be offered for the one great problem which the President emphasized when he first called this conference—namely, a new method of home-ownership finance, under which the buying or building of a small house would be made feasible and easy for people of any means, large or small. Like most big conferences, this one has involved itself in so many ramifications that the primary purpose is well-nigh forgotten.

However, other agencies are at work on the home-finance problem, and when it is solved the buying of a home will be on the same easy basis as the present purchase of a motor car or a radio or a washing machine or any other desired convenience.

And meantime the JOURNAL, through its architectural department, has already distributed more than 20,000 House Patterns as a very real contribution to home building and home ownership in America.

The Advance of Education

SOME of the states, it is reported, are trying to relieve unemployment by forcing more children of working age into school this winter. But even so, according to the American Federation of Labor, child labor has gained 103,000 in the past two years.

A more hopeful view of the advance in educational facilities is contained in several memorandums recently issued by the Office of Education of the Department of the Interior. For instance:

The average American boy or girl of 1931 receives two more years of schooling than the child of 1914. His chances of going to high school, which were only one in ten in 1900, are now even; and his chances of college, which were one in thirty-three in 1900, are now one in six.

Nearly 30,000 school buses carry 2,000,000 children 425,000 miles to and from 17,000 schools daily, at a cost of about $40,000,000 a year. Indiana alone spent $4,000,000 in 1930.

Three out of four students earn their way through college.

Sixty cents pays for one day's education for a child in the average city public school.

For Your Benevolence

HOWEVER great the new and unusual demands upon all our pocketbooks this year, there are several old friends whom we must continue to support, so that their good work may go on.

The National Tuberculosis Association is selling penny Christmas seals for the twenty-fifth time—and 2084 associations depend for their support upon this sale.

The Salvation Army, through Commander Evangeline Booth, is girding itself to help those who live on the edge of mere subsistence—and its good works are too well known to need elaboration.

The Volunteer Prison League will, as usual, pack boxes of toys and clothing for the families of men in prison. Gifts should be sent to Mrs. Ballington Booth, Volunteers of America, 34 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York.

The Mystery of Christmas

WHEREIN lies the spirit of Christmas? Is it in the festivity of the season with its lights and decorations? Is it in the giving and receiving of presents? Or is it in the homecoming of the family?

Of course it is all of these, but there are other occasions for such celebrations, while Christmas has a character all its own which is duplicated at no other time.

The beauty of the Christmas story of the Babe lying in the manger; the awe, the mystery of helpless love coming into the world to transform it, brings one to his knees in thankful adoration, and sends him forth the better to serve his people and his God.

The man who has not entered into this spirit has tasted only the froth of the cup of Christmas happiness. He who has not stood under the stars to thank God for this gracious deed, with the knowledge that, as far as in him lay, he has made this season happier for other men, knows only the second best in life.

He is like one who has seen the stage setting, but has never beheld the play.

Thoughts—
By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Christmas

LAST YEAR, for the first time, we abandoned the family Christmas. After all, the time had come when our children, all with small children of their own, were entitled to establish their own Christmas traditions.

It was not easy for us, this going to New York and moving about on Christmas morning, from house to house and from tree to tree. It seemed so short a time since we had all lined up outside the Christmas room at home and waited for the jingling of bells which announced William the gardener, dressed as Santa Claus in a red velvet suit and a beard and, as often as not, in addition to his pack, leading a puppy. But we wanted the boys to have the fun that we had had, and we wanted their children to associate Christmas with home, always and ever; so we went.

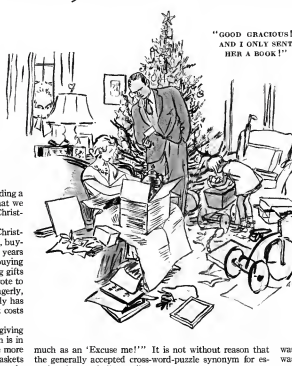
There have been other changes, however, in our Christmases of recent years. I am not a foreh anded woman, buying gifts in the summer against the winter; and some years ago, finding that I was spending most of December buying gifts for people who were similarly occupied in buying gifts for me, I made out my list and then telephoned or wrote to the others, suggesting a moratorium. They accepted eagerly, and thereafter my Christmas giving outside the family has taken the form of money to those who needed it. It costs rather more, but it is worth it.

My own feeling is that there is too much duty giving about Christmas, and not enough of the giving which is in the spirit of the day. I find, for instance, that I have more pleasure out of a modest check invested in Christmas baskets than out of most of my giving. But, after all, it is not only the very poor who need gifts. The lonely people need remembering, and to those who are struggling a bit of a luxury is a precious thing.

This exchange of gifts as a duty on Christmas Day can be ridiculous. Opening a parcel and staring at it:

"Good gracious! And I only sent her a book!"

We want no cessation of buying where it can be afforded. But we do need a change in distribution; to give fewer gifts as a matter of exchange, and more where they are needed.



"GOOD GRACIOUS! AND I ONLY SENT HER A BOOK!"

Mr. Coolidge on Sheep

ONE DAY MR. COOLIDGE was going down the Potomac on the Mayflower, and was surveying some abandoned plantations along the banks.

"Why don't they try sheep?" he said.

"There is very little money in sheep, Mr. President, under these conditions."

He stared out thoughtfully.

"My father raised sheep once," he drawled. "He made seventy-five dollars, one year, out of them."

A Letter to the Author

"HOW MANY OF OUR SOCIETY FOLKS, and others as well, who go on round-the-world trips, to dude ranches, to swanky beaches or mountain resorts for the summer season, or to Florida in the winter, think of the shopkeepers they left behind, holding the stacks of unpaid bills which these people, either thoughtlessly or indifferently, have left unpaid or forgotten?



PITY THE POOR SHOPKEEPER

"If these people would pay them, thousands of dollars would be put into circulation, possibly millions. They have to pay cash to get to their various vacation points, so why should they hang up the butcher, grocer, milliner and dressmaker, and go off to their several amusements without so much as an 'Excuse me!'" It is not without reason that the generally accepted cross-word-puzzle synonym for escaping the rent is "move."

Cherishing Old Griefs

IT IS ESPECIALLY AT CHRISTMAS that old memories revive, and old griefs. But there are people who can never forget them. For twenty years a woman I knew would cross the street to avoid speaking to me, who had been the playmate of the small child she had lost so long ago.

I often think of the many houses and many lives which are ruined by this cherishing of old griefs; the closed room, darkened and set apart, the chair sacred to a memory, the perennial mourning. I do not want such grieving when I am gone. To be remembered, yes. To cast a perennial cloud over other lives, never. I want to be remembered as the good companion, who was happy only when those she cared about were happy. Otherwise I am sure I could not rest.

Women are particularly given to this mistaken loyalty, and especially women of a former generation. Never shall I forget the high courage of those war mothers who wrote me that their boys had not come back. I felt that I could not bear those letters, coming in day after day. But side by side with elderly women who are going on with an unselfish effort to put aside old sorrows are others who nurse their sad memories, dampen the youth about them, and are melancholy, or bitter, or disillusioned. Here and there, too, is one who finds in this holding on to some long-ago tragedy her single claim to consideration, and so emphasizes it.

"She never got over it" may be true, often is true. It is only when this cherishing of old griefs destroys other lives that it becomes supreme selfishness.

Cutting Down Expenses

FRANKLY, CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES is one of the most difficult things I ever face. Yet I should know how to do it. There have been several lean periods in my life, and years ago depressed business conditions brought a great tragedy to my family. We had tried to prevent it, but I have asked myself ever since:

"Did we do enough? Could we have cut more? Have done without more?"

I was only eighteen, but I have carried the scar of that failure ever since.

It seems to me that there is only one rule for such periods: To spend when one can afford to spend, and that as freely as possible; or when income is reduced, to cut rigorously, throw pride to the winds, cease to compete with other people, and face the situation squarely. It seems cynical to say that it is fashionable to be poor just now, but it is true.

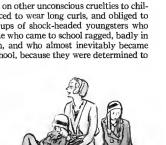
The painful part of such cutting is usually that of the woman of the family. Wage cutting in industry or parting with old employes is sad, but business is largely impersonal. It is the woman who faces the problems of food and clothing, of making the lowered income cover the same field as the larger. Usually she begins first to save on herself, and very often she does without necessities in order to enable her family to carry on much as before.

I think a definite damage is done in those families where this system prevails, and it has been my own experience that it is unnecessary; that children and young people, told frankly of the conditions, are usually eager to coöperate; and that the man of the average household has few extravagant tastes at any time.

Cruelty to Children

MY SMALL SISTER was always given my clothing as fast as I outgrew it, after the thrifty custom of those days; and as I grew fairly fast, she was a sizable girl before she had much of her own that was new. I can look back now and see an unrecognized cruelty in that. Those coats and dresses might have been dyed or altered beyond recognition, but, of course, they never were.

And I can look back on other unconscious cruelties to children—to the boys forced to wear long curls, and obliged to fight the menacing groups of shock-headed youngsters who jeered at them; to some who came to school ragged, badly in need of patch or darn, and who almost inevitably became the bad boys of the school, because they were determined to offset somehow the inferiority sense of those rags. Years later I was myself to commit such a cruelty, to bring home from England three Eton suits with the long gray trousers and short black coats of the British schoolboy, and to use them as party clothes for my three small sons!



MOTHER'S PRIDE IN THE PRETTIEST

Just how many battles they fought as a result I do not know. But I do know that the inferiority sense in children is often developed by their elders, and unconsciously. The mother's pride in the prettiest daughter can be a dreadful thing for the others.

Neglect of the child's appearance, open disappointment at slowness in lessons or at the lack of charm or beauty, indeed any failure to place the child as nearly as possible on a level with the children about him, is bad psychology and often it is downright cruelty.

A Footman Mutinies

A NEW AMBASSADRESS TO AMERICA faced an unusual situation not long ago. The butler reported to her that there was trouble among the footmen, and that one man in particular was the head of the revolt.

"What does he say?"

The butler bristled with indignation.

(Continued on Page 39)



Correct Dress

By AMOS PARRISH

IN ALL but one month of the year the important question that interests women in correct dress, of course, is what they wear themselves. But in this unselfish season of Christmas, another question about dress interests them—"What things to wear can I give?" Or better—"What things to wear can I give that the recipients will like?"

The answer to that question, as I see it, is the same as what one likes to wear oneself: The things to give your friend—the gloves, hosiery, hand bags, jewelry—are the things that will go most pleasantly and fashionably with the other things she wears.

Consider, first, the person to whom the gift is given, then the clothes with which she will wear it.

DOES she dress like the woman on the right—a little informally? Is her coat made of a rough tweedy-looking material, trimmed with curly-haired fur, in this belted-in style?

If she does, the accessories you give her are quite different from those you would give the lady on the left. Her costume is much more formal. It's right for most any occasion. The accessories given this person, if they were expected to go pleasantly with it, would have to have the same feeling of formality the coat has.

What Gloves for Gifts?

IF HER coat were the dress-up kind, I would choose a four-button slip-on like the top glove sketched. But I would not be wrong if I chose one of six or eight buttons. Either kid or suède.

If she were wearing the informal coat, I would give her a pair of four-button hand-sewn gloves. But if she were the sort who could wear them, I'd get her a glove that flares up over the sleeve. She would most likely want her gloves dark to match her coat, but white ones are good for formal occasions.

What Hosiery for Gifts?

IF IT were a question of what kind of hosiery, I certainly would choose the kind that would look like a gift. I would see to it that they were out of the ordinary.

The loveliest stockings that I could get her would be those that are meshlike or lacy. Not only would they be good-looking, but they would be exactly in fashion.

One of the brown taupes or taupe beiges is the safest color, because it goes with so many dress colors. But who wants to be altogether safe with a Christmas present?



What Jewelry for Gifts?

IN SELECTING jewelry for a gift, I would first ask myself: "What kind looks most like her?" and "What will go best with the things she wears?"

"Would she look best in the Victorian necklace—quaint in its old-fashionedness, but certainly alert in fashion right now?" The first necklace illustrated is the old-fashioned kind with a locket. And the third illustration is a sparkling evening necklace with a locketlike pendant. This is the kind I would choose for the lady who likes her clothes formal.

Or, "Can she wear the barbaric jewelry that we hear so much about—the rather heavy, colorful necklace that is primitive in design, but very modern and civilized in its appeal—like the second necklace sketched?" She could if she wears the informal clothes shown on the right.

The kind that would go with either of them is a necklace of colored beads, made in three or four strands—like the bead collar sketched.

Then, I might choose pearls, because they go with any kind of clothes—formal or informal.

If I thought she were the sort to wear bracelets, I would send her at least two—better, three or four of the rigid bracelets in a gay color. Or for evening, I would make it a point to have these bracelets sparkled—the sparkliier the better.



What Hand Bags for Gifts?

IN CHOOSING these for gifts, I would think of two things: First, the kind of leather and, then, the shape.

To go with the informal coat at the right, I would prefer a bag made of rough leather. Or if not all rough leather, at least trimmed with rough leather—such as ostrich, pin seal or pelican. The two top hand bags would qualify.

But if I wanted a formal hand bag that would go with the coat at the left, I would choose a soft, rich-looking material such as suède.

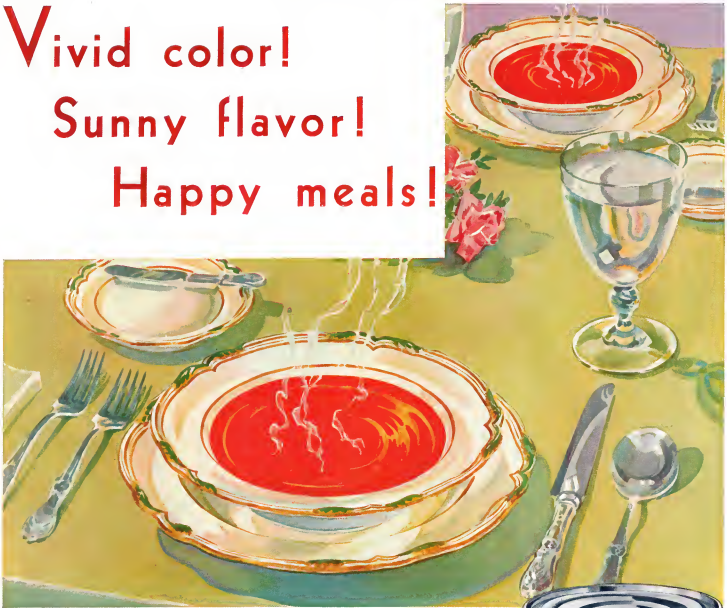
I might choose a long and narrow one. Or the squarish type with the handle—and I would see that the handle is decorated—or a much smaller bag if it were for dress wear.

Your gift this Christmas will please because of itself and because it shows you know what is correct in dress.

We've had lots of questions on some of these puzzling details of dress that have to be correct if you want to be effective and charming.

We've answered some of these dress problems in a booklet which we'll be glad to send for a two-cent stamp. Ask for HOW TO CHOOSE CHARMING AND CORRECT DRESS. Address Amos Parrish, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Vivid color! Sunny flavor! Happy meals!



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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Salute your appetite with the gay sparkle of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Its color is a flame. Its flavor is a victory. Your sense of taste instantly responds to its happy, refreshing goodness. Your whole meal takes on a new glow and enjoyment. For who could feel the quick, bright tang of this vivid soup without a thrill of pleasure? Pure, tonic tomato juices, luscious tomato meat, in a rich puree that is sheer sunshine. Taste it—and make a friend for life!



With Campbell's Soup
In front of me,
My style's worth
Going far to see!

To prepare Cream of Tomato:

Simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for extra richness.



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Suit Yourself—Says Paris



Lelong *Mainbocher*

Above at the left is a coat from Lelong—who makes it in black broadcloth with a white cloth collar ending in a scarf, posed under a natural lynx collar.

Leopard is one of the smartest furs you can wear this winter. Mainbocher uses it for an Eton jacket and big muff with a black jersey tiered frock.



Schiaparelli *Bruyere* *Patou*

The stunning frock above is from Schiaparelli, who is practical and daring in her use of diagonal striped and plain woolen fabrics. Here she combines very coarse, heavy, dark blue wool crêpe with wool in stripes of brown, beige and white on dark brown. The gold ring is one of her novelty details this season. It replaces buttons, and lifts up like a clip.

The Agnès hat shown with it is rather "Mary Stuart" in fine and it is made in black felt piped in bright red, with red grosgrain ribbon trimming.

This Bruyere suit, called "La Maslowa," with its three-quarter coat shows the wide armhole, in its widest interpretation, so far as good dressing is concerned this winter. Persian lamb, in the same dark brown of the ensemble, absorbs most of the top of the jacket.

Here is one of those grand blouses that any woman would love to wear—created by Jane Régny in an ensemble called "Petit Diable." In white georgette, its big sleeves and silver-embroidered dicky make it irresistible.



Jane Régny



Patou

The suit is the thing—and that means a blouse. Patou created the one above for his ensemble, "Seduction," in turquoise satin with Persian embroidery.

And the new suits are nothing like the severely tailored affairs we have known. Patou's "Suivez-moi," below, has a jacket in beige broadcloth trimmed with brown astrakhan to match the brown skirt.





Why shouldn't the floor in your sewing-room aid clever fingers? Why shouldn't that floor be as attractive as well that you could transform the room into a cheerful place for guests? One woman believed an Armstrong Floor would work this magic. Do you think she was successful? The floor, by the way, is one of the new Decorative Series, Embossed Inlaid No. 6202.

S..sh..this Guest Room

IS REALLY A SEWING ROOM BY DAY

not even the floor will give the secret away



SUNLIT HOURS—and this room is a veritable beehive of activity. But when twilight steals across the floor, the song of the Singer, and of the sewer too, is hushed. The soft glow of lamplight reveals a room that any home maker would be proud to show to guests.

Not even the floor will give the secret away. Lint, paper, pins, and threads brush right up from its lacquer-sealed surface. It tells no tale of industry, but quietly and colorfully invites you to rest and relax.

The clever home maker who planned this room takes genuine satisfaction, too, in the distinctive beauty of her Armstrong Floor. The design is one of the new decorative series introduced this year, a group of Armstrong's Linoleum effects sponsored by decorators and architects.

She discovered it at a local linoleum store. In less than a day the floor was in place, trimly tailored and firmly cemented over linoleum lining felt. One final touch—gay hooked rugs in front of bed and sewing-dressing table—and her room had as warm and as comfortable a floor as her heart could desire.

* * *

This floor suggestion shows taupe Jaspé Linoleum, No. 12, set off by a Linotrip border, No. 41—just one of many distinctive effects you can plan with Armstrong's Linoleum.



Hidden in your own home are rooms as attractive as this. How you can bring out their beauty with the help of Armstrong Floors is the story our Bureau of Interior Decoration tells in the new "Home Decorator's Idea Book"—just published. All types of interiors are illustrated in full color. You'll find its pocket-kit a handy place to keep clippings and samples. In addition, this home-planners' guide brings you an offer of free color-scheme service in planning rooms that are different. Sent for 10¢ to cover mailing cost. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 948 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860)

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Nicole Groult—1797 *Chantal—1798* *Agnès-Drecoll—1796* *Mainbocher—1799*

Diagonal Woolens for Your Winter Frocks

The Charm of the Frock is in its Tailoring

THE new fabrics and the new frocks combine this season to ease the hearts of those of us who wish we were slimmer than we are. Diagonal weaves in materials, diagonal lines in cut, diagonal applications of trimming all do wonders to help us disguise our superfluous pounds. On this page, for instance, notice how the wide diagonal section set into the skirt of the frock at the right seems to narrow the hips.

If you are puzzled and discouraged about selecting your winter wardrobe, our booklet, SLIMMER LINES, will be a valuable help to you. Send a two-cent stamp for it to the Fashion Editor.

Nicole Groult—1797. Made of a lightweight diagonal woolen material with surplice lines in the bodice, this tailored coat dress is vastly becoming and wearable. The revers are lined with crêpe de chine in a contrasting color, and the flare panels in the skirt pressed flat. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Chantal—1798. The light-colored woolen frock worn with a dark coat is ever so popular with women who dress smartly. This dress was originally made in the new "filleul" shade and worn with a dark brown coat. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Agnès-Drecoll—1796. The surplice neckline with its wide revers and the deep flaring cuffs are just two of the details that make this frock smart. Raglan sleeves are good, and the deep pleat in the skirt is stitched down to give a svelte line through the hips. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Mainbocher—1799. Here is a street frock done in the inimitable manner of one of the newer French couturiers. Made in a diagonally striped woolen, it has diagonal sections set into the skirt and the smart flaring cuffs. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses and Coats, one dollar; Pajamas and Evening Dresses, one dollar.

dragons die hard



Dragons around in *this* day and age? Yes, indeed. For a belief in something that isn't true is just as much a dragon as though it had wings and breathed fire. Like those imaginary monsters of old! And we know there's a washday dragon lurking under many a washtub.

And this is how it got there. Years ago, when Fels-Naptha was introduced, women had to heat their wash-water on cookstoves, which was a lot of bother. So when they discovered that Fels-Naptha did a better washing job in cool water than most soaps did in hot, they naturally used it that way.

The result was a "dragon"—the mistaken belief that Fels-Naptha was only a "cool water soap." And even today, when hot water is no longer a luxury, some women still have this mistaken belief. So let's kill that old washday dragon right here and now. It doesn't matter to Fels-Naptha what temperature of water you use. If you prefer hot water, use it—Fels-Naptha will do an excellent job. If you like to boil your clothes, Fels-Naptha works beautifully that way. In fact, *any* way you use it, Fels-Naptha makes washing easier! For it is more than "just soap." It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. Working together, these two cleaners wash clothes sweetly, thoroughly clean, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha works so quickly you don't have your hands in water so long, which helps keep them nice. For even water alone may make finger-tips "shrivel."

Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer in the convenient 10-bar carton, and try it. Once you've seen how beautifully it washes in hot water, you'll never be frightened again by that cool water "dragon"!

Special Offer—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H.-J. 12-31

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Call for

NEW FROCKS

WHY not give yourself a Christmas present? Treat yourself to one of those ravishing Paris frocks that you have always longed for.

In PARIS PATTERNS you have designs actually created in Paris by the greatest couturiers—with all of their renowned style and distinction.

Select one for yourself—and you will have a gift that is "just what you wanted."

ASK FOR AUTHENTIC PARIS PATTERNS IN THESE STORES:

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Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau
261 Fifth Avenue New York City

Frocks for the Winter Tea Hour

Contrast of Color is an Important Note



Personality Also Plays a Part—Are You the Type for the Picturesque or Tailored?

Champcommunal—1802. To receive one's guests at tea before an open fire, in a graceful tea gown, need no longer be an idle longing. This charming gown above was originally made in two shades of crêpe Roma, a pale flesh pink, and a tone just a bit deeper. It wraps around and fastens over at the left, tying in a big bow in the back. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Agnès-Drecoll—1801. "Hide and Seek" is the bewitching name the designer has given to this delightful afternoon frock. Soft black silk jersey was originally used, and a bow of ermine posed at the corner of the unusual neckline. The wide kimono sleeves with fullness concentrated below the elbows are decidedly new. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Redfern—1800. Contrasting or light tops are very much in evidence everywhere in frocks for street and afternoon. This frock is ideal for bridge, luncheon or tea. It was originally made in black crêpe de chine with the top in pale green, but there are ever so many interesting and becoming color combinations you can use. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses and Coats, one dollar; Ensembles and Evening Dresses, one dollar.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman



Belmont Park, the famous race course on Long Island

YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races, at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester, dancing at exclusive New York night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men—young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews superfluous fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest, most wholesome care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"What needless extravagance," Mrs. Belmont frankly exclaims, "to clutter one's dressing table with bottles and bottles, jars and jars of complicated beauty preparations!

"The simple, wholesome Pond's Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in less time, at less cost."

YES, for "practical home beauty care," as Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, this easy Pond's way "carries off all honors." Follow its four steps, and you'll agree with her:

1—Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

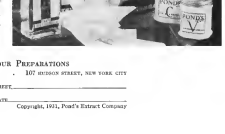
2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because *softer*, more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—*Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer.* This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!



MRS. MORGAN BELMONT *of New York is the beautiful and brilliant wife of a son of the late August Belmont. Like many other lovely society women, she is devoted to Pond's four famous preparations for the exquisite care of the skin (at right).*



Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty is this metal box, with its gay plaid of blue and coral. Package contains lovely puff . . . $1.

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Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates—and how much more—when the scent is Seventeen! $1.25.

A Compact . . . so sophisticated . . . that will go straight to the heart of any girl! Thin and lovely, it gleams like onyx. *Single*, $1. *Double*, $2.

Seventeen Perfume comes in exciting perfumes in 5 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of Youth! Flacons at $5, $2 and $1.

Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases), Seventeen Soap and Face Powder, Talcum in frosted glass jar, Toilet Water, Sachet Bouffantine, French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The stunning, modernistic box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . . $10.



Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page . . .

Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little



A Bath Set de luxe . . . three big, round cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay, metal box of Dusting Powder. This luxurious soap is creamy, soft and gentle to the skin, the powder and soap both add to the delightful refreshment of the bath. . . $2.



Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a costly watch. This package is particularly convenient for mailing, and is truly a lot of gift for just $2.

THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries! Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off practically 80% of your entire gift list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles! A tribute to youth and beauty!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this!



Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! $3

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for $2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume. . $5.

Seventeen



Premet—1794 *Mainbocher—1792* *Redfern—1793* *Premet—1795*

For Gala Evenings

Premet—1794. Black still holds its own for evening as we see in this charming frock, of chiffon over black satin. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Mainbocher—1792. Brilliant red lace makes this exquisite evening gown. With it is worn a graceful black velvet scarf-cape. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Redfern—1793. A pastel velvet frock with black accessories is smart. Its cape is shown on the small figure, second from the left. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44.

Premet—1795. The short fitted jacket is still good for evening. Here is one of black velvet with an ermine collar. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses and Coats, one dollar; Pajamas and Evening Dresses, one dollar.

SAVE *Hands! Clothes! Work! Time!*



1. "I'm so sorry I kept you waiting. But I just hung up my clothes half an hour ago."

"You poor dear! Why don't you use that new Chipso? I had my clothes out by ten this morning."



2. "Don't anybody look at my hands. They're awful. But you know what washday is."

"Molly, the only trouble is—your soap's too strong. Why don't you use Chipso?"



3. That evening: "Let's oot go out. I'm just dead."

"You'll have to do something about these washdays. Why don't you try that Chipso Mrs. Brown is so crazy about?"



4. "Mother, I don't understand it. You bought your spread the same time I did. Look how faded mine is."

"My dear, it's that soap you use. I've been using Chipso—it's just as quick, and so much safer."

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



5. Next washday: "Oh dear, my water isn't very hot! But what marvelous suds this Chipso gives anyway. Never saw such suds."



6. "My dear—I used that new Chipso this morning. My clothes look simply marvelous. I'm using it for dishes, too. And look how much smoother and softer my hands are."



INTERESTING TEST

Here's why Chipso works so fast—and so safely. More suds. Richer suds. These extra-suds quickly *bubble out* the dirt for you.

Grimy little play clothes or fine linens come clean in a hurry—*safely.* Suds test shows you the difference between Chipso and the four next leading package and cake household soaps. *The same weight of each soap was used for this test.*



Chipso

THE SAME RICH SOAP IN 2 FORMS

FLAKES and GRANULES

New Holiday Wardrobes

8347. This all-in-one combination or fitted chemise with brassière top is ideal to wear under the new frocks. It opens at the left side to well below the hipline, and the straight lower part is finished with a ruffle. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

8349. The costume slip in the center of the illustration at the right is one of the most attractive and comfortable ones we have seen. The lace-trimmed top is fitted in like a brassière, with diagonal seamings. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

8348. There is something quaint and very charming about the nightgown shown at the extreme right. Circular ruffles outline the boat neck and the flaring hem. A ribbon band is shirred in at the waistline and tied in front. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

8351. Sleeves play an important part in the new frocks this season—and this afternoon dress scores well on this point. The scarf collar buttons in an interesting way. The pleated section of the skirt is placed low to retain the slim line. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

8346. A charming afternoon frock in which the sleeves deserve special attention. They are slashed from just below the shoulders to the cuffs. The bodice is softly shirred in front above the fitted diagonal hip section. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

8342. The crossed-over lace vestee and the little lace sleeves under the shoulder capelets help to make this a very becoming and wearable afternoon frock. A braided belt made of the material of the frock fastens with a buckle. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.



8347 8349 8348

8350. A delightful frock for luncheon or afternoon bridge. The set-in puffed sleeves are shirred just above the elbow. Designed for ages 12 to 20, and for sizes 30 to 38.

8345. The round collar of this frock fastens with two buttons. Flaring cuffs echo the drape in the front of the skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

8344. The little boys of the family deserve to have some attention given to their holiday wardrobes too. This little suit combines a simple blouse with a turned-down collar, and wide-legged knickers that button on. The blouse may have short sleeves if you prefer. Designed for ages 4 to 10.

8343. A separate little bolero with soft ruffles outlining the front and the three-quarter-length sleeves makes this an ideal afternoon frock for the young daughter of the family. A circular peplum ruffle joins the softly flared skirt to the smooth hip yoke. Designed for ages 8 to 14.



8351 8346 8342 8350 8345



8344 8343

Patterns may be obtained from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 15 cents each, postpaid.

No one can high-hat us about our Hands..IF..



● If you do all your housework with gentle Ivory, your hands will keep smooth and young.

LAST night, as my birthday treat, my husband and I dressed up and dined at a smart little restaurant. At the very next table to ours, two women were discussing an acquaintance of theirs. One of them said in a high-hat way, "Oh *she's* poor. She hasn't a maid."

That remark made me want to make a speech. Poor! Why, nine out of ten of us don't have maids, and we don't feel poor. Lots of us feel *proud* that we don't need the help of maids. In fact—no, I'm not being catty—I took a careful squint at Mrs. High Hat's hands. They weren't a bit prettier or smoother than the hands of any of us who do our work with gentle Ivory.

I'm willing to wager that we're putting the money that could go into a maid's wages into something worthwhile—helping to buy a home, or a car, or good schooling for our children.

And we're not sacrificing the good looks of our hands either—*if* we're cleaning and washing with gentle Ivory. Why, dishwashing three times a day is just the same as putting our hands into three Ivory beauty baths. Our hands don't get red and rough—they can't—because Ivory is safe for a baby's satiny skin!

When you change over to Ivory for everything you'll see a wonderful change in your hands. It shows up in two weeks—the skin smooths out and hands look *young*.

Then, too, the whole house benefits by Ivory's care. Dainty colors keep fresh in Ivory suds. Paint work keeps glossy and new. Even linoleum wears longer when it isn't being dried out by one of those strong "kitchen" soaps—that are so hard on hands, too.

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

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99 44/100 % PURE · KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

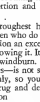


Recipe for Making hands soft and white

The new, easy way to quickly make dry, rough, red or work-stained hands soft, smooth and white is to rub into the hands after each washing a few drops of lotion containing sea moss. Sea moss is a noted skin-whitener and softener and a splendid balm. Nepto Lotion combines sea moss with other soothing ingredients in just the right proportion and costs only fifty cents a bottle.

It makes the reddest and roughest hands beautiful, soft and white. Women who do their own housework find Nepto Lotion an excellent way to keep their hands from showing it. It also relieves chapping, chafing and windburn. Contains no grease to clog the pores—is not sticky —rubs in quickly and smoothly, so you can powder right over it. At all drug and department stores 50c, or send coupon for free trial size.

NEPTO LOTION



FREE TRIAL

R. L. Patch Co., Dept. 35-L-12
Stoneham P. O., Boston, Mass.
Send free trial size bottle of NEPTO LOTION.

Name
Address
Town State

NEW! Nepto Cream—50c—reduces large pores. Nepto Face Powder—50c—finer texture—clings hours longer.

DO THEY LIKE IT!!



Look at him, the rascal! He knows there is still a little Ken-L-Ration in the can and he is going to get it. A dog food must be good when ever hockward feeders eat up every morsel; then beg for more.

Chappel's Ken-L-Ration is the unrivalled food for dogs. It is a complete food, scientifically balanced and cooked, prepared from fresh, pure, lean raw meat, vitamin-carrying cereals and other strength-building elements. Always convenient—just open the can and feed. All quality stores sell Ken-L-Ration, the quality dog food.

Write for FREE Sample.

CHAPPEL BROS. INC.
82 Peoples Ave. Rockford, Ill.

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

Thoughts—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

(Continued from Page 25)

"He says that he is ——" Here he swallowed hard. "He says that we are in America now, and that he is the equal of—of your excellencies."

"Send him in," said the ambassadress. "Send them all in."

They came in, six or so of them, in livery, tall upstanding men, and lined up. The ambassadress addressed the leader.

"I have heard what you have said," she stated. "You are quite correct. This happens, however, not to be a question of equality, but of the work which we are here to do. The ambassdor and I have our work, and you have yours. The work is different. But, just as we must try to do our part, so must you attend to yours. That is all."

And it was all. There was no more trouble.

The Caliber of Congress

LIVING as I do in Washington, I have come to the conclusion that Congress, unsatisfactory as it is, more nearly represents the country as a whole than we are willing to admit. If the quality of the men we send to Washington has steadily lowered in recent years, it is because at one time we sent to represent us at Washington men above the average, and that now such men either refuse to run for office or cannot be elected.

"Why," I asked a man of this sort, "not go into politics yourself? It is your type of man we need."

But he only shrugged his shoulders.

"I couldn't be elected," he said.

Probably not. He cannot easily compete with the professional politician who works twenty-four hours a day at his job; and what is worse, he does not want to. Not one business leader in twenty-five pays the slightest attention to public policy and its results, save to grumble when they affect him personally. And I know of one such leader who, recently asked to do some work on an important economic council, declined because he could take on nothing else whatever. The next week, however, he accepted a directorship in a large business concern.

This is nothing new. The unwillingness of business leaders to participate in public affairs is notorious. It is largely responsible which has led to lax administration of both civil and criminal law, to the Prohibition muddle, to mediocrity in government, and to the present depression.

At present almost the sole contribution of big business lies in the maintenance of expensive lobbies in Washington and in contributions to campaign funds. It hires its public service, for selfish purposes. I know some good men in Congress, but many of them are survivors of a time when a better type of man was available, and not simply a machine-made candidate, elected by professionals who work while the country sleeps.

What I would like to see would be a nation-wide plan to improve the caliber of the Congress; say by a six-year plan in the Senate and a two-year plan in the House. This plan would use the elections to oust the grabbers, the ignorant, the prejudiced, and all those who debase public service for their own purposes; leave those who deserve such office; and insist that the type of man elected to office shall be above the average, rather than below it.

The Prince as a Pauper

A FEW years ago we had as a guest at dinner an exiled prince from Polish Russia. He had been a world-wide figure, known for his vast estates, his prodigal spending and for his family lineage, which was old and distinguished.

He was in a very bad humor, although I am sure that the dinner was good. But being a pauper was still new to him, and into the bargain he blamed it on us.

"You began this," he began sourly. "A hundred and fifty years ago you began it. What is Russia but the logical development of your revolution, and its result? And you are not through with it. You began it, and some day it will destroy you."

Right or not, something Stalin said to a friend of mine rather bears this out:

"When you Americans established your form of government in 1776 you were hated and feared by all the world," he said in effect. "Russia is in that same position now."

But he did not add that, although by force of example and especially of success, this new idea in government had rapidly spread over the world, at no time did we state that our intention was to force all the world to adopt that particular form of government, nor did we ever advocate a world revolution in order to do so.

Most of us today are entirely willing to allow the U. S. S. R. to work out its own salvation, according to its own ideas. It is when it announces its intention of imposing those ideas on us that it renders recognition impossible.

As well be civil to the man who is threatening to bomb your house.

Keep an Eye on Washington

THIS session of Congress will need watching. Every effort will be made to force it into purely expedient legislation. Hard times and a national election on the way are a poor combination, and so we may expect trouble.

Control in both houses will lie with the Insurgents. Time will be limited, because the members will be looking toward the spring primaries. There will probably be a deluge of social and radical legislative measures proposed. And this Congress, even more than the last, is determined to repudiate the Administration and its policies.

If this situation defers or holds up needed legislation, conditions will become deplorable. This is one year when all forces should be united for the common good, and a series of dog-fights in Congress, or between Congress and the Chief Executive, merely take time needed for constructive effort.

Men and Sickness

BEING one of a medical family, the news each winter that one of the "good fellows" is down with pneumonia is always a matter of grave significance. We know, for example, that he is actually only as good as his heart, and that that heart is very likely to fail him.

But I have been thinking over this whole question of men who die, and women who survive them. Is this inevitable? Have women actually more endurance than men? Are their lives less precarious? Can they the sheltered creatures we like to picture them? Or is not life for women as a rule a series of dangers, beginning with her childbearing and ending with the menopause? Is she not today as liable to accident as the man, and does she not often bear the same burden of earning, plus the care of her family?

Then why do more men than women die, after a certain age? Certainly there is a small percentage of men whose habits destroy their health, but the real reason seems to me the man's own reluctance to admit that he is not well. To be sick savors of weakness. It destroys his own picture of himself as strong and virile. He "won't be sick." And when at last he admits it, it may be too late.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE



A real surprise!

SIMONIZ

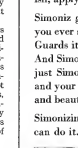
made it look new again

You'll never know how sparkling and beautiful you can make your car look until you Simonize it.

No matter if it is dulled and discolored now, Simonizing will make the finish bright and beautiful again. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly removes all grime, scum and traffic film. It restores the natural lustre and beauty to the finish. After cleaning the finish, apply Simoniz.

Simoniz gives the richest sparkle you ever saw. Protects the finish. Guards its beauty in all weather. And Simoniz lasts for months. So, just Simoniz a few times a year, and your car will always look new and beautiful.

Simonizing a car is easy. Anyone can do it. Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Nothing takes their place. Sold at leading hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere.



THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Patch Box

By BARBARA STANWOOD

THE greater blessedness of giving—unselfish thought for others—being the chief theme of most Christmastime writing, I am, just to be different, going to devote most of this article to making Christmas and the holidays happier for yourself—that is, provided that looking better makes you feel happier, as it certainly does most women.

And so everything that I have to say about giving will be said here; if you have no gift problems—I suppose there are such people—you can skip this.

All I want to do is point out the absolute simplicity of a gift of "cosmetics." Not one finishing touch is required of you, except some wrapping paper and bright ribbon; none of those final sewings or paintings or matchings which you always think you will have plenty of time for, in November, and discover, on Christmas Eve, to be still undone.

And then there's the almost positive pleasure of the recipient, for every woman adores luxuries that she probably seldom finds pennies for herself.

Perfume almost always comes to mind first, and should your gift budget allow it you could spend hundreds on a single beautiful bottle. On the other hand, you can find charming little bottles that will fall into the "something just a little more than a card" category. And don't be too afraid of not knowing a friend's usual perfume. You may be a better judge of a scent that expresses her personality than she could be herself, and introduce her to a new one that she will love.

There are other cosmetics to consider, however—travel kits, soaps, bath salts, lovely manicure sets. Browse in your favorite cosmetic department with your Christmas list in mind. And don't forget that there are some fascinating sets for men too.



PHOTOS, BY W. M. HOBOT STUDIOS, INC.

Let's be Romantic

THE Christmas holidays are apt to mean lots of parties, evening-clothes parties. This year's dance floors are going to look more romantic than ever, and so be sure that you don't find yourself with a last year's face and this year's frock on some gay night. With feminine, elegant and "lady-like" clothes the things which passed as sophisticated a few seasons past are out of place. So consider your gown first and then be guided accordingly. For instance, with a this year's romantic frock—or hat—the things that are definitely out are very long, conspicuously pointed, bright red nails, bright red lips, poster-red rouge, very much overplucked eyebrows, very dark powder. Exotic perfumes are less suitable for such clothes than exquisite floral odors or the lighter, gayer bouquets more in keeping with romantic clothes.



Modern Magics

JUST one of the magics that the modern woman has to practice is being a capable household manager, business woman, scholar or what have you, during the day and suddenly turning, just before she sits down to dinner perhaps, into the essence of adorable femininity. When you make your plans for holiday festivities try, if possible, to schedule half an hour—an hour would be better—for practicing this magic. Draw yourself a tub of hot water, cleanse your face thoroughly, then slather on a massage cream and let it stay until the bath is over; while the bath is running you can go over your nails and bathe your eyes with eye lotion in an eyecup. Soak in the tub a few minutes, relax thoroughly. After you are rubbed down and glowing—and incidentally, don't forget to use a deodorant—you might give your feet a brief massage. Then the cream comes off, a lotion or astringent removes its final traces, and you are ready for make-up and a quick dressing. And you're a new woman, serene and charming.

Manicure Ideas

HAVE you ever given any thought to the length of the file you use for your manicuring? Probably not. You may not even have noticed that very clever manicurists always use a long file. The fact remains that they do, and that a long file, whether metal or emery board, gives a better leverage and helps you to shape your nails just about twice as expertly as a short one does. And so if you're using a short file now, save it for your purse or traveling bag and try a long one.

Incidentally, although this is not a manicure idea, have you ever tried using one of the cream deodorants on your hands after a kitchen session of peeling onions? It's well worth remembering.

Keeping Up the Good Work

WE DO a lot of things that are good for us and particularly good for our looks in summer, involuntarily. There are lots of fresh vegetables around, and so we eat them; it's pleasant to be out-of-doors, and so we get a lot of fresh air; it's warm, and so we wear less clothing and our skins get a chance to breathe; we are frequently hot and thirsty, and so we drink plenty of water.

But "in winter quite the other way," these healthy impulses get mislaid unless we make a special effort. This is a plea, then, to keep up on the vegetables—half a head of lettuce a day may be dull eating, but it will do so much for your skin; not, of course, alone but as part of a sensible diet. Also to drink plenty of water, not necessarily because you're thirsty but as part of the day's schedule, to go out-of-doors breathing deeply while you're there, if the only exercise you can get is walking about in the city.

It may occur to you, thinking back over the summer, that the reason you felt and looked so much better was that you were getting plenty of exercise, possibly just climbing up and down sand dunes to the beach or walking country hills to the post office. Exercise at home may not come so casually, but the effort of setting aside a few minutes for exercises is well worth while if you can continue summer's good looks all winter.



Look for These

THESE new ideas in the cosmetic world may interest you for yourself or as gift ideas. Look for them in the next time that you visit a cosmetic department.

Martha Matilda Harper Products, for complete treatments of the hair, face, hands and nails, in stunning new bottles and containers.

Krank Gift Sets, for men and women, in boxes harmonizing with the new silver and blue containers.

Palmolive Shaving Set for men, containing Shaving Cream, Shave Lotion, Talc and a Gillette razor and blade.

Pompeian Hair Massage, in a bottle labeled with the purple and gold. For that daily hair treatment.

Primrose House Kit, a special set of generous jars and bottles of treatment preparations. The yellow-and-silver box, which is particularly stunning, is sturdy too. An idea for that globe-trotting friend.

Helena Rubenstein Eugénie Make-Up, a special ensemble designed by Madame Rubenstein to accompany the romantic hats and frocks. A light lipstick—one tone for blondes, another for brunettes—a light rouge, coral in tone, "the essence of a nineteenth-century blush," and a new rachel powder, somewhat on the ivory side.

Seventeen Gift Sets, elaborate ones containing ten preparations, smaller ones containing Seventeen perfume and compact or other combinations of these charmingly scented cosmetics.

Tangee Theatrical Rouge, compact in form, to accompany the Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. These two have been created in a dark, vivid shade for evening and professional stage use.

Volupté Compacts in special Empress Eugénie and Second Empire designs. The enamel decorations include reproductions of famous portraits of the lovely empress, something to match your hats and frocks, particularly since their designs are based on the powder boxes used by ladies of the French Court during the Second Empire.

Volupté Talcum Spray, a smart, squat affair in amber, green, rose or crystal. Perfect for applying bath powder.

Woodbury Holiday Set for Men, in a very gay box, and in two versions. Both sets contain Woodbury's Talc, Woodbury's Shaving Cream and Woodbury's Facial Soap, but one contains Jergen's Lotion, in addition, the other Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion.

Yardley Bath Set of Dusting Powder and Bath Salts, in such luxuriously fat containers. In Old English Lavender or Red Rose scents, the containers stunningly decorated. Yardley also makes splendid sets for men, in leather traveling cases or, less elaborately, in sturdy boxes.

In the top illustration. At left—Culver Manicure Special Ensemble; the Nail Bath and Liquid, Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and Nail-buf (powder for high polish) shown are contained in a smart box. The long box at the back contains a Glazo Nail White Pencil, green finished, with a convenient green sharpener to match—a perfect "stocking gift." Right foreground—Lentheric Purse Atomizer, finished in black and platinum and accompanied by six vials of Lentheric perfume.



At left, center—A stunning DeVilbiss atomizer, in orchid and gold, helps to make your Christmas perfume last.

At right, center, the new Houbigant perfume, "Etude," in a fascinatingly modern bottle and wooden case.

At bottom of the page, the new Richard Hudnut Gemey preparations include toilet water, perfume and talcum.

Booklets for Your Dressing Table

SIMPLE directions for requisite skin, hand and hair treatments, to be given at home, are found in these helpful booklets. Check the ones you want, and send a two-cent stamp for each booklet with your order, to Miss Barbara Stanwood, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

.....SIMPLE CARE FOR LOVELY SKINS
.....YOU CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR
.....LOVELY HANDS, COMFORTABLE FEET
.....DETAILS OF BEAUTY (make-up, superfluous hair, and so on)
.....FIGURES

"This food purifies the system . . *clears the* SKIN"



HERE'S WHERE poisons form that lead to so many cases of skin troubles! Eating yeast renews normal action of the intestines—clears up the complexion *in a natural way.*

AUTHOR of over forty medical works on skin diseases, etc. . . . noted clinic head . . . Dr. Stefan Bruenauer is one of the foremost skin specialists living today!

Why does this famous authority so strongly advise eating fresh yeast?

Here's what he says:—

"Fresh yeast will regulate the intestines and bring about normal elimination. By restoring regular, daily evacuations it builds up a healthier bodily tone *and protects the skin against blemishes.*"

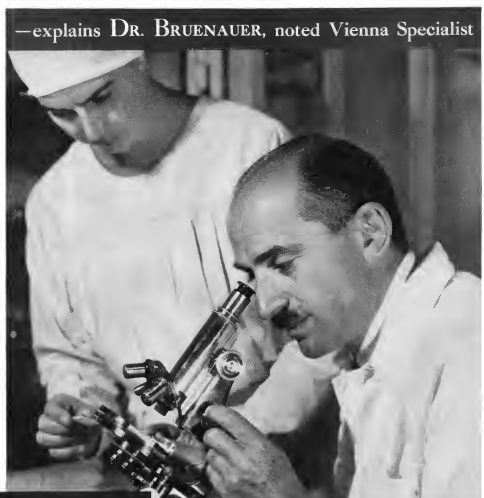
Eaten faithfully, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and cleanses your entire digestive tract . . . helps your body throw off its daily accumulation of undigested waste matter regularly.

Thus, excessive poisons no longer circulate throughout your system, to make your skin break out. You are less subject to headaches, colds, etc. You feel more energetic, more *alive!*

Just get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it regularly, 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass) or any way you like. It's very rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D, you know. Try eating it today!

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

—explains DR. BRUENAUER, noted Vienna Specialist



Read this Case Record

Files of famous doctors record thousands of cases benefited by fresh yeast. Here's a case described by the world-famous Dr. Ehrmann, of Vienna. He states:—

"A *workman, 35 years of age, with a painful itching of the skin, was treated with several ointments and salve remedies . . . these helped temporarily. But the blemishes reappeared, together with pronounced furunculosis (eruptions) . . . After treatment with yeast the above symptoms disappeared.*"

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated



"My Case illustrates what Doctors say about Yeast"

(Left) "Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my complexion perfectly," *writes* Miss Edith Price, *Springfield, Mass.* "A friend of mine had been eating it, on her doctor's advice, and it had done her a lot of good. So I tried it. My sluggish feeling disappeared and my skin cleared right up."



Important

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—*the kind doctors advise!* At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

There are now *two* TANGEE LIPSTICKS and *two* TANGEE ROUGE COMPACTS.

(*1*) Tangee Natural, *the original world-famous shade which* blends *with your own* natural, individual *coloring!*

(*2*) Tangee Theatrical, *a special dark shade for professional and evening use!*



LET THESE FAMOUS FASHION AUTHORITIES TELL YOU OF TANGEE



HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous **NEW YORK** magazine, says: "Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the* TANGEE *preparations do!*"

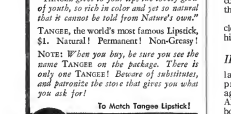
JARDIN DES MODES of **PARIS,** greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE *well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural coloring.*"

TATLER, famous **LONDON** authority, adds: "TANGEE *gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own.*"

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NOTE: *When you buy, be sure you see the name* TANGEE *on the package. There is only one* TANGEE! *Beware of substitutes, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for!*

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. L10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name

Address

First Fiddle

(Continued from Page 5)

there, and I'll go to business college. Walter's going to stake me to that, but, of course, he couldn't keep me here at Thornton when he's just getting started with his little real-estate business. Then I'll get a job, right there in Indianapolis, where your home is. What would you think of that?"

"I'd rather have you there than anywhere, except with me."

"That's all right then. I feel as though I'll be near you, living there in Indianapolis."

"By the time you're through with business college I'll be home and working, and we'll be married. There won't be much to that. But what about Walter?" he asked. "Won't he be joining up?"

SHE hesitated. Her voice was low when she answered him.

"Walter feels he's got to look after me," she said. "He talked to the folks about it. They want to go out West, but not if he's going to war. So Walter thought he'd wait—until the draft. He's put so much into his little business. Grandfather left him a little money, and he's got it all tied up ——"

"I see." John was still. He couldn't say what he thought about her brother. And, after all, the Government was discouraging enlisting. It was Walter's business, not John's.

"But I'm glad you're going, John," Cecily added, very low, and he understood the feeling in her heart and kissed her for it.

Their feet, conscious of hours, accustomed to rules, had carried them unwittingly down toward the Pi Phi house, and at last they stood on the lawn there, and it was time for her to go in.

John stood there under the big pine tree before the house and watched the door close behind her, watched other girls hurrying in from late dates, and felt a little resentful that these casual love affairs might be classed with his own.

His heart was filled with dreams and plans of a life of devotion to Cecily. In the sincerity and youthfulness of his love, he anticipated nothing but this: That he would serve her in the hardy world and protect her from every blow, and that she would make his home and fill life with meaning for him. She was his darling, his bride, something so precious and so far above him, that only by dint of the hardest work and keenest sacrifice could he remotely deserve the blessing of her love.

Silently, walking on the clouds, he turned toward his own house.

II.

THE train was late. Snow flew and pressed and clotted against the windows. Ahead, the locomotive labored through the thick stuff, struggling on toward the distant city, heaving its way with brute force through the mysterious softness of the storm.

John wiped the frost from the window for the thousandth time and stared out into the blackness, where, close to the window, white flakes flew, and were lost in the thick darkness. He was looking for the lights of Indianapolis. He had been looking for them since the train left St. Louis at noon. He had crossed the great Mississippi without feeling, but the Wabash, gray between white banks under the flying snow, made his heart beat with longing.

All his being was held by the thought that this was his last trip home, his last chance to see Cecily, and she would be waiting for him. He hoped she had found out exactly how late the train would be, so that she would not need to sit in the depot all these hours.

It seemed to him now that Mr. Cromwell's jingo speech had been only an inkling of what the war could do in the way of keeping him separated from Cecily. He weighed fifteen pounds more than he had ever weighed in his life. He had actually grown an inch since he had been in camp, filling out his six feet perfectly. He was burned brown with the sun of the Southwestern camp where he had been in training. Even his mind was changed a little.

For months now his life had been a succession of days spent in a life entirely physical. The college days, the easy life in a fraternity house, the atmosphere of campus, of dancing and dating and talking, with interludes of home and mother, had receded into another world. A great chasm lay between the two, and all that spanned this chasm was the thin strong thread of Cecily's letters.

He belonged now to a world wholly masculine, yet wholly submissive, a world of deep voices, raucous tones, swearing and sweating and enduring. He had learned new standards of conduct, new values of life, and they had gradually superseded softer, more gentle issues.

"You're in the Army now," he heard a dozen times a day. He was in a great machine. He was learning, with difficulty, blind and unreasoning obedience, subordination, willingness. Underneath all this vast plan and activity, there lay new subtleties.

THIS was a world from which women and their attitudes were excluded. John and the others marched, a long flow of hard-faced khaki-clad warriors, to the barking, hard-toned orders of noncommissioned officers.

John had long ceased to be a rookie. Now he was seasoned and hardened for service in France, and this visit was his last leave.

He made an effort to conjure Cecily up before him, and to put away all this new life, and reach out to her. She was real enough. She had more power to stir him now than when he had been a boy last spring. She was his woman, with a new understanding of the word and of its completeness.

Yet, though he could remember with hunger the touch of her lips, the feel of her little hand in his, though his heart swelled with love, he had still this difficulty to recall her face. Her lips he could see, her outline, her eyes, each feature separate from the rest. But the whole Cecily evaded him, yet drew him to her.

He had not seen her since the past summer, when she and his mother had come to camp to visit him. Since then she had finished her business training and gone to work. He did not feel so badly about that as he had last June. The war wasn't going to be over in a week.

He must have dozed, for he roused suddenly at a sound of clanging bells, to realize they were coming into the city.

JOHN got down his bag. He put on his greatcoat. His watch showed eleven. Five hours late—and he had only to-night, and two days more, with Cecily, before he went back to leave for overseas. It had taken a certain amount of "wangling," this leave, but he had managed it.

He did not see Cecily at once in the weary, thinned crowd by the gates. And then as she came from the benches near by, Cecily, at once it was as though he had never looked away from her sweet face. She was tired and pale, but she bloomed into sudden vitality at sight of him. She ran to him as he came through the great gate, and he dropped his bag and caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

Cecily's eyes were wet with happy tears. She melted and flowed against him. Her small hands clung about his neck. Shamelessly, before the milling crowd, they stood there, unable to believe they were together again.

(Continued on Page 44)

NEXT MONTH!

THE MYSTERY OF THE BAGDAD CHEST

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

They were dancing in the same room that night. . . . And in the morning Clayton was found doubled up in the quaint old chest—dead! Who did it? It seemed so obvious. But —— See if you are detective enough to solve this most exciting mystery by a world-famous writer of detective stories.

DOROTHY DIX

AND SO YOU ARE IN LOVE

Do you know why? Does he interest and amuse you? Do you respect him—or pity him? Is he considerate of you—or jealous and tyrannical? Does he believe in marriage?

These are some of the questions answered in this revealing article by Dorothy Dix, who has looked into the hearts of more girls and women than perhaps any other person alive. First of three articles—this one in the January Journal.

WASSAIL

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

In an ancient castle in Switzerland the famous Focarinis—America's most famous stage family—were spending the holidays. Happily, some of them, for they were in love; unhappily, the elderly grandmother—"Even when I played Lady Macbeth I never slept among the scenery. . . ." A swift-moving story of charm and humor and romance.

Also

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND
GRAEME AND SARAH LORIMER *DAY EDGAR*

and

pages of frank discussion of most intimate problems by Elizabeth Cook, Dr. Karl Menninger and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

January Ladies' Home Journal
On Sale December Eleventh

141 NEW THRILLERS

IN THIS FREE BRAND-NEW 48 PAGE JELL-O BOOKLET!



Surprise . . . surprise . . . surprise . . . from cover to cover! Dishes easy to make! Lovely to look at! Thrilling to serve!

If you want your menus to blossom out with oodles of brand-new dishes, send!

For out of this booklet will come tripping 68 new desserts! Creams — whips — clear Jell-O beauties!

Out will come a whole troop of new salads—45 of them! Vegetable salads, new and exciting! Fruit salads that have never before made their bow to a bridge club.

Appetizers! Relishes! Think what they'll do to "pep up" menus! Entrées! (Many using bits of left-overs, mind you!) Pastel frostings (new secret)! New pie fillings! Party ideas! Lovely garnishes! Chill-tray wonders! Puddings . . . but, *send* at once, and see for yourself!

And remember—insist on genuine Jell-O

● *If you want pure fruit flavors.* Those words "pure fruit flavor" on the Jell-O package are your protection—the U. S. Government permits their use *only* when the flavor comes from fruit itself. And remember—no synthetic flavor ever quite catches the real flavor of real fruit.

● *If you want a quivery-tender result.* Even if you make up your Jell-O the day before, out comes a mound of gelatin that shimmers in every light, quivers with the slightest movement and tastes — every tender spoonful — as delicately delicious as gelatin *should* be! And for the occasional emergency when you want to serve Jell-O in a hurry, follow the double-quick method on every package.



JELLIED FIGS

1 package Orange Jell-O
1 pint boiling liq juice and water
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup stewed figs, drained and cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling liq juice and water. Add salt, lemon juice, and figs. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve plain or with whipped cream. Serves 5.

© 1931, G. F. CORP.

SPICY BEET WITH BACON GRILL

Dissolve 1 package Lemon Jell-O in 1 pint boiling water. Cool. Add ½ cup prepared horse-radish, ¾ cup raw apple, finely diced, and ½ cup raisins. Chill. Combine 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon caraway seed, and 1 cup cooked beets, finely diced. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, fold in beet mixture. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Makes 8 molds.

Prepare luncheon plate of broiled bacon, toast points, and a Jell-O mold, unmolded on crisp lettuce.

LIME SALAD SUPRÊME

1 package Lime Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
5 teaspoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup apples, diced
1 cup crisp cabbage, chopped
4 olives, chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in apples, cabbage, and olives. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6. (All measurements on this page are level.)

FREE—*45 pages of meal-planning inspiration!*

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The Gifts You Get

SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home—their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection from exposure.

Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders gave up their holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children.

Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.



But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which work for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not say "thank you" to two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 42)

"How long have you got?" she asked. "Three days," he told her.

"Oh, John—only three days?"

"Less than that. I have to be back three days from now."

He smiled and rubbed his hand across her cheek. She wore a dark blue velvet suit with a big fur collar. A small dark blue velvet hat had a pink rose somewhere on it. She had never looked prettier.

"I have to pull out of here in the afternoon, day after tomorrow. Well, let's move. I want to get home with you."

"Aren't you hungry, John? Your mother had a big supper, but of course it was eaten hours ago. But I waited for you. Let's go into the depot restaurant and have something to eat. Walter and your father were down here with me, but they left just a little while ago. I told them you and I would have supper here before you took me home."

IN THE restaurant of the big old Union Station, they sat on the same side of the table, in a corner, and John kissed her again. Cecily chattered eagerly.

"John, I've begrudged every hour you were late. And tomorrow I'll have to work in the morning. I've the afternoon off, tomorrow and the next day, but in the mornings I'll have to work. But that will give you a little time with your mother. John, I've the grandest job. I'm just crazy about it. I'm at Kelly's, a stenographer in the advertising department. Practically all the men are gone but Mr. Klingensmith, our boss. They even have a woman copy writer, Miss Marsh. I work for her. I'm learning so much. It's terribly interesting. I've had two small raises already, John. I think I wrote you about the first one. Well, I've had another, just this week, and they're letting me write a little copy—a thing new for women. It's grand to feel that you're doing work some fellow did, and letting him go to the war. Miss Marsh thinks I've a gift for advertising, John——"

"I guess girls are doing things everywhere they never did before," he answered kindly, "I'm mighty glad you like your work, since you have to do it. Did you notice my stripes, Cecily? I'm a corporal now. That's because I can holler louder than anyone else in the hut."

Cecily was hungry. John was sorry she had waited. She wasn't to do things like that.

"Partner," he said gently, "I don't know how I'm going off to France without you."

THEN she grew grave. The table was cleared for dessert, and Cecily, her face pale with excitement, opened her purse, and took something from it and held it under her hand. John looked at her with fond curiosity.

"John," she said, "I've something here. Something I got today. I went at noon and got it. All by myself. I was scared but did it anyhow. I—I know we've talked of this before, and decided all about it, but John, I can't—I simply can't let you go—alone."

She was almost in tears. Her lips quivered.

"You're not going overseas," he said quickly. "You haven't joined anything—any nurses' training school or anything like that!"

"No," she said, "I promised you I wouldn't do that, though I really feel that I should. I really feel that I ought to be doing something, but it seems I'm too young, anyhow. John—look——"

She unfolded the paper with trembling fingers. John looked at it where it lay between them. It was an application for a marriage license, all filled in save for John's signature. John's face flamed with color. Cecily grew white. He seized her hands, and held them tightly.

"No! No!" he said, "No, I'll not do that. It'll be bad enough, if I don't come back, without leaving you——Why, Cecily, I may be over there for years. No one knows when the war will end. No, I've thought and thought about it. It's no way to do!"

"But, John—don't you see—that's why! John, please—don't take that attitude. I want to. Don't you understand, darling, how hard it is to let you go? I'm so proud of you. I *want* to be all yours, John. Your mother knows I have this, and so does mine. Your own father asked Mr. Koepple to keep a deputy on duty at the license bureau for us tonight. They know we may not come home tonight, John. I'd brought my bag down with me. Mr. Martindale is waiting for us. We planned it first—your mother and I—that we'd be married at your house, and she had a wedding supper for us. Then your train was announced late—and then later. Then Mr. Martindale said he would wait up for us in his study. We have only to telephone your mother and father, John, and they'll meet us at his house—and we'll be married in the manse. And then"—she was faltering—"I thought—a hotel, John—and a real visit at your home tomorrow. I—I didn't tell Walter. He doesn't want me to marry you—John. I can't say any more. I can't insist. I can't urge you. I've done all I can do——"

She sat silent, humped up a little, her eyes on her plate. She looked unutterably sad and forlorn, so small and young. John could not bear to have her sit so, the long lashes down over her eyes, the lashes that were like butterfly wings. If she didn't lift them in a moment, he felt that he would cry out. Marriage seemed a cowardly thing for him, a brave thing for her. But if she wanted it—if she knew now she wanted. If her mother—and his father and mother all approved——

HE SAT immobile, silent, weighing things in his mind, waiting for some indication, some decision to come to him. A long moment passed between them. Then Cecily gave a little sigh, not more than the ghost of one, and said, in a voice scarcely audible:

"I'm sorry, John. I shouldn't try—to go against your sense of what's right. We'll just forget it."

He took her hand and lifted it to his cheek, and turned it and kissed the palm.

"It's you I'm thinking of," he said softly. "It is utterly for you that I'm concerned. But if you wish it, Cecily—if you can be so generous, do me such honor——"

The oddly antiquated phrases seemed to fall naturally from his lips. He felt so reward her. Her eyes flew wide. Her face was suffused with an extreme, almost an unbearable happiness.

"John, you are the best man in the world. No girl ever had a man like you for a lover, John. Oh, darling, my own darling—I love you so my heart is breaking with it. I love you every minute, every second, every breath I draw. I wake up loving you in the morning and go to sleep with you in my thoughts, and love you all night and all day. I wish I had more capacity, though I'm burdened with it now."

"Cecily——" He could scarcely bear the blaze in her eyes. "Cecily!"

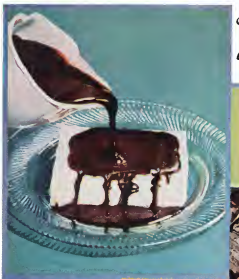
THEY left the restaurant together. They started out without their bags, remembered and went back. John got the bags from the check room, while she telephoned. The taxi waited while they stopped at the courthouse, gloomy and ill-lighted save for the clerk's office, where a sleepy but good-natured clerk waited on them. The cab whirled out East Washington Street, to Irvington and stopped before the brick church. The driver knocked on the window twice before they got out. He called after them, "Good luck!" and John called back for him to wait.

The Reverend Mr. Martindale, whom John had known since childhood, shook

(Continued on Page 46)

THREE CHOCOLATE CHEERS FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

A famous fudge, a truly regal sauce··and an artful frosting that you don't have to cook



ROYAL SAUCE

1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces
3 tablespoons water
4 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt
1½ tablespoons butter, melted
Few drops vanilla

Combine chocolate, water, sugar, and salt in double boiler. Heat and blend. Add butter and vanilla. Beat well. Makes ⅔ cup sauce.

All measurements are level



CHOCOLATE FUDGE—*see recipe on page 52 of new Baker Cook-Book*
(Illustrations reproduced from color photographs)



INTRODUCE these three members of the chocolate nobility to your family, just once—and every time they are announced thereafter loud rejoicing will greet them. Of course the cheers will really be for you, because a sure way to become a popular celebrity in your own home is to serve something made with *chocolate* . . . particularly if it is something as gorgeous as one of the three temptations shown on this page . . . for chocolate is America's favorite flavor.

The newest of the new is *Clever Judy Frosting* . . . so new it isn't even in the Baker's Chocolate cook-book published this year! And clever indeed . . . a chocolate cake-frosting that *doesn't have to be cooked!* You've never seen such a luxurious creamy-soft frosting so easily made as Clever Judy. Smooth it onto the cake with a lavish hand, as thick as you please. What a deep, velvery robe it makes for any good layer cake! If you haven't a favorite cake recipe of your own you will find a sumptuous one in the new Baker cook-book. You can use this frosting on cup cakes too. Another clever thing about Clever Judy . . . you can make up a batch and keep it in the refrigerator for several days, and it will be just as softly smooth as the day you made it! What a help—during the busy holiday season!

Next, there is good old *Chocolate Fudge!* A pastime for rainy afternoons and a happy home-made treat for the holidays! You don't have to experiment to get *this* recipe right . . . it will be butter-smooth first time!

Then as a crown for your ice creams, cakes or puddings, nothing could be so truly regal as this silky textured *Royal Sauce.*

Don't be afraid that you won't be able to live up to the reputation that these chocolate wonders will bring you . . . there are over 130 other marvels of chocolate cookery that you can perform in the new cook-book "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes." Fill in the coupon and get your copy—it's *Free!*

For Perfect Results There's No Substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Your success in making things with chocolate depends on the depth of flavor in the chocolate you use. It has been the experience of American housewives, from the time of our great great grandmothers 151 years ago, that Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate has set a standard in flavor that has not been approached all these years. Generations of skill go into the sorting, roasting and blending of its choice cocoa beans . . . the pick of the world's crop. Only Baker's Premium No. 1 Chocolate can give such full-bodied flavor and creamy smoothness to your chocolate dishes.

CLEVER JUDY FROSTING

[A good layer cake recipe is on page 16 of new Baker Cook-Book]

1 tablespoon butter
1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
1 egg or 2 egg yolks
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 to 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg, milk, vanilla, and chocolate. Place bowl in pan of cracked ice or ice water and beat with rotary egg beater until of right consistency to spread (about 5 minutes). Makes enough frosting to spread between and on top of two 8-inch layers. Double recipe to cover top and sides of three 8-inch layers. *All measurements are level.*

Get the new Cook-Book—FREE!
"Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"

A veritable mine of chocolate treasures! 137 recipes for all kinds of chocolate delights—candies, cakes, cookies, frostings, fillings, puddings, ice creams, sauces, home-made soda fountain beverages, steaming hot cups—scores of things you've always wanted to make—and will want to make much more, once you've tried them. Don't put off sending the coupon—fill it in and mail it right now!

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*

The way to the store around the corner

OFTEN you are told a neighborhood dealer can supply you with this or that commodity. But *where is he*—this neighborhood dealer—and what is his name, address, and telephone number? The Where to Buy It Classified Telephone Directory will help you find him.

Look for the article you want by brand name or type of product. Many are now so listed together with the names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized dealers. More than likely, one is located right in your neighborhood ready to serve you.

The Classified Directory will help you in other ways, too. You will find that it can direct you to *landscape architects, opticians, drug stores, flower shops* and all sorts of personal or business helps.



The Where to Buy It Classified Telephone Directory will be glad to pass its information on to you. Use it regularly.

WHERE TO BUY IT

(*Continued from Page 44*)

his hand warmly. John saw his father and mother in a daze, kissed them, hardly aware of them. Mrs. Martindale was waiting too. She had once been John's Sunday-school teacher. He had gone to this church as a boy. His parents lived only a few blocks away, north of East Washington.

They were married. It took such a few minutes! His mother cried and kissed them both. His father and Mr. Martindale kissed Cecily and clasped John's hand. They were out on the steps of the manse again in the bitter winter night. The taxi was chugging at the curb.

"Well, Mrs. Moore!" John said as he put her into the taxi and he told the driver, "Claypool Hotel."

All too soon they had stopped in the midst of downtown traffic, and the doorman was taking their bags, holding the door open.

JOHN wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, Indianapolis," on the register, and he was consumed with self-consciousness as he did so.

A grinning bell boy seized their bags, and took them up in an elevator and unlocked a room on the top floor. Then they found themselves alone.

The two were silent. Cecily hung up her wraps in the clothes closet, and John realized, too late, that he should have helped her. He put his greatcoat on a hanger beside hers and stooped and kissed her. He sat down in the big chair by the window, and reached for Cecily's hand and drew her down on his knees.

"Cecily, I want you to feel, all our life together, that it's to be your wish, not mine, that will govern us. I can't tell you how I feel about you—it's too much to put into words."

Yet words were easy now, words of love—promises for the future.

"When I get back from France," he told her—"when I get back and go to work, I'll work harder than a mule ever did before. It will be a cinch then for fellows who were overseas. The world will belong to us. There's a great fighting spirit in the Army, Cecily. It won't take us long to clean things up. I'm not much good at hating the Germans. I always think of dear old Professor Schwartz, at Thornton. But I do hate their idea of military power and autocracy. It's a war for universal freedom, Cecily——"

He said what he really thought, what he really felt, couched in the language of the day—the high-sounding phrases of wartime, yet with a boy's sincerity and simple belief in things. She listened, in silence, but with sympathy and understanding. All that he said was dignified by her love for him. He told her how he felt about being a private in the ranks—tried to tell her, and she understood.

"IT'S like this, Cecily. I don't want anything out of the war for myself. I don't even want authority. It's the men in the ranks that take the brunt. I feel more like a soldier. I want to be unimportant. Do you see, Cecily?"

"Yes, darling, I see. Knowing you, I know what you mean."

They talked of the home they would have when he came back. A white house, with green shutters and a green lawn. And three children. Two boys and a girl. They would send them all to Thornton. The idea seemed funny to John. He laughed hugely. He grew very happy there with his little wife on his knees, and his Army training camp more than a thousand miles away. A clock somewhere struck one as they talked. Gradually the idea of being married ceased to be strange and became as natural as breathing. It seemed that they had been married for years, for always.

Toward morning, John awakened, a shout in his throat, his heart beating heavily with terror. Only for a moment or two, as he struggled out of his dream, did the fragments of it remain clear to him. The awful fear of loneliness—the strange road, the barren fields around him, and way off, up the mountain side, Cecily—climbing rapidly, her back toward him—going forward with swift, strong strides, her face lifted up to the light coming over the mountain. And in the dream, he had struggled impotently to run after her, struggled vainly to shout. It had the quality of nightmare. He could not move—his feet were of lead. He shouted—but no voice came from his lips, and in his terrific effort he awoke.

The dream evaporated into mist before he could fix it. It became confused—and went glimmering away into unreality. But the feeling of fright and impotence remained with John. He was badly shaken. He turned on the light beside the bed and for a long time, propped on his elbow, he stared down at Cecily's sleeping face—more clear, more purposeful and strong asleep than awake and smiling.

She was so small, he thought tenderly. And her heart so big. Everything she had said to him had sunk deeply into his mind, except what she said about her work, and her pleasure and ability in it. That alone had seemed unreal. That he had failed to notice.

She had left a call for seven. When the alarm rang he resented it that she had to go to her job. It seemed a piece of foolishness, but he could not talk her out of it. But he would go out with her, go to her office, and then home to see his mother. Going to France would be easier now. Cecily was right. All her instincts were right.

He felt a sense of conviction and power upon him. That slight fear he might have had that he would not return from France was now entirely obliterated. Cecily was his charm, his magic. With such a wife waiting for him to come home to, neither shot nor shell could stop him.

III.

TODAY, turning toward his mother's house, a brand-new husband, John seemed to see it in a new light and with new appreciation; as though, for the first time in his life, his mother and father emerged from the comfortable background whose total spelled Home, and became individuals, important, strong and good.

The frame house where the Moores had lived for years was not one of the fine places of Irvington. It was situated on a corner of a street lined with such houses, sound, respectable, made up entirely of home-owning families.

John's father was an official in the gas company, under Mr. Cromwell. He had been with the same firm for twenty-five years, and as the cost of living had advanced, his income, too, had advanced, so that the Moore family had lived without much change of routine through the long years.

Thinking of Cecily as his own wife and homemaker, John saw at once how marvelously well his mother had done. Little things took on new value. He knew how she had struggled to give them a happy childhood, and to save, too, her beloved household goods from their destructive small fingers. John was the oldest of four. The twins, Amy and May, were seventeen, now, and in their last year at Shortridge High School. Dan was thirteen.

John ran up the steps and opened the front door, which was never locked, and shouted for his mother, and he heard her coming a little heavily, through the house, and he went to meet her and caught her in a great hug and kiss.

"Where's Cecily?" she asked at once, and he saw that she was disappointed when he explained that Cecily had felt she had to go to work, but would be off for the afternoon.

"On the first day of her marriage! What a shame, and I hope it isn't a sign!" Mrs. Moore said, and John laughed as always at his mother's signs and wonders, pulled off his coat and threw it, with his hat, onto the couch.

"You've grown stouter, mother," he teased her, and she said, comfortably, "It's time I was getting stouter."

"It makes you prettier than ever," he told her, and she laughed and grew pink, and stooped and kissed him. "I wonder if Cecily will ever fatten up?" he asked, trying to think of Cecily as middle-aged and stout, and finding it impossible. "Mother, she's the littlest thing——" His voice trailed away. He looked at his mother with shining eyes.

"John," she told him gravely, "I think you've made a fine marriage. I know mothers are supposed to be jealous when their sons marry, but I can't work up a thing in that direction. I only hope all of my children do as well. Cecily is a little lady, and she's sharp as a tack. And of course, I can't help loving her for loving you so well. You've a fine wife, John. If your marriage doesn't work out well, it will be your own fault."

"Well, that's encouraging, anyhow."

"YOU'RE kind of slow, you know, John—kind of an innocent. I was always afraid one of these silly, greedy girls would get hold of you and work you to death. And to find you married to a girl that's willing to do her part and more is a great blessing to me."

"What do you think about our getting married now, mother?" he asked aside-lously, and she answered steadily:

"I think it was the thing to do. Cecily was half afraid you'd have noble notions, and wouldn't fall in with her plans, and I'm glad you did it. She has to take her risks too. She has spunk, that young lady has, and she's not afraid to take life as it comes. I'd have felt as she does."

"How could I fail to fall in with her plans?" he asked. "I wanted it as much, or more, than she did. But I'd never have asked her to marry me now."

"John, we have long have you got?"

He told her. She grew pale and closed her lips firmly. But she looked out through the glass pane of the kitchen door, and John saw, with intuition, that beyond the very threshold wide seas swept before her mind, seas bristling with submarines and planted mines.

"You don't know when you'll go overseas?"

"No one knows, mom. It might be a week or a month. But it won't be long, I'm sure. We have all our equipment. A fellow can tell. We're in shape to sail any time they send us out to the seacoast. I had so much trouble getting this leave, I think it will be soon now."

She sat thoughtful a minute, then asked him:

"Do you realize what a good job that child has? She will go far. You'll have to hustle, John, to keep up with her. Your father saw Mr. Kelly at the Republican Club, and Mr. Kelly asked him if Cecily wasn't engaged to you, John, and he told father they already have her writing some small ads. She's picked it right up, all the printing and newspaper end of merchandising."

"THAT'S pretty good, isn't it?" said John indifferently, and added, "Well, she won't be working long, I hope."

"John, don't be stupid. She loves it. It's all she can talk about. Her job—and you. And she's good at her work. If I'd had a chance for money-making when I was a girl, I'd never have married a great farmer like you!"

"Not without a chance," he answered comfortably, but she was, he thought, unnecessarily serious about Cecily's work.

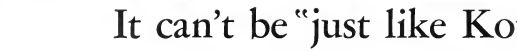
"What are you going to do when you come out of the Army, John?"

"I intended to start in at the bottom, in the gas company. But I'll have to have more money than they pay beginners, mother, with Cecily to take care of. I might be a salesman—anything that turns up. Time enough to think of that later."

(*Continued on Page 49*)



It can't be "just like Kotex"— substitutes don't offer this safety and security



Kotex is used in leading hospitals; it protects comfortably; is adjustable; disposable.

IT is not enough for a sanitary pad to look like Kotex. To be safe, sanitary protection must be as hygienically made as Kotex. Immaculate. Clean. The kind of product a hospital approves.

So, when tempted to try a substitute, don't be satisfied with the careless statement, "just like Kotex." Ask how this substitute was made. Where. By whom.

Health is involved

Demand a complete answer to these questions. You have a right to know—your health is involved. Be very sure what you are doing before you sacrifice the absolute safety of Kotex.

When buying sanitary napkins already wrapped, inquire of the clerk: "Is this Kotex?" Thus you'll make sure of getting nothing but the genuine Kotex.

Kotex is bought by hospitals in enormous quantities—showing that it fully meets their requirements. Kotex, indeed, is made with hospital care. In surroundings of immaculate cleanliness. Modern methods are used throughout, so hands never touch Kotex in the making. As soon as made, Kotex is sealed in dustproof packages.

Comfort matters, too

Every precaution is taken for your comfort as well as health. Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb away from the surface, which remains soft and delicate.

Often you find a certain degree of comfort at first. But soon that surface softness changes to chafing hardness. Kotex delicacy and comfort *lasts.*

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There is none of that feeling of possible embarrassment from wrong adjustment. Kotex is shaped to fit, and easily adjusted. It is treated to deodorize.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

1 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort.

2 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Or, singly, in cabinets by the West Disinfecting Company.

The new Kotex Belt,

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Beguiling! soft girlish hands

. . . but hands grow old so quickly! Cruel little lines and persistent roughness destroy their thrilling charm . . . sometimes even at 20, often before 30

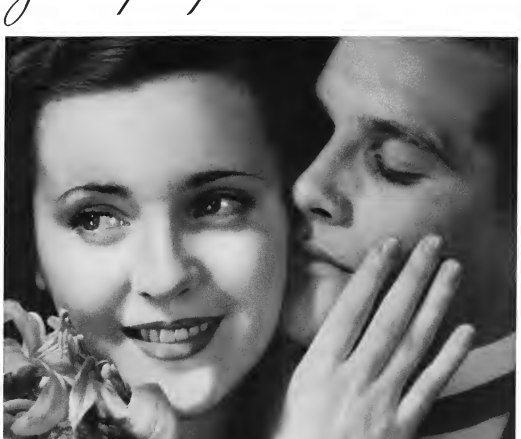


Its two famous ingredients keep hands serenely white and smooth



Gift Box for Men

For every man on your Christmas list this gift package of shaving luxuries! It contains Woodbury's Shaving Cream, Talc, Soap (guest size) and Jergens Lotion or Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion —whichever you choose—as sure protection against chapping. Father, brother, husband, son—one or all will be touched by your benign thoughtfulness in bestowing so practical and humanitarian a gift! Found at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, $1.



You can keep your hands enchantingly young and soft and white with the simplest, easiest care

YOUR HANDS can keep that smooth bewitching whiteness of youth. No need now for them to grow withered and old, long before their time.

Skin specialists know two famous restoratives—one for whitening, the other for softening the skin. Both are blended with other healing elements into a fragrant silvery liquid—Jergens Lotion—which has a most marvelous effect on the skin.

If your hands have a tendency toward redness, if they often feel dry and harsh, begin using Jergens Lotion *at once*—always after washing your hands and when you come in from the cold. With the very first application you'll notice a distinct improvement.

Within an amazingly short time you'll find that this gentle care makes your hands softly smooth and white—charmingly young—no matter how hard you use them at household tasks or active sports.

You can use Jergens Lotion any time—your skin absorbs it so readily that it leaves no stickiness. Instantly your hands are smoother, softer, whiter. For these reasons many women delightedly use it for a powder base, too.

Start using Jergens Lotion today and give your hands the beguiling flower-like softness of youth. Get a bottle at your druggist's or any toilet goods counter. 50¢ and in an economical $1 size.

Jergens Lotion

its 2 famous ingredients make hands smooth . . . white

FREE! *New Trial Bottle of this wonderful lotion.* A generous-sized sample of Jergens Lotion will be sent you free—just write to The Andrew Jergens Company, 4023 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, 4023 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 46)

"You'd better make plans," she warned him. "Just a job isn't good enough. I'd have something in mind."

"Here you are—scolding me," he complained. So they let it go. John told his mother about his dream, and then regretted it, for he saw that she took it seriously. Under all her able intelligence and energy, he knew that she believed in dreams, was superstitious to a degree. But she said little about it; only he could see that she was impressed, and the dream, which had faded, became real again.

Mrs. Moore told John that she didn't like Cecily's brother, Walter.

"He's been out here with Cecily once or twice. I had them to dinner," she said. "I want Cecily to feel that she's at home here. We all love her, and I think she loves us. The twins adore her. But Walter is a different matter. He's good-looking and attractive. He's even an exciting young man. The twins were terribly impressed. Amy, especially, was simply popeyed. She showed off till I was mortified. Of course she's at a flighty age, and Walter is good-looking, to an inexperienced girl. But he looks soft to me—soft and selfish. He's perfectly frank about the draft. If he's called he'll go. If he isn't he won't. People have changed since last spring. They think that's the right way to do now, to wait for the draft. And perhaps it is. But it vexes me to see a fine, college-bred, young American like him, with no responsibilities, waiting on the draft like any first-generation immigrant. I can't admire him. Him and his business—and Cecily! She pays her own way—he doesn't do anything for her! Staying home, making money, and lots of it, while the others fight!"

"THAT'S not a new idea, mother. Half the substantial fortunes in Indiana were founded that way during the Civil War. And the fellows in camp think those are the smart guys now."

"They don't really," she said. "They just say that to be smart themselves." John, smiling, agreed with her.

"I just can't believe Cecily and Walter come from the same stock," Mrs. Moore went on; "they're so different. But, of course, I might not like her family anyhow," she admitted honestly. "I'm not sorry they're way out in California. I like having Cecily belong to us."

"You'll look out for her, mother, while I'm away?"

"I will that, you may be sure, as though she were my own, as, indeed, she is now. I'd like to have her come here to live with us if she wants to. John"—she colored slowly, difficultly—"did you think about—protecting her? From having a baby, I mean? It might be hard for her, with you away."

John sat staring at his cigarette smoke. His eyes came to his mother's face. He said slowly:

"No—I thought of it. But I didn't say anything. I can't tell you how I felt, mother. Contraception—it's a word that seems to go along with girls soldiers pick up on the street. I couldn't name it—to Cecily."

She seemed more than satisfied.

"SHE is a good girl," she agreed, with all the old-fashioned meaning in the word. "I thought I'd say something to her—seeing as her mother's so far away. But I couldn't. She has her own dignity. Besides, one reason she wanted to be married, probably—just in case——"

"No such luck, mother. I'll be back," he told her. "I'll come home to Cecily—never you fear about that—and soon too."

"I hope so, John."

It was time for him to go. He remembered the gifts he had brought them all, and got them out of his coat pockets. His mother kissed him and thanked him for all of them.

"Go into the office and see your father. He was disappointed not to see more of you last night. And he said, if you came in, he thought Mr. Cromwell would offer you a job against your return. Better not pass up any such chances."

"I'll go into the office, mother. It's just a block from Kelly's. But I must meet Cecily at twelve. She wants to introduce me to the people in her office. And I mustn't be late."

She kissed him again, and he went off, his great shoulders balking in his olive-drab coat. His mother's face was suddenly wet with tears as she stood in the door and watched him go.

IV.

MR. CROMWELL shook John's hand enthusiastically. He was always that way with Thornton graduates. John's father hovered about, proud and almost clucking. Mr. Cromwell congratulated John on his marriage and delivered an epitome on wedded bliss.

"And now you're going overseas? Your parents must be mighty proud of you. And you'll look us up when you get back, won't you? Always room for a good man in this company."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be needing a job then."

"We won't forget you, will we, Mr. Moore? We won't be able to do enough for you fellows that have been 'over there.'"

"Thank you, and I'll remind you some day."

John was in a hurry to get away and could hardly keep from fidgeting when Mr. Cromwell insisted on telling him a long story his father had heard about the Civil War.

But at last John escaped and jogtrotted to Kelly's. He was at once swamped in that peculiar embarrassment felt by some men in a woman's store. He had never been in Kelly's before, he thought, unless it was when he was a little fellow, tagging after his mother. He found the advertising department in a whole series of offices on the seventh floor. There was a businesslike aspect in all this part of the store—which John had never known existed.

Cecily was looking out for him and she came to him at once, her face shining.

"Darling," he said, forgetting the store; and she flushed, and laughed, leading his hand and leading him to a woman who stood near by, an expectant smile on her face.

"JOHN, I want you to meet Miss Marsh, our copy writer. This is my husband, Mr. Moore."

"I've been scolding Cecily for coming down at all today," Miss Marsh, friendly and full-bosomed, told John. "If she had telephoned me and told me what big doings were forward, I'd never have let her come." There was here the insincere coyness of the spinster, but John thought she wasn't a bad old girl. "We all think it's terribly romantic—a real war marriage, right in our office. You mustn't let Cecily quit work now. She's so awfully clever. Mr. Klingensmith's assistant is leaving for Fort Benjamin Harrison and I think Mr. K. has his eye on Cecily."

"Thanks," said John, beaming down at Cecily, and Cecily laughed a little deprecatingly. She showed John her desk and what she did besides stenographic work. She was, Miss Marsh informed him, a born proofreader. When Cecily went off for her wraps, Miss Marsh talked on, and John had an uneasy feeling that she considered Cecily much too good for him.

"I wish you didn't have to work," he said in the elevator, not understanding his own feeling. "I'll assign fifteen dollars of my pay to you, and the Government will give you fifteen more, and mother'd like you to come to live with them. You could manage, couldn't you?"

"Oh, John. I'd die of loneliness if I hadn't my job. And your mother and I

(Continued on Page 52)



"No, I didn't spend a lot for these shoes . . . They're **Enna Jetticks**

. . . I don't wonder, though, that you thought them expensive shoes, because the last is fashionable, the leather is smart, and the fit is perfect."



· ADA ·

· ETHEL ·



ENNA JETTICK SHOES are made in a range of 177 sizes and widths . . .

AAAAA to EEE » » Sizes 1 to 12

As a result, your Enna Jettick dealer can fit your foot correctly and stylishly . . . no need for a forced fitting.

Economies made possible by the tremendous Enna Jettick production enable the manufacturers of Enna Jettick Shoes to furnish you that touch of quality and craftsmanship previously found only in far more expensive shoes.

The **ENNA JETTICK** prices . . .

$5.00 and $6.00

(never more except in Canada)

mean that you need not be without perfect foot comfort and the smartest style.

ENNA JETTICK Shoes make your feet look their best always

Enna Jettick Melodies every Sunday night on an N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up. Old-fashioned songs and hymns . . . no jazz.

Alwyn Bach, announcer awarded the Gold Medal for Superiority in Diction by the American Society of Arts and Letters.

Made by the Largest Manufacturers in the World of Women's Shoes Exclusively



GROWTH OF AN IDEA



Let an idea, however vague, catch hold of a man's mind, and no one can tell to what it may lead. As the ripples from a pebble dropped into water will travel in ever widening circles across the whole surface of the pool, what seems but an incident may produce effects that touch the very limits of human life.

When Watt observed the power of steam to lift the lid of the kettle, he conceived the mere thought that this principle might be put to practical use. But, as a result, came the steam engine; then through variations and extensions, the machine age. In consequence, not only economic conditions but the world's whole social and political aspect has been changed.

Something of this same thing began with the coming of Fisher Bodies. It would be absurd to say that closed-body development ever equalled in importance the development of the automobile itself. But the automobile without a closed body was but a short-season sporting turnout, not a year-round conveyance needed or even desired by the people as a whole.

Then Fisher, believing that closed bodies were practical, proved its belief. The attitude toward the automobile changed. Thousands who never desired a car before now wanted one. The new demand opened the way to new production methods. Cost per car, in consequence, went steadily down. The lower the prices reached, the larger the market grew; the larger the market, the lower the prices. The endless chain was welded.

So, too, with Fisher itself, one result has followed another. The success of its basic ideas has opened, year after year, new avenues for the development of resources and facilities which, in turn, have again and again advanced the possibilities of Fisher achievement. True to the laws of cause and effect, Fisher Bodies are finer every year . . . and by the same laws you can expect them to be still finer in the future.



Here's *light* on the great, annual problem!

CAN you think of a better gift than safety-after-dark . . . freedom from fear of fire? That's what the Eveready Electric Candle gives! Use it anywhere; carry it anywhere—from the bedside-table to the attic; cellar or a closet. Exceptionally fine for night-trips to the nursery. Its soft glow won't arouse the lightest sleeper!

The Candle lights when you pick it up. Goes out when you put it down. A steady, permanent light is possible too. You find the Candle in the dark by the luminous dots around the base.

Like other Eveready *Wireless-Electric* Lights, the Candle has no cords, or no connections with the house-current. It is powered by the new, *extra long life*, metal-seal Eveready Batteries (a set of renewal batteries costs only 20c) that give many hours of bright light. 6¾ inches high. A beautiful, satiny, silver-like finish. Instead of wandering and wondering—dismiss most of your shopping with Eveready Candles. Only $1.75, complete. At all good department, hardware, drug, electrical and gift stores.

A CANDLE FOR YOUR WINDOW!

Every one wants a cheerful, friendly candle in her window at Christmas . . . but she usually fears a fire. You'll be perfectly safe with the Eveready Electric Candle! *It can't start a fire.* Just set it beneath the bolly wreath—no wires, no plugs, no connections to make. Do it in a second!

EVEREADY
WIRELESS-ELECTRIC
LIGHT

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and *Carbon Corporation*

(Continued from Page 49)

will get along better if I just go to visit her and don't try to live with her. And this gives me a chance to save some money. That's going to be terribly important now."

John felt that he ought not to try to dictate the mode of her life while he was away. If it amused her to work, if the time would pass more easily for her, he had no right to object. He shouldn't like sitting about—waiting.

They had luncheon together at the hotel, and decided to be selfish and to have their dinner there, alone.

"Walter is furious," Cecily confessed. "I telephoned him that we were married last night, and he was so mad he couldn't make any coherent speeches, so I just hung up. He'll come around. He never stays cross with *me*."

JOHN didn't care much about Walter's diffidence. He had something else on his mind. He said:

"Mother spoke to me this morning—about babies"—and grinned at her. Cecily laughed without self-consciousness.

"She tried to speak to me about it, but I wouldn't let her. John, I hope I do have a baby; I hope I have twins. So there!"

She was startlingly alive in that moment. "If you're not gone long then there's nothing to fear, and if you are gone a long time, it will mean that I have somebody just like you to love and care for."

"But the expense—the danger——"

Suddenly he was pierced with the thought of leaving her. His breath left him. He was stranded, alone, in a terrible place. At once it became intolerable to leave her, to go through unknown dangers, without him. Sweat started on his forehead. His hands were like ice. But he *couldn't* go away and leave his wife alone—his Cecily. Leave her, without a husband, working in a store, leaving her in this casual manner, unprotected, without him to stand between her and the world. It had been a mistake to marry her. She was his wife now, and he could not be a husband to her, but was forced instead to go away. But her voice as she spoke was calm and matter-of-fact.

"Expenses—pooh!" said Cecily heartily. "I'm not worrying about money. You can always make it. You can always get hold of money. But you can't marry John Moore every day in the week."

Her sweet smile reassured him a little. She looked into his strained face, and her own became tender and maternal.

"Do you know how much I love you, John?"

"More than I deserve," he answered, still shaken by the sudden vision of separation.

"Not that much—not possibly, but oceans, darling, oceans."

Alone in their room, John held her close, his eyes closed, his face pressed against her hair. He saw now what he was in for. In a moment he would have to tear his arms away from this small figure that held the world for him, and march off. He did not fear the sea or foreign soil or any army or combination of them. But he feared dreadfully for her.

"Don't grieve, John," she said. "Let's be happy today and tomorrow."

THEY were happy again, but the first reckless gayety was gone. Separation loomed like a dark cloud over them.

Afterward, alone and awake on the train, suffering from the horrible thought that he might never see her again, as she had run along beside the moving train, smiling, throwing kisses to him, her face wet with tears—afterward, John thought of many things. He thought of what his mother had said, of what Miss Marsh had said. He thought of his dream, with a disturbing prescience. He saw that he must revise a little his ideas of his wife's character and spirit.

It was difficult for him to do so. In his heart she was both child and goddess, but not an equal. She was so far above him that he marveled he dared reach for her. The possession of her sweet love was a thing no man might take with impunity. And at the same time he had this wonderful feeling of protectiveness for her. But that she was an able business woman, that she had a sense of responsibility of her own, that she was "smart" and had "spunk" were strange phrases. Strange to think of Cecily with any responsibility save to be herself, pure and good. And then he quit thinking, and went over again and treasured again every moment with her, and the pain of having left her pressed into him like a thorn.

The intolerable hours spun into days, the days to weeks and months, and the months to years, before John's great passion to see his wife was satisfied. Training in France, active service, the influenza at the Red Cross hospital at Toul, with the cable about his son constantly in his hand or under his pillow, then Armistice, and then—frustration! He seemed doomed to the Army of Occupation, like a man doomed to Siberia, and the days marched

If You Enjoy Shopping Crushes

THEN this is not for you. But if you'd like to Christmas-shop from the comfort of your favorite chair, read on . . . Simply send us the names and addresses of friends you'd like to remember with JOURNAL gift subscriptions and we'll do the rest.

We start by sending ahead a gloriously colored Christmas card to announce your gift, and follow through with a fresh new copy of the JOURNAL—the modern woman's guidebook to gracious living.

on, heedless, charmed, so that the war was all but forgotten, the life at home entirely readjusted, and it was 1921, and January, with little Jack two years old, before John set foot on his own soil once more.

V.

CECILY doesn't want to quit work until I get on my feet," said John evasively in answer to his mother's question. He had come home from France only that day—the last man, he said, to come back, although there were still actually several thousand men in the Army of Occupation.

They had had a great family dinner, the one Mrs. Moore had planned twice, previously, for John and Cecily. John sat with his two-year-old son on his knee, holding his watch for the grave little boy to play with it. Mr. and Mrs. Martindale were there, and, of course, Walter, and the twins and Dan, as well as John's father and mother—and Cecily and her son.

John kept looking at Cecily. He was amazingly shy with her. He was feeling his way. He simply could not feel that he had any rights or prerogatives here, in spite of the shining look of love and pride on her face, the beaming tenderness of her glances at him. Long anticipation had turned now into heavy shyness.

He had said, as a boy, "She isn't beautiful," and had, mysteriously, been proud of that fact. But he could hardly say it now. For Cecily had changed. Her face was fuller, so that her eyes and mouth were in better proportion. She was perhaps eight or nine pounds heavier, still small, but not with the thin, little-girl look she had had. She had learned much about clothes. She was very smart, from her short, swirled hair to her little feet in high-heeled trim slippers. The brilliant brown mass of her hair enraptured John, yet he was sorry, without saying so, that she had cut it. She held her head with courage. Her mouth was firm and disciplined. And on her face was now a look of clear, alert intelligence, undimmed by the mysterious, romantic confusion of the young girl. She looked a little as she had in her sleep that first night of marriage. She had poise, self-assurance, maturity.

His mother had aged, John saw. Her step was slower, her body heavier. Silver-rimmed glasses covered her gray eyes. The twins were great young ladies, tall and blooming. The baby, Jack, had red hair like John's sisters and Mr. Moore, but he had Cecily's brilliant brown eyes. Dan, at sixteen, was almost as tall as John himself, but awkward, running too much to neck and wrists, a gangling, self-conscious, forward boy. John's father alone remained unchanged.

AND he had thought those weary, unending months in the Army of Occupation that he could come directly back and start where he had left off; that everything was poised, waiting, for him; that Cecily had taken a small apartment of her own when she went back to work after the baby was born; that Amy and May had not gone to college after high school, but had worked in overalls at the Valentine factory, doing piece work for good pay during hostilities, and later had gone, not to Thornton, but to Butler, close by, where they could live at home and be exempt from dormitory regulations; that Cecily was now Mr. Klingensmith's assistant; that she had been advanced to thirty, to forty, then fifty dollars a week; that *his* father's pay had not advanced with war prices, and the house was a little shabbier than ever before; all of these facts had seemed unreal—not irrevocable; as though it would all change back again, once he was home.

Cecily, with her good job and her apartment, her competent, by-the-day practical nurse for the baby, her increasing ability and authority in the store, was so far from the picture of the little Cecily, tender, trusting, looking to him, that he had carried in his heart, that John was a little at sea.

And Walter, finally drafted, at the Fort Benning camp, discharged immediately after the Armistice, with a new partner in his growing real-estate business, was well dressed, pleasant, as sure of himself as John was unsure. Walter had been teasing the twins all evening, and it irked John to see Amy bridle and color and answer him flippantly, just as it had irked his mother three years ago.

John passed his hand over his son's red curls, with a great and aching love in his heart.

"Daddy?" said little Jack, smiling so that all his teeth showed, and his eyes scrunched up, as Cecily's did.

JOHN'S throat worked. He had not been able to anticipate Jack at all he told himself, when he had stared at the very infrequent babies or little fellows he had seen in France, when he had showed every nurse that came near him, at Toul, the cable announcing Jack's birth, when he had made a nuisance of himself with snapshots inclosed in every letter from Cecily. Never had he been able to anticipate this fine, grave, flesh-and-blood boy, with Cecily's eyes and John's father's hair.

"I suppose she's right," said Mrs. Moore, referring to Cecily's job, after a considerable silence, and she added: "I think she should have her own way. She's had the responsibility all this time, and carried it wonderfully. We are all full of praise for her. But I hoped that now she could give all her time to the baby."

"He doesn't look as though he'd been neglected any," said John defensively.

(Continued on Page 54)

FOUR PERFUME AND MAKE-UP ESSENTIALS PRESENTED BY

HOUBIGANT, PREMIER CREATOR OF REQUISITES FOR THE PURSE

■

Houbigant Compacts retain the fine texture, the smooth-spreading and adherent qualities of the loose powder because they are loose powder, compressed by an exclusive process. The rubbing of the puff will instantly revert them to loose form. Refills are 50c.



Gold-finished Triple Vanity Compact Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick, $2.50. Also presented in two Models De Luxe with French Enamelled designs in four distinctive color combinations, gold-finished or platinum-toned. . . . $3.50

Mascara: in a "chic" platinum-toned case with blue enamelled design. $1.25

Platinum-toned Rouge Compact. In addition to the four regular Houbigant colors, this rouge is presented in two new shades: Mat (medium)—Modern (raspberry) 75c. . . Refills 50c

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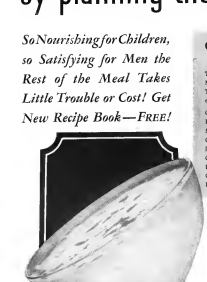
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With desserts like these YOU MAKE MEALS *easier* by planning them backwards

So Nourishing for Children, so Satisfying for Men the Rest of the Meal Takes Little Trouble or Cost! Get New Recipe Book—FREE!



ONE OF FIFTY DESSERTS
—all different

The Chantilly Orange Tapioca is one of 50 other capsivating Minute Tapioca desserts—in the new edition of "A Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca"—that one make meal-planning easy for you—some others are—

Chocolate Coconut Minute Tapioca Page 4
Date Tapioca Cream " 5
Marguerite Pudding with Cherry Red Sauce . . . " 8
Ginger Minute Tapioca " 9
Prune Butterscotch " 10
Grapefruit Minute Tapioca " 12
Deep-dish Apple Tapioca " 14
Coffee Caramel " 15
Banana Nut Minute Tapioca " 19

CHANTILLY ORANGE TAPIOCA
(See recipe below)

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
¼ cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
Grated rind ½ orange
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup cream, whipped

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar, orange juice, and orange rind. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Chill until thickened. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Just before serving, garnish with very fine ½-inch shreds of orange rind, free from all white membrane. Serves 6.

All measurements are level



WHAT makes meal planning so difficult? Isn't it the *time* it takes to prepare a really satisfactory meal . . . the *worry* of thinking up something to please both your children and your husband . . . and finally, keeping down the *cost* without sacrificing nourishment?

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(Continued from Page 52)

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Moore hastily. "Cecily is extremely conscientious about him. She's never allowed anyone to fool with him. He's had the most scientific care." But there was something dissatisfied in Mrs. Moore's face.

John sensed it, but he said nothing save, "Lord, it's good to be home. I can't believe I'm here." He turned to his father. "Do you think, Mr. Cromwell will remember what he told me before I went away?" he asked. Mr. Moore didn't know.

"Things are just a little thin now," he said. "Nineteen hundred and twenty was a funny year—a booming depression, you might call it. A lot of building and activity, but prices down and money cheap. It was either the beginning of a wonderful interval at the end of war profits. No one knows yet. Mr. Cromwell thinks it was a bad year. And practically every member of the A. E. F. who ever heard of Thornton has been to him for a job. He made a lot of promises, it seems. We took too many cancellations last month. I think our company is more likely to lay off men than to take on any. But, of course, you had better ask him. You come down to the office tomorrow and ask him yourself."

"I will," said John. "I hoped he'd have something for me right away."

"WHAT you want to get into is the selling racket," said Walter, speaking as a big business man to a novice. "That's where the boys are making their money now. Tom and Flag—from Thornton—raked up some money and got an agency for seven cars, and they're selling them like hot cakes. I bought a car from them for my own use. And Jack Reynolds is selling electrical equipment for Black's. He gets a good commission, and sells in large lots. He told me he cleared ten thousand dollars last year, over all his expenses. Of course, he's on the road all the time."

"No road job for me," said John. "I'll never leave home again if I can help it. I'll stay right within the environs of Indianapolis the rest of my life."

Everyone laughed. Walter spoke to Mr. Moore.

"The market is off a little right now," he admitted, as though he was an expert in such matters, and Mr. Moore might well have been mistaken. "But we notice that business is reviving. You watch it—it's going to be a rising market before spring. I'm picking up options and buying some land while it's low. It's a good time to buy. Things are going up fast. The North Side is going to boom. We're just getting started, in America. The war showed us what we could do if we tried."

"Isn't it wonderful about Cecily's raise, John?" said Mrs. Moore. "I never heard tell of such a young woman earning so much." John looked at Cecily in surprise.

"I WROTE to you," she told him. "I've only had it a few weeks. I'm getting sixty, now, John." She was apologetic about it.

"That's wonderful Cecily," he said, and meant it. But a subtle discouragement seemed to penetrate him. He felt out of everything. He had been gone too long. The graduates, the homecomings, the chances all were over. He could not expect to start out, unprepared, at sixty dollars a week, in Indianapolis, where such a salary meant a good job. And he could not expect Cecily to leave her work if he earned very much less. He sat thoughtful, silent, and knew that his mother was looking at him anxiously. The baby on his knees suddenly straggled down and trotted to Cecily, who lifted him deftly onto her lap and hugged and kissed him.

Cecily rose, with Jack on her arm, and came toward John. It seemed to him that the others receded, became trees and bushes, the sound of their voices only the wind, and that Cecily was coming to him, through grass, in an open place, as she had come to him once, long ago and far away. She advanced proudly, her small chin lifted, the beautiful child in her arms, and John sat watching her dumbly, his heart shaken within him. If it were just that—he and Cecily and the baby—and no one else, no job no sixty dollars a week, to complicate things.

But it was only a few steps, and there she was. She sat down on his knees, with her baby in her arms, and he put up a big hand and held her close to him. Her head was on his shoulder, her whisper in his ear.

"LET'S go home, John," she said. John squeezed her and nodded. Yet he felt a sense of disappointment, as if Cecily had divined his thought and was protecting, comforting him. Her sweetness and nearness intoxicated him. As soon as they could they got away.

"I'll give you a lift," Walter offered when the baby was dressed in his warm sweater suit, and Cecily and John ready. Cecily accepted the offer naturally. They all crowded into Walter's coupé, and Walter drove down town and out north a mile or so, on Pennsylvania, where Cecily had her apartment. John carried Jack, who was asleep, in his arms, and they said good night to Walter and went up in the automatic elevator to the tiny parlor-bedroom flat where Cecily lived.

And at last they were alone—no nurse, no family, no friends—just the three of them. John's heart went out to Cecily. How wonderfully well she had planned, to have this home of their own, for his return! This place that was neither his mother's, nor Walter's—but hers! Cecily undressed the sleeping baby, and John stood watching her, trying to tell her how he felt.

He sat down on the bed and drew Cecily to him.

"I can't believe I'm home and with you, Cecily, when you walked across the room, with Jack in your arms, it seemed like something I'd known before. I couldn't have been a dream, for the dream I've had about you now and then hasn't been like that. It's hard for me to tell you what I felt—hard to realize that I'm here—and you're mine, Cecily."

She was grave, tender.

"IT'S been a long time, John—after just three days together. I often wished we'd gotten married right away, and then had time to know each other better. Sometimes I got in a queer hypnotized state, as though I were walking up and down, instead of forward, as though I were under a charm. I'd set my mind on a certain day—not to grieve till that day came, and then postpone it again. But I wonder how I ever got through without you. If it hadn't been for little Jack, drawing and drawing us back, about me, as if I seem strange to you, if you want to wait, to get accustomed to the idea of having a husband around . . ."

She smiled at him. For a moment she looked like the Cecily he had plighted under the great trees, her face a misty nimbus. John's arms closed round her. He kissed her for a long moment. But he wasn't sure. He was shaken somehow. This fine job of hers, this big boy, this wife with the quiet eyes and firm mouth! He couldn't be sure. He didn't know where he stood, what his position was.

"Tomorrow I'll get a job," he said, reassuring himself. "I'll get a job, tomorrow, and take care of you and Jack."

And she murmured, deep in his arms, not caring, "Oh—tomorrow!"

(To be Continued)

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Presents for the Rich

(Continued from Page 19)

"I hate to go, but I have dinner on suburban time and two children to get to bed first. It's been fun but disturbing to see you, Geoff."

"You'd better wait here until I bring the car around," he said. "I'll run you home."

He had been gone only two minutes, when a girl and a man came in. It wasn't the sable coat Cynthia recognized instantly, but the high, almost defiant carriage of the head. And the man with Joan was Bob Lyle.

THEY looked at no one. They took one of the little booths and sat side by side, and from the angle of her own Cynthia could see the man hand Joan a little cornucopia of paper. She unwrapped it and lifted out three gardenias, smiling over them so gratefully and so very sweetly that Cynthia turned a little sick. That man shouldn't be getting a glance like that. She hadn't seen that expression on Joan's face since—what did it remind her of? In a flash she remembered a queer necklace of rose quartz she had once bought for Joan. It had been an extravagance, but she couldn't resist it because she knew Joan had wanted one like it and had a dress of the same color. Joan had looked at her then as she was looking at Bob Lyle now—surprised, touched and almost humbly grateful.

That was the other part of the puzzle. Cynthia lifted it into the rest of the picture, and there it all was. Joan wanted someone to do things for her, to give her things with devotion, to figure out what she wanted. She liked presents, no matter how able she was to get them for herself. But she never would get for them. She'd just take her disappointments standing. Geoffrey didn't understand and never had understood that. Joan would like him to try his King Cophetua touch on her, to spoil her a little, the way he did with other girls who had few possessions. It took a clever scamp like Lyle to step over the barrier of her wealth, to guess how to break down her reserves. He'd waken her generosity subtly and then presume on it, of course, and she might be in a mood to marry him out of hand if he asked it. There was no time to lose.

CYNTHIA got up and went to the door just as Geoffrey's car was drawing up. She did not tell Geoffrey whom she had seen. It was he who spoke of Joan after a minute.

"I didn't mean that about not sending Joan something for Christmas, of course. No matter what happens, I'll send along some flowers. I always do."

"Do you let the florist pick them out?"

"I'm not much on flowers. They do it better than I could."

"They probably send high, spiky, red roses," said Cynthia. "She doesn't like them. She says they die in an ugly fashion. Get purple and dissipated. Don't send her flowers. Nor candy. Nor even gum!"

"Well, what do you suggest? Tell me something she'd like."

Cynthia took a pencil and notebook out of her purse and began to write in the light from the dashboard as the car moved through traffic. She finally tore the leaf out and passed it to Geoffrey. He read it in the glare from an electric sign:

Pieces of old Sheffield silver—she collects them.
Crystal bottles.
Salted pecans.
Satin negligees—peach or flesh colored and no trimming on them.
Angora bérets—any color.
Soft lead pencils.
Books about Spain.
Alice in Wonderland figures—wooden ones.
Tangerines.
No chiffon handkerchiefs—she always uses white linen ones.

"They're the things she likes best," explained Cynthia. "I'll probably think of others. And if you send flowers send yellow or white roses. Gentle ones."

"I ought to be able to pick something out of this list."

"Don't pick things out of the list. Send her some of everything."

He turned and gave her a queer look. "What are you up to?" he asked.

"I was just thinking that Joan ought to have a lot of presents. She always gives so much more than she gets. We do gyp rich people. It isn't a question of what they can buy. It's doing them out of the fun of getting things bought for them that's so unfair. Of course Joan needs presents! Joan has always been my best friend. She's given me the loveliest things anyone has ever given me, except Douglas. She has an uncanny way of finding out what I want and getting it for me. And I put her at the tag end of my list. I ought to be ashamed and I am."

"What did you get for her?" he asked.

Cynthia's hand trailed through the window and a parcel fell into the snow.

"I haven't anything for her yet. But I'll come down again tomorrow. Oh, I forgot to tell you. She likes perfumes that are flower odors and she has a passion for little boxes if the covers fit well."

IN THE Petit Gourmet Joan Osborne and Bob Lyle lingered over their table, though they were neither eating nor drinking.

"Buying presents is tiresome," she said.

"Don't you like to give presents?"

"I used to. But it isn't much fun any more. Everyone just expects me to walk into shops and pick out the most expensive thing in sight and send the chauffeur to mail or deliver it. They take it for granted. They think it's no trouble for me. I used to try to give presents that would be just right for the people who were getting them, but I haven't bothered, this year. Do you know what I did today? I have a friend, a girl I know ever so well. I was her bridesmaid and it used to be exciting to find things she would like to have for her house or herself. But today I went into Martin's and bought her a cheap present from the first table I came to." She felt inside her muff and took out a small flat package. "This is it. It's a memorandum pad, the kind made to sell for Christmas presents."

"Why isn't that all right?"

"Maybe it is. But somehow it ought not to be."

"What does she give you?"

"Me? Last year she gave me a box with six tubes of bath salts in it. I remember because four other people gave me the same thing. They were on sale at Murlin's. Two dollars at the front counter. I always get queer presents. Chiffon handkerchiefs and perfumes I don't like and elaborate cards when people get tired of giving things that have to be wrapped up. I've never talked like this before."

"You can—to me," he said.

"IT ISN'T that I care what things cost, but it seems as if my friends think anything will do for me. They're always saying to me, 'I know you have everything,' or 'I know you can get such lovely things for yourself that I just send this little remembrance.' Remembrances! I can always tell one when I see it. It doesn't look like a present or feel like a present."

She began to laugh at her own outburst.

"What would you like for a present?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It's greedy of me to be talking about getting things instead

(Continued on Page 58)



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What can be done to prevent the "common" diseases? How can children be protected against their severe after effects?

Important, of course, are measures which protect against the germ itself. In some diseases, special injections have been found helpful.

Of greatest importance in fighting these ills, however, is the *natural resistance* of the children!

Children with good resistance who can set up their own defense against the attacking disease germs have the best chance of recovering quickly and of escaping permanent injury, say child specialists.

Help them develop this necessary defense by specially providing them with one factor—Vitamin A.

Vitamin A is the important "resistance-building" factor. It increases the vitality of children. It helps them fight the "common" diseases. Vitamin A also promotes growth.

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A *good* cod-liver oil, like Squibb's, contains in addition Vitamin D, the factor which helps children to build sound, strong bones and well-spaced, even teeth.

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(Continued from Page 56)

of giving them. I know I don't need anything. I can buy things for myself. But it's no fun to buy everything for yourself. And it's such a terribly dreary business."

His hand reached for hers.

"Wouldn't you like a husband for Christmas, Joan?"

It roused the loneliness but it woke the disappointment in her too. She had so wanted a husband, someone to take care of her, to pretend at least to indulge her, to do the things that men always seemed to be doing for other women. But Geoffrey had no idea of that.

She should not be thinking of Geoffrey when another man was asking her to marry him. That had happened before. She pushed the thought of him away and listened to Bob Lyle repeat his question:

"Wouldn't you like a husband for Christmas?"

"Perhaps I would."

He was too eager. It was quiet in the Petit Gourmet and not even a waiter was watching as he tried to take her in his arms. She drew back, her hand against her throat, holding him off, and the chain of rose quartz beads broke.

"Let the beads go," he urged.

There were diamonds set in platinum on the wrist he was lifting to his lips. Beads seemed a small matter.

"I must pick them up. I'm awfully fond of this chain. I always have one dress to match it. A friend of mine hunted all over New York to find it for me."

She gathered every bead up carefully and put them in her purse. Her glance fell on the oblong package beside it and stayed there, contemplatively.

"There's no reason we should wait until Christmas, Joan. If I got a special license tomorrow——"

"It's too soon. There are some things I must do."

"They could be done for you."

"No. They couldn't be done for me. I have some presents still to buy."

He watched her, trying to read her changing expression.

"And am I going to get mine? The only thing I want? You?"

"You must wait until Christmas to see."

He wanted to press her. He wondered about the wisdom of letting the answer wait. But after all, Christmas was only three days off.

Joan Osborne, in her town car, driven by a very dapper chauffeur, passed a small shabby sedan driven by Cynthia on Christmas eve. It was dusk and they did not know that they were carrying presents to and from the same destinations. Cynthia did not have any money left, but she was cheerful. She had a comfortable feeling that everybody had a present and the right kind of one. There was a warming satisfaction in this one she was taking to Joan. Perhaps the silver ribbon had been an unnecessary flourish, but it made the package much prettier. She was glad Joan was to have it. The past two days Joan had been often in her mind.

"Is Miss Osborne in?" she asked the butler.

"No, Mrs. Ware."

"Do you know where she is?"

"She's delivering some presents."

The car crossed again in the midst of traffic. Joan wished that she had seen Cynthia. Whatever might happen tomorrow—and she did not yet know what she would do about tomorrow—she would have liked to see Cynthia first. She went back to her house feeling very lonely. She had told Bob Lyle not to come to see her tonight, but now she was so alone that she was sorry. She opened her front door and stopped to stare at all the packages and the two long florist's boxes.

The huge long box was the one she opened first. Stalks of roses lay there, arrogant, red roses, the kind that stood in the silver vases in the drawing-room and slowly turned purple. Geoffrey's idea of doing the usual thing, she thought. She tore open the little envelope in the box.

These make me think of you and hope for a happy Christmas for us both. Bob.

But they're not like me, protested Joan. So he doesn't know, after all. Or am I just being silly?

She opened the other box and there was a delicate smell of freesia. It was an enchanting box, with a few soft yellow roses, a few white ones, freesia, narcissus—Merry Christmas from Geoffrey, astonishingly. How had he known what she wanted or was it just a florist's guess? She lifted out a bunch of single violets and read the message tied to their stems: "These are for luck. Geoffrey."

FOR luck, she thought, and pinned them on. Then she picked up a beautifully wrapped package, smoothing out the silver ribbon on it and thinking how much care someone had spent in doing it up that way. Opening it, she drew a delighted breath. It was a folding breakfast tray with French napkins and a tray cloth to use on it. Cynthia had been riotously extravagant and Joan knew it. This would mean a pinch of economy somewhere in Cynthia's budget. But Joan couldn't be sorry. She felt so loved, so taken care of. For a few minutes she didn't open anything else, and then began again.

It was like a ridiculous, amazing dream. It was amusing and exciting and she laughed and then she couldn't laugh. There were so many packages, of such queer shapes and sizes and different wrappings and they had such astonishing contents. A red angora beret with a scarf to match. Twenty-four pencils. A valuable little crystal bottle for cologne. A small tub of tangerines. Two pounds of salted pecans. A book of woodcuts of Spanish cities. It couldn't be true. It must have taken a great deal of time, a great deal of thought, a great deal of imagination. It meant knowing what she liked. And everywhere the same card and splash of signature. "Merry Christmas—Geoffrey." Joan opened the last package. It was a box and out of it she lifted a soft negligee of peach-colored satin. Cynthia must have engineered all this, must have told him. But still Cynthia hadn't bought it or written that card. "Love—Geoff." Suddenly Joan was holding her face against it and wondering how she could have been such a fool for six years.

SHE went to the telephone. There were just two calls to make. There would be another to answer tomorrow, but she knew what she would say now. She called Cynthia and tried to talk, but Cynthia was too quick for her in gratitude.

"It's the grandest present I ever saw," cried Cynthia rapturously, "that lovely old English coffee table! It makes the whole room over. I'm so thrilled. And my darling husband has given me a pair of long gloves—the very expensive kind—and he can go bankrupt if he likes."

"Good," said Joan; "will you wear the gloves at my wedding?"

"It depends whom you marry."

"Well, keep them in good condition," said Joan. "You'll need them."

Then she called Geoffrey.

"It's a lot of terrible junk," he said deprecatingly, but he was like a pleased boy as she praised his choices.

"There's not one thing I didn't want. I love every single present," she said.

"Did you get everything you want?"

"Well," said Joan, "to tell you the truth there was one more thing. You see I was counting on getting a husband. But perhaps somebody else will give me one."

"Not much," Geoff told her, "I'm just wrapping one up to bring over."

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E-20

What Every Girl Should No

(Continued from Page 13)

your eyelashes and the fuzz on your béret. We met Davy in his Model T coming to look for us.

"Say," he said, spraying snow all over everybody, "say, where did you false faces get lost to? The bunch is just about getting ready to give up and go home."

"We're coming," Pauline said, stumbling over some ruts. "Why is everybody always in such a terrible hurry? My lunch is just turning over and over inside of me."

"YOU ate all that green," I reminded her with a slight shudder. "Listen, Davy, did you save right wing for me?"

"I'm always good," Julie said rather pitifully. "I wish to goodness I could get a chance to be something else once in a while. I just about freeze from the waist down. A person can hardly feel themselves walking home when they play goal."

"Did you, Davy?" I said, not hearing Julie. It was kinder that way. Nobody has ever told Julie about the facts of life. A person simply doesn't have them in a middy and bloomers and a tippet.

"Mary and Chi chose up and you're on Chi's side, so you'll have to ask him," Davy said glumly. All the girls had been falling for Chi since he came home for the holidays, and I could see that Davy was afraid he was going to lose me.

"I wouldn't be seen dead on Chi's side," I said to reassure him. "See if you can't fix it for me, Davy. You know you need me at right wing."

"My goodness, listen to the girl athlete," Lysbeth said with a languid laugh from where she had been starting snowballs into the setting sun if there had been one. "I couldn't dream of ever being good enough to play with them. Why, I'm just dead now." She drooped limply over the car door and gazed up at Davy. "Do you suppose you could find a corner just to ride me a little ways? I guess I'm not such a regular husk as Maud," she said in that fading voice that is a little like a matting call with Lysbeth.

WELL, if anybody can think of any less attractive picture than me being a regular husk, I would just love to hear it. Davy and I exchanged a look of complete understanding.

"Leap in, babe," he said to Lysbeth, "before I gag."

When we got to the pond everybody was yelling around and telling everybody else what to do, in case somebody had never played hockey before, which everybody had. I was sitting on Bill Brant's windbreaker putting on my skates when Chi came weaving toward me, acting like a big mechanical doll into my life. You could pick him out from the others, he being the one that wore a nifty golf suit and a sweater with a letter in it for being on some team. We all generally wear our dimmest clothes just before Christmas as a gentle hint to our parents. He can't be such a parent for nearly anything if you appeal to their pride.

"Hello, Maudie," he said, banking his feet with a ruthless scraping sound. "You're on my side. Hurry up."

I seemed to get a knot in my shoe lace.

"I was just thinking," I said, hard at work, "that if you go around chewing up the ice like that this pond will be much before we start."

He laughed smugly and sat down on the bank with the air of a man whom women adore.

"Is that so?" he said, leaning on his elbow and leering up at me. "Say, what do you do, pal—run things around here?"

"It's funny," I said, "but nobody seems to have to run things around here. Everybody seems to just naturally know things like not digging holes in the ice with the points of their skates the way you're doing." I pensively tied my shoe.

"Is that so?" Chi said all over again in what was meant to be a tone of sarcasm. "Ha-ha! Come on, pal, get going—hi, beautiful!" And he skated over to where Lysbeth was just getting out of Davy's car, leaving me looking at the scenery and feeling like a wet shoe that nobody wants to wear. All my life I have wondered what a deserted wife feels like, nobody having ever been able to quite tear themselves away from me in the past; well, here was this twerp bossing me around one minute and dumping me off the next like so much old clothes. As I hunted around for where I had left my hockey stick I quietly wished he would go drop dead somewhere.

But he didn't, and in the end I had to play on his side.

"Listen, everybody," Chi said, skating back to center. "Hey, listen, everybody! I'll tell you how we play at school. The wings pass back to the center instead of—hey! Listen! Up at school the center does all the actual—hey!"

"I simply can't understand it," I said, hitting a dead leaf with my stick. "I should think they'd hang on your words."

JUST then Davy skated over to center on the other team. "Hello, sweetheart," he said, grinning over at me, "don't get vicious with that club."

"Maudie seems to own this ice," Chi said rather snidely. "She thinks she's quite the hockey player."

"Oke," said Davy enthusiastically. "She is, at that. That's what I mean. Just stick around. Come on, gang. Snap to."

The first period was pretty mournful. We would all mill around excitedly waiting for a pass which nobody ever got because Chi would carry the puck himself half the length up center, getting us all out of position trying to decide where to be next—and end up by shooting into Davy; after which he would tear into everybody because we weren't massed behind him like the gallant six hundred, ready to stop Davy's fury. I got St. Luke's ——"

"If I were you," I said tiredly, "I'd tie St. Luke's outside somewhere. Really!"

Chi came over and glared down at me.

"I'M GETTING pretty well sick of you," he said. "You crack wise any more and I'll fix you. How'd you like to be suspended with this hockey stick right here in about two minutes? I'll tell you what I think of you ——"

I stood up, stepped, gazing up at his scowl. "I bruise so easily."

"Hey!" Davy shouted. "Hey, call off the dogs, you two! Take out your peeve on us, why don't you? Hey, play hockey!"

It's funny how it happened. One minute I was edging out of right wing into the center sort of dangling my stick, and the next thing you knew my stick had seemed to get mixed up in among Chi's feet and there was a thud and a creak as Chi's stomach hit the ice while both Chi and the ice groaned, and there I was playing the puck up right alley as though nothing had happened. It was all so quick that Chi didn't seem to know what upshumped him and nobody else had noticed except me and I naturally wasn't telling. Anyway, I didn't have a chance, because there was Davy big as life, trying to hook the puck. If I hadn't been used to Davy, I might've have made the goal.

Lysbeth was crooning over Chi as we skated back and brushing him off.

"Gosh, Chi, didn't you hurt yourself!" Pauline was twittering. "Gosh! I guess there was a sort of a hole in the ice. Anyhow, it's snowing too hard to go on, isn't it, Davy? Gosh, how can we see the puck?"

Chi didn't seem to notice them. He came over to where I was sweeping the snow up and down.

"Did you trip me?" he said, looking down at me. The snow really was getting thick, and the spirit of play was definitely fading out.

"HASN'T anyone got a cigarette, if only for warmth?" Lysbeth asked everybody in general. "Honestly, I'm so cold and stiff I'll break if somebody doesn't take me home pretty soon."

Musta forgot your pulse warmers," Bob Lindsay said, "little hothouse flower."

"Did you trip me?" Chi said, still looking down at me.

"I just adore snow," Pauline said dreamily until Bill Brant pushed her from behind. "Get out, thug. If I fell down I'd split this skirt."

"It's all right to go dashing around getting health and all," Lysbeth said, sitting down on the bank and waving her eyes around, "but it's for the heart hours I am. Isn't anybody else cold?" It really was snowing hard by then.

Davy picked up a load of hockey sticks and stuffed the puck into his pocket.

"Pie in, bundle of sex," he said to Lysbeth, "and sit light. The spring's bust on your tire."

Everybody was shaking snow off their windbreakers and climbing into cars with their skates on. I started for the bank, but Chi held my arm till I about sat down.

"What did you trip me up for?" he said. I pulled at my arm.

"Well," I said, "it seemed like a good idea at the time."

"Oh, did it?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "that's my arm. Whatever you're doing, stop it."

TO MY surprise he laughed and sort of hugged my arm while coasting me over to the bank. I found my shoes and got into his car, it being the only one left and having to get home some way. He stepped over the door and pulled things and kicked things to get us started.

"Where to?" he said, looking at me with that same laugh, only silent.

"Home," I said, trying to unwind my feet from each other.

"Oh, no," said Chi. "Oh, no, no. What darling little, I meant. You don't suppose I want the first girl I ever fell for running out on me, do you? Fell for—did you get that, Maudie? Fell for."

"Yes, I got it," I said coldly. "I was terribly entertained. I practically choked."

"Don't be mean," Chi said. "Think of my feelings. What do you think I am?"

"I wouldn't know at all," I said, trying to keep my teeth from banging together as we went over bumps. "You seem to go over pretty big, but really I personally never gave you a second thought."

Chi put on the brakes and skidded. Unexpectedly I skidded over practically into his lap. He reached around me with his arm in that dogged way men have which means, "Look out, I'm getting mushy."

"What's wrong with me, pal?" he said, gently bumping my ear with the side of his head. "What's wrong with me?"

A slight shudder swept over me.

"Everything," I said, looking coldly at his handsome face. "There are some things in life that sort of gripe a person, and you're getting to be one of them. I've been riding around with quite a few boys, but I never had one sit and mash my ear

(Continued on Page 63)

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 60)

and think that was charm. I like a person to have some depths." I slid over and leaned my elbow on the door and looked at the snow.

Chi laughed that laugh that was getting to be horrible.

"Come on, be a sweet Maudie," he said, leaning over toward me. "Do you want me to get an inferiority complex?"

"Can anyone imagine a man with an inferiority complex?" I said, gazing around. "Well, hardly."

"So you're going to stand me up for a hot sock like Davy," he said. "What's the big idea?"

WELL, there was no use my even mentioning the bond that lay between me and Davy. I just smiled.

"Men are always convenient to have around," I simply said sirily.

Well, one minute I was looking at the scenery and thinking pleasant thoughts about Davy and all, and the next thing I knew Chi had stalled the engine and was kissing me. It pretty nearly threw me into a swoon, but being the kind that always believes in meeting life's crisises, and being pretty well crowded over in my corner, I simply opened the door and slid quietly out while Chi fell unexpectedly on his jaw.

"I just wish you could see how silly you look," I said, and waving my hand I started down the road. It was a dramatic moment, but I knew in my heart that it couldn't last, because my shoes were still in the car and my skates were killing my feet, and it came to me that whereas blessed are the pure in heart, it don't get them anywhere and it is the meek that inherit the earth. I leaned up against a tree and looked meekly back. Chi had finally started the car and was bumping toward me in a depressed way.

"I'm a nutt, Maudie," he said, kicking open the door. "Come on, get in, won't you, and let's go feed somewhere? I'm just a mutt, nothing but a mutt."

"OH, NO, you're not," I said kindly, "you're a very sweet boy, even if you do seem just a little young. You can't help it." I went on encouragingly. "Anyway, I may have just a little different kind of standard. I mean, all the girls are just ga-ga over you and Lysbeth, for instance, thinks you are a kind of an answer to her heart's cry, but you seem just a little obvious to me. But goodness, it don't matter. I'm only one person."

"Hot heck," Chi said, banging the horn, "heck, you don't understand. A man has to act up to please the girls and give them what they want. It don't give me any big time muzzling some girl. I'm naturally sort of introspective with lots of thoughts, but one of these canary creatures wouldn't get much out of that. A man has to please them."

"I think it's wonderful to be so thoughtful of other people's happiness," I said, dragging on one shoe. Chi looked at me suspiciously.

"Was that a dirty dig?" he said. I sat up, rather red in the face, I feared.

"Not at all," I said. "It was just what you said. Wasn't it?"

Chi looked terribly dazed.

"Listen, Chi," I said, settling back, "why don't you just forget about me? Everybody thinks you're divine and Lysbeth adores you, and just because I happen to have been through a little more than they have—I mean, what with a few unhappy love affairs and all—well, why should you go around wasting your youth even trying to understand me? Keep your illusions, Chi," I said, staring out at some ruts. "Life is a pretty terrible thing when they're gone."

"Gosh, Maudie," Chi said, "you don't mean actual love affairs? Where would you find anybody around here to fall in love with?"

"With you away it was pretty hard," I said innocently and then I became grave.

"I don't go around looking for people to fall in love with, big man. Men just simply come into my life, and there I am, wondering what it's all about."

"And yet," Chi argued, "when I try to come into your life you leave me flat. Seriously, I mean, Maudie."

"You didn't come in," I reminded him. "You broke in. A person likes a person to have some inhibitions."

"Not these other girls," Chi said.

"I thought," I said, smiling up at him, "we were talking about me."

Chi's expression became helplessly adoring.

"I meant—what I meant was that you aren't like these other girls. There's a kind of a mystery about you."

I thought casually in my mind about how he upset on the ice, and how he fell off me and banged his jaw in the car; and I could see how that must have seemed awfully mysterious to a perfect lover type like Chi.

"That isn't mystery," I said. "That's the instinct of self-preservation. I hate having men mush all over me."

"BUT gosh," Chi said, "how's a man ever going to make love to you—well, your husband, for instance? I mean, what other way is there?"

"Well," I said, "I have always believed that a person's soul was a pretty real thing."

"Yeah," said Chi, "but I'd just like to see it get real pash about any little thing. You've got to feel things, Maudie."

I gazed up at the sky as we bumped into the curb in front of the drug store and stopped. It was practically dark, and the snow was piling up on our laps.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that I haven't been awakened?"

"Maudie," he began eagerly, sliding his arm behind me.

"Because," I went on firmly, putting his arm back where it belonged, "maybe that's the secret of my success."

I was gazing dreamily into the fire and Chi had at last gone home to dinner when Lysbeth came in, twirling her béret.

"Hello, darling," she said, flopping into a chair. "Honestly, I'm a wreck!"

"What wrecked you?" I asked pleasantly, still gazing into the fire. Lysbeth rolled her eyes and smiled smugly while roughing up her back hair.

"It was simply divine," she said. "Honestly, Davy is too cute! All he needs is to be shown things. I'm doing you a real favor, Maudie."

"That's awfully sweet of you," I said. Lysbeth waited eagerly for me to burst with curiosity, but I'm not the bursting type.

"I MEAN," Lysbeth went on, with the quiet pleasure of a person twisting the knife in the wound, "that by next Friday I'll have him all set to give you a time at the Paint and Powder. He's learning fast. Honestly, I can't wait to tell Chi. He will simply die of jealousy."

Well, I looked at Lysbeth and it suddenly came over me that Lysbeth didn't really know anything at all about men or she wouldn't go around practically giving herself to everybody. I smiled kindly, still gazing into the fire.

"You're so wonderful, Lysbeth," I said, "but don't get your hopes up about Chi's dying."

"What do you mean, don't get my hopes up?" Lysbeth said with a mean look. "Chi's taking *me* to Paint and Powder, don't forget."

"I won't," I said sweetly, "but it just happens he's asked *me* up for the hockey game and the Sixth Form Dance—up at St. Luke's, you know. It lasts a whole week-end. Chi says it's the biggest event of the year." I went on, roughing up my back hair, too, "and so I guess I will have to fit it in somehow." And I just thought quietly to myself about how it pays to have morals, because the less you give a man the more you get out of him.



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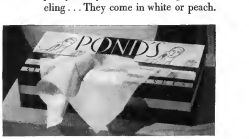
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Menus for December

By CAROLINE B. KING

AND now comes Christmas with its magic way of turning everything to silver and gold, crystal and scarlet; Christmas with its kindliness, its fun, its jolly secrets and, last but far from least, its good things to eat. All things considered, December is the busiest, the most delightfully exciting, month of the whole year.

With just a little planning it will be possible to do all the Christmas cooking quite easily. I always like to arrange all the menus for the holiday week rather early in the month. By following this method it is quite a simple matter to fit one meal into another as it were, lessening both the expense and the work. At this time, too, I plan any festivities that are to take place during the gay season, make lists of foods that may be cooked well in advance and those that may be done several days before they are needed, and so on, so that when Christmas actually arrives I find that I am all ready for it with almost all the cookery preparations finished.

It is always wise to get all the gift buying and wrapping out of the way, all the cards dropped in the mail box and all the tinselly things of Christmas done in good time, so that the last week of the eventful month may be left almost entirely for housewifely things, like looking over supplies, marketing, baking, and so forth.

Then, finally, comes the day of Christmas Eve, when there is nothing left but the decking of the house with holly and garlands and trimming the tree. Do let the children help in this jolly ceremony; arrange to do it in the late afternoon—which is apt to be a restless time the day before Christmas—and then follow it with a gay repast, a tree-trimming party with a supper substantial enough for big folks but not too heavy for small folks. Just the right kind of supper to precede the fun of stocking hanging and a night of long, sweet, sound sleep.

Night-Before-Christmas

(TREE-TRIMMING SUPPER)

Chicken Roll With Cream Sauce
Buttered Peas
Water-Cress-and-Orange Salad
Toasted Wafers
Noel Charlotte Russe
Christmas Cookies
Tea or Coffee Milk or Malt Cocoa

CHICKEN ROLL WITH CREAM SAUCE is a simple but very inviting dish. For the very little children it may be advisable to serve the creamed chicken on toast, but the rest of the family will enjoy it made in this way: Prepare a nice short biscuit dough, roll it into a rectangular sheet and spread over it two cupfuls of finely chopped boiled chicken moistened with a nicely seasoned white sauce which may be made in part from the liquid left from boiling the chicken. Roll the dough up securely like a jelly roll, brush with milk and bake in a hot oven. Serve with a white sauce to which a few canned mushrooms or a teaspoonful of chopped parsley has been added. Buttered peas make a nice accompaniment to the rolls.

NOEL CHARLOTTE RUSSE will give just the festive touch to the Christmas Eve supper; and yet it is wholesome and nutritious. Scald a cupful of milk with a quarter of a cupful of sugar and a tiny pinch of salt. Beat two eggs well and fold them into the hot milk, stir constantly till slightly thickened, then remove from the fire and add one tablespoonful of gelatin softened in one tablespoonful of cold water; when well dissolved add one teaspoonful of vanilla and set away to cool. Fold in one cupful of whipped cream and serve in sherbet glasses lined with halved lady fingers. Chill thoroughly and garnish with tiny red candies and leaves cut from citron.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES. Be sure to make enough of these to hang on the Christmas tree and to serve with the Christmas eggnog. Boil half a cupful of molasses with a quarter of a cupful of shortening for five minutes. Cool to lukewarm, add the grated rind of half a lemon, a quarter of a teaspoonful of ginger, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and a pinch of salt. Add flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda to make a stiff dough. Roll out in a thin sheet and cut in various shapes with cooky cutters. Watch the first baking of the cookies, and if the mixture spreads too much, add more flour. Ice and decorate the cookies appropriately with candies, nut meats, raisins, citron, or with icing pressed through pastry tubes.

Christmas-morning breakfast should be the most delightful breakfast of the year. If dinner is to be late, serve a rather substantial meal; if early, modify the menu to suit the family custom and preferences.

Christmas-Morning Breakfast

Christmas Orange Juice
Cereal of Choice Top Milk
Crisp Little Sausages on Toast
Bacon Omelet Parsley Garnish
Yule Rusks
Marmalade
Coffee Milk

CHRISTMAS ORANGE JUICE is just a little different from ordinary everyday orange juice. Make it by squeezing the oranges and adding to the juice one-third of the quantity of pineapple juice and enough canned raspberry juice to make it distinctly red. Cut little stars of canned pineapple and drop one in each glass. Chill Christmas Orange Juice very thoroughly before serving.

YULE RUSKS. These may be made the day before and reheated before serving. Soften a yeast cake in a quarter of a cupful of lukewarm water. Scald and cool to lukewarm one cupful of milk, add one cupful of flour, then the yeast, and beat to a smooth paste; gradually add another cupful of flour and beat again; then set aside in a sheltered place to rise. When very light and bubbly, fold in a quarter of a cupful of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of shredded citron and two tablespoonfuls of candied cherries, cut in small bits. Add also two well-beaten eggs, a quarter of a cupful of melted fat and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat in enough flour to make a stiff dough, knead well and leave to rise. When double its bulk, knead lightly, then roll out a quarter of an inch thick. Brush with melted butter, then roll up jelly-cake fashion. Cut in half-inch slices and place in greased muffin rings. Let rise until very light. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and bake in a moderately hot oven until done.



PHOTOS, BY W. A. HOBBY STUDIOS, INC.

Cranberry-juice cocktail, served in the newest glasses, gives a cheery note.

The Christmas Dinner

(SERVED AT 1:30 OR 2:00 O'CLOCK)

Christmas Cocktails
Roast Goose Savory Stuffing Brown Gravy
Apple Sauce Spiced Pears
Celery Ripe Olives
Duchess Potatoes Stuffed Onions
Candied Sweet Potatoes Broccoli Hollandaise
Poinsettia Salad Cheese Balls
Toasted Wafers
White Plum Pudding Delicate Sauce
Mixed Nuts Mints Fruit
Coffee



Bright red pimiento cups give chicken jelly a Christmas color.

CHRISTMAS COCKTAILS have cranberries for their base. Cook gently, until the fruit is very soft, one pint of the berries with one pint of water and two or three cloves, then strain. Add one cupful of sugar and cook five minutes, cool and add a quarter of a cupful of orange juice and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Serve over cracked ice in cocktail glasses.

POINSETTIA SALAD. Prepare a lemon gelatin after the usual manner, making it slightly stiffer than usual and tinting it red with a vegetable-color paste. Pour into a flat pan and set in a cool place to congeal. The jelly when cold should be but one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick. With a cooky cutter form stars of the jelly and arrange these on lettuce-bordered plates; in the center of each star place a rosette of whipped-cream salad dressing or a cream-cheese ball topped with a pistachio nut. Serve very cold.

WHITE PLUM PUDDING. Measure two cupfuls of flour and reserve a little for dredging the fruit. Sift the remainder with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Rub in half a cupful of shortening and add half a cupful of sugar. Beat three eggs lightly and add to one cupful of milk, stir into the dry mixture. Dredge with flour one cupful of chopped sultana raisins, a quarter of a cupful of chopped candied citron and orange peel mixed, and two tablespoonfuls of candied pineapple shredded, and add to batter. Turn into a greased mold, cover tightly and steam three to three and a half hours. Turn out and serve with Delicate Sauce.

DELICATE SAUCE. Beat a quarter of a cupful of butter and half a cupful of powdered sugar to a cream. Whip one cupful of thick cream until stiff and add to the butter and sugar, set over hot water and beat while heating. When smooth and thick add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one tablespoonful of orange juice. Serve warm.

A Buffet Supper is a jolly affair for Christmas evening. It may be served late, after the children are safely tucked away to sleep and a few good friends and neighbors have gathered about your fireside, or in the case of a one-o'clock dinner it may take the place of the usual evening meal.

Buffet Supper Christmas Night

(SERVED AT 7:30 OR 8:00 O'CLOCK)

Oysters à la King
Jellied Chicken Pimiento Cup Garnish Mayonnaise
Celery Hearts Stuffed Olives
Bread-and-Butter Folds
Reheated Crescent Rolls
Yuletide Fruit Cake
Wassail Bowl Coffee

(Continued on Page 79)

The largest selling ham in the world



Advertising can persuade you to try a product, but it cannot win your lasting loyalty. Only the outstanding goodness, the unvarying goodness, of Swift's Premium can account for the fact that more people choose it than any other ham.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

This wonderful goodness of Premium's, its tenderness and fine flavor, make it a favorite for Christmas dinner. Try baking it the festive way shown above: the skinned surface rubbed with breadcrumbs, then basted frequently with honey mixed with chopped Maraschino Cherries.

And don't forget that Premium Hams make delightful Christmas gifts. Your dealer has them, specially wrapped, all ready to send to any addresses on your list.

Swift & Company
Purveyors of Fine Foods

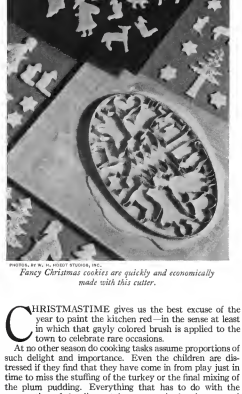


Listen in! *"The Stebbins Boys," Esley and John, famous Dawn East characters, over the NBC Networks every night except Saturday and Sunday. See newspapers for local station and time.*

Christmas Cookery

From the Journal Kitchen

By JEAN SIMPSON



PHOTOS, BY W. V. MUSSET STUDIOS, INC.

Fancy Christmas cookies are quickly and economically made with this cutter.

CHRISTMASTIME gives us the best excuse of the year to paint the kitchen red—in the sense at least in which that gayly colored brush is applied to the town to celebrate rare occasions.

At no other season do cooking tasks assume proportions of such delight and importance. Even the children are distressed if they find that they have come in from play just in time to miss the stuffing of the turkey or the final mixing of the plum pudding. Everything that has to do with the preparation of the dinner takes on an air that is part and parcel of Christmas.

Delightful as all sorts of novel touches to Christmas foods may be, it is the perfection of a few traditional dishes that gives Christmas dinner its real air. It is easier, by far, to forgive a hostess for a lack of flourishes, if what she does serve is cooked to a turn, than to forgive the too ambitious hostess who attempted much but excelled in nothing.

But it will never do to devote the entire day to preparing the dinner. And unless a good deal of preparation is done ahead of time, this is exactly what will happen. Fruits for the plum pudding, if there is to be one, also the citron or lemon peel for it, may be cut up ahead of time and put away in covered jars to keep them nice and moist. Nuts can be chopped, any candied peel prepared, and other odds and ends prepared to save time at the crucial hour and to leave the thoughts free for other holiday interests.

Prepare in Advance

BY ALL means, give the turkey all the attention it is going to demand a day or two before Christmas—its final washing, taking out the pin feathers and tendons, and any other finishing touches that the bird may need. Prepare the stuffing ahead, but do not finally stuff the turkey until Christmas Day.

Certain vegetables can be prepared the preceding day, if they are carefully stored. Lettuce and some other salad vegetables can be washed and ready for the salad, then left overnight in waxed or moistureproof paper, or even in a damp cloth, and be delightfully cold and crisp when dinnertime comes.

All sorts of sauces to be prepared on Christmas Day are time-consuming. Any of these, except the gravy itself, and Hollandaise or other egg sauce, can easily be made the day before.

If turkey or other poultry is to be the crowning point of the dinner, we are all on tiptoe to know the secrets that will make it worthy of its place of honor. When it is all ready for roasting, rub the entire surface of the bird with salt, then spread the breast, legs and wings with any finely flavored fat rubbed until creamy and mixed, if desired, with flour. Keeping the turkey turned breast downward for most of the cooking period will allow the fat to flow down through the choice white meat and keep it moist and very palatable. Place it on the rack and roast, uncovered, at 450° F. until the surface begins to brown, then cover and finish at 300° F. Or the meat may be covered at once and roasted at 300° F. until nearly done, then the cover removed and temperature increased to 400° F. until nicely browned all over. It must be basted every fifteen or twenty minutes, using additional fat the first two or three bastings, and after that there will be plenty of fat in the pan for this purpose. It needs to be turned frequently to brown it evenly.

More turkeys fall from grace by too high oven temperature than any other one misfortune. An oven of 300° F. is best for the major part of the cooking period—certainly not above 325° F.—increasing it only for the short time needed to give the golden brown color.

If Christmas dinner is to bring turkey, it is in all probability to bring cranberries. When you go shopping for them be sure you choose the kind that will give you the best sauce or jelly with the least waste possible. The best cranberries are fully developed, are bright, clean, hard and dry and of good flavor. They are free from soft or wet berries.

Cranberries can be cooked in any one of a number of ways and yet be the delicious and colorful dish that contributes so much to the Christmas dinner.

For cranberry sauce wash one quart of cranberries, add two cupfuls of boiling water and cook until they cease "popping." Add two cupfuls of sugar just before taking them from the fire and stir until it is dissolved. If a sweeter sauce is desired double the amount of sugar. This does not give a stiff enough mixture to mold. Since it is at the Christmas season that cranberries are at their best, they may very well be stored for future use. Make a sauce as above, pour it into sterilized canning jars and seal.

For a cranberry dish that has the berries left in it, but is stiff enough to mold, use the same proportions as in the above recipe, with the large amount of sugar, and cook the mixture until the "sheeting-off" test for jelly is obtained. Pour it into a mold and chill.

Cranberries chilled in a large ring mold, unmolded, then filled with Waldorf-salad mixture and garnished with holly as illustrated, are a very festive salad for luncheon or supper at Christmastime.

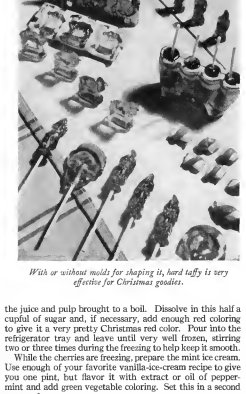
Cranberries are excellent for making jelly. To one quart of cranberries, add two cupfuls of boiling water and cook until the berries are very tender. If you are fond of spices, add two one-inch pieces of stick cinnamon, two dozen whole cloves and six allspice berries during cooking. When the berries are tender, drain thoroughly through a jelly bag, but without any squeezing. Measure the juice and to it boil two minutes, then add sugar, allowing one cupful for every cupful of juice. Boil rapidly until the sheeting-off test is obtained, and pour at once into one large or several individual molds.



Cranberry ring mold filled with Waldorf-salad mixture is both tasty and festive.

Christmas reds and greens are in demand for the menu, days before and after the peak of festivities. One very colorful and delicious combination is cherry sherbet and mint ice cream. If you can spare two trays of your mechanical refrigerator for a short time you will be delighted with this dessert. First, prepare a cherry sherbet. Put one pint of canned and pitted red sour cherries (including the juice) through a colander. Soften two teaspoonfuls of gelatin in half a cupful of the cold juice, then dissolve it in the rest of the juice and pulp brought to a boil. Dissolve in this half a cupful of sugar and, if necessary, add enough red coloring to give it a very pretty Christmas red color. Pour into the refrigerator tray and leave until very well frozen, stirring two or three times during the freezing to help keep it smooth.

While the cherries are freezing, prepare the mint ice cream. Use enough of your favorite vanilla-ice-cream recipe to give you one pint, but flavor it with extract or oil of peppermint and add green vegetable coloring. Set this in a second tray to freeze.



With or without molds for shaping it, hard taffy is very effective for Christmas goodies.

Colorful Combinations

WHEN the cherry mixture is completely frozen and the ice cream is firm enough to be moved without melting, transfer the mint cream by spoonfuls to the top of the sherbet, pack it over the surface quickly and evenly and return to the refrigerator at once.

The trick is to be sure the cherry sherbet is well frozen at the time that the ice cream is spread over it, and also that the ice cream be so solid that it can barely be transferred. Making the sherbet one afternoon and leaving it overnight before preparing the cream is probably the safest plan.

One of the very best ways to please the children at Christmas—and grown-ups too, for that matter—is to serve cookies that are made in the shapes of figures that belong to Christmastime. Trees and stars, little models of Santa Claus, angels, kneeling children and reindeer, are all most effective. Any rolled-cookie recipe which gives a stiff dough may be used, and the cookies, when baked, may be decorated with candy shot or colored sugar.

Christmas goodies may well have, for their grand finale, taffy made into the many fascinating kinds of hard candy. The proportion to use for all of these is two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of water and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. The water may be used boiling, but it is not necessary to heat it on purpose.

Put all three ingredients in a saucepan and heat, stirring constantly until the sugar is dissolved. Then cover the pan and let the syrup boil for three minutes. Remove the cover and during the remainder of the cooking disturb it as little as possible. For pulling taffy, cook the syrup until a very hard ball forms in cold water—280° to 290° F. For hard taffy like lollipops, cook it until it is distinctly brittle when poured into cold water—300° F.

To make little camels and Santa Claus figures, as illustrated, you need the special molds. Cook the syrup to 300° F., and color and flavor it as you choose. Pour the syrup into the greased, tightly fitting molds. For lollipops, insert the stick into the taffy as soon as it is firm enough to hold it upright. When the taffy is cold, the molds may be separated and the shapely little figures removed.

Or the syrup may be made into plain lollipops. Pour it in a thin sheet onto a greased plate and as soon as it can be handled shape it around the end of a stick in any form that you like.

Pulling taffy can be the greatest of fun—some white and some red, pulled separately and then the two cords twisted around each other will give a pretty effect.

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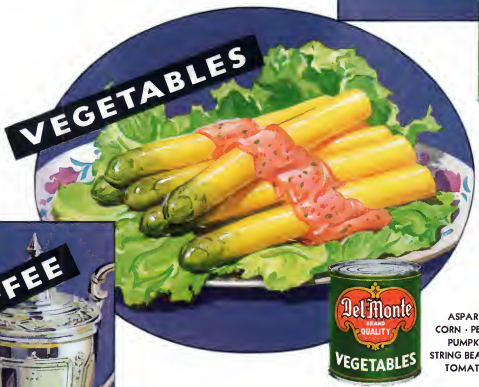
With an established guarantee like this, why even bother with unknown brands—*unknown* quality? Why not get DEL MONTE—whenever you buy? If your own grocer doesn't carry the varieties you want, there's bound to be one close at hand who does! The very fact he is featuring DEL MONTE is one of the best ways to know he puts *your* interests first.

Tell him you want DEL MONTE! And you've taken *all* the guess-work out of canned food buying.





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College-Student Problems

By KARL MENNINGER, M.D.

Mental Hygiene in the Home

BOOK KNOWLEDGE is probably the least of what the child learns in school. This is true in the college and university as well as in primary and secondary schools. But what are the really important things that college contributes to personality?

School offers the child, in the first place, an opportunity for acquiring certain experience with reality. It supplies him in a condensed predigested form knowledge about the world which it is to his practical advantage to acquire as quickly as possible. It affords him an opportunity for investing his loves and hates in a wide variety of new acquaintances. It affords him training in adjustment to authority so that he neither cringingly or unquestioningly yields, nor inwardly or openly rebels. Finally, the school should make it possible for him to see into himself, to recognize his own powers and his own limitations so that he will not suffer from unjustified feelings of inferiority or of superiority.

That college education fails to accomplish these things in the majority of cases is, I am afraid, only too obvious. Young men and women who have entered college with high hopes of success, although often without any definite idea of what they want to succeed at, are right now—many of them—facing discouragement and distress. Some will have already dropped out, some will have been asked to leave because of unsatisfactory work, some will be out of funds. Others are about to desert their educational plans for a career in business or the Navy. Some are homesick, some heartsick, some physically or mentally sick; these, too, are very likely to drop by the wayside.

Others will be seeming to succeed in the eyes of the world, but their successes are only in winning prizes which in the end they do not want; they race for the wrong goal. They turn aside from the chief object of education to win supremacy in athletics or social accomplishments, or if they do not overindulge in these forms of organized play they shun them altogether and lead cloistered, unsocial lives.

Between the extreme failures who drop out of college entirely and those who make successful adjustments, there are all degrees of partial failure in the accomplishment of the aims of education. We have already discussed the general problems—those of self-evaluation, detachment from dependence upon the home and the attainment of social and social maturity. There are many special phases introduced by fraternities, athletics, religion, economic pressure, and the like. These partial and threatened failures should interest us most, because rightly understood and rightly dealt with they may be turned aside from disaster.

Learning Difficulties

ONE of the commonest difficulties of college students is, of course, connected with the learning process—that is, difficulties in studying, reciting, understanding, and the like. For this there are many causes. Many students enter college or university who should never have come simply because they lack the capacity for college work. One of the most important adjustments for every college student, indeed for every individual to make, is to appraise his own abilities and limitations, to find his own niche in the world. College may not be the place in which he can best develop his maximum usefulness. On the other hand, many people have had their self-confidence and creative abilities crushed by the false accusation of stupidity.

Students frequently appear stupid because of the interference of emotional conflicts with the proper functioning of their intelligence. This can be best illustrated by a letter from a young man:

> *I am writing you just after having failed in my exam in history. I know I failed. It was just because I made stupid and careless mistakes that were entirely unnecessary. Out of ten questions I read three wrong and left out part of what was asked for and in four others I made absurd errors. I had spent several days studying for the quiz and knew everything perfectly and I took my time in the test and read my paper over carefully before handing it in, but I realize now that it was all wrong. I wish I could snap out of this habit I have fallen into of letting my mind wander until I can't concentrate when I want to. I keep daydreaming about what a regular fellow I want to be on the campus and what I will do when I get out of college, and then I get to thinking about how unfair some of the teachers have been to me. I've got to do something to get my mind on my work right now!*

But what can he do to get his mind on it when he doesn't know what keeps his mind from it?

Obviously some emotional disturbances prevent him from doing what he wants to do. But if such a lad can be gotten into the hands of a mental-health counselor the probabilities are that this could be ferreted out and that he could be salvaged.

Physical Symptoms

ANOTHER manifestation of adaptation difficulties that college students frequently show is in the form of physical symptoms. These may be so intense and so obvious that even physicians are misled by them into seeking explanations other than psychological. Among the best known of these are headaches, head pressure, undue fatigue, sleepiness, sleeplessness, all sorts of eye symptoms, disturbances of menstruation, and so on. To explain just how such symptoms may be brought psychologically is too long a story

> "THE December installment," Doctor Menninger writes us, "continues the series of school articles which began in October with the grade-school student and continued in November with the high-school student. Everybody is interested in college-student adjustment problems, of which there are, heaven knows, a plenty and not all due to the students either.
>
> "It also continues the theme of love and hate investments. I have in mind taking up working-girl problems soon and also husband-and-wife problems."
>
> Doctor Menninger's service to JOURNAL readers is bringing him thousands of letters, each one of which is answered by him by mail.

to recite here and now, but a fairly clear case is presented in this letter:

> *I was doing excellent work in Cornell, but I was compelled to drop out because of my heart. I found that when I tried to lead the normal life of a college student, attend classes, social events, and so on, I was unequal to the task. The least extra exertion, such as attending a reception, dance or party, caused my heart to palpitate and flutter painfully until I felt as if I were going to die. I look strong and healthy, so that it is hard to persuade people that I am really ill. The college doctor told me nothing was wrong with my heart. But the condition persisted until I was obliged to give up last month and return home.*

This student faces this dilemma: Her intelligence and her doctors tell her one thing; her senses and her emotions tell her the contrary. What nobody tells her is that her heart is indeed affected, but it is affected not by bacteria but by fear. Yet she does not know it is fear—and she does not know why she has fear. To discover this would be half the cure.

Moods

BY FAR the most painful manifestations of maladjustment are the moody reactions. It is an amazing paradox that among college students, whom we are apt to regard as the most jolly, carefree and gay of all individuals in the world, there exist the keenest depressions, heartbreaks, discouragements and disappointments. These sometimes concern themselves with more or less real and justifiable causes, but with equal frequency they are exaggerated responses to relatively unimportant matters. The exaggerated response comes, as we know, because it is fortified by unconscious factors which of course the student cannot take into account. The same is true of oversensitiveness, seclusiveness, inferiority feelings, painful consciousness of and misunderstandings about sex, suspiciousness, and so on. In most cases these students require psychiatric guidance.

Misbehavior

MISBEHAVIOR is still another way of manifesting difficulties in adaptation. Some students, unable to adjust themselves to the requirements of the situation, express their feelings not by any suffering on their own part, or by any consciousness of their faults, but rather by an attack on the convenience or comfort or safety or property of others. Until the disciplinary committees of colleges and universities learn to understand some of the primary reasons for misbehavior, until they learn that students rarely break rules for the reasons which the committee ascribes to them, until they substitute vision for vengeance, until then they will make no progress whatsoever in salvaging these troublesome but often exceedingly valuable members of the college who correspond to the criminal class upon which society wages war so relentlessly, so stupidly and so ineffectively.

Disciplinary problems, particularly rule breaking, drinking, offenses against college authorities, are usually more or less obvious extensions of the rebellion against the parents. More serious by far from the standpoint of the student than outspoken acts of rebellion and defiance are those subtle thwartings of the ambitions of parents and teachers represented by various forms of evasion. Many students go through all the motions of education, attend classes, appear to work hard, even get good grades, but substantially accomplish nothing. They elect profitless courses, recite mechanically, interest themselves in nothing, create nothing, retain nothing.

At the bottom of this is very often a fundamental hostility to the whole business of education because it represents the wishes of the parents.

What Parents Must Do

THE parents of college and university students must face the necessity for the emancipation of adolescents from the home, and they must use their utmost self-control in declining the temptation to perpetuate or strengthen these bonds by unnecessary meddling in the minor difficulties encountered by these children in adjustment efforts. Many problems which are really minor seem major to parents and faculty members. This applies particularly to so-called disciplinary problems. Children must be permitted to learn that the world is governed by laws, that one has to discover for himself precisely what these laws are and how they work in order to adjust oneself to them. A child who does not already know what is meant by the distinction between right and wrong will never learn it after he is seventeen and the parents may as well make up their minds to this fact. It should be remembered, moreover, that the child will discover that the parents are not entirely right on the questions of right and wrong and that such questions change with the times.

The Mental-Health Counselor

THE question of what to do with these students presented itself to the educational authorities long ago. They realized that nothing in the educational system was helping the students to solve the innumerable problems of adjustment which required so much more of their energy than did studying. Nothing in the curriculum is of any assistance in overcoming self-consciousness, timidity, fear of reciting, or fear of meeting people. Nothing in the catalogue prescribes any help for the feelings of inferiority, inadequacy and insecurity which handicap so many students. There is no course which helps the students to understand the nature of friction and conflicts with their parents and their teachers and their classmates which so disturb their emotional life. Concerning the love affairs and sexual problems which occupy so much of their time, they similarly get little help from the study of economics or astronomy or calculus.

It is for the purpose of helping students confronted with these personality problems, with these problems of adjustment, that the mental-health counselor has taken his place in many of the leading American colleges and universities. The mental-health counselor is a physician trained in the scientific understanding of the nature of adjustment difficulties and the methods of bringing about solutions of those problems. Most of these students with adjustment difficulties do not require elaborate treatment. They require only to be shown precisely what their problem is, or to be helped in clearing the confusion or emphasis on conflicting demands, or to be assisted in a better interpretation of the environment, or to be helped to substitute new habits for old and harmful ones, or in the clarification of the purposes of the educational striving.

Could this not be done by some wise, thoughtful man who has lived long and successfully but who lacks the scientific training of a psychiatrist? Yes, but not so well. It is not work for amateurs. A student in need of a surgical operation would not be turned over to a physician whose only claim to surgical skill and experience was that he was interested in it or "had done some reading" on the subject. The same principle applies to psychological surgery and counsel.



1. Behind the scenes—small figures exploring jam pots and candy boxes. Small feet scampering to coal bins and flour jars. Small persons occupied with kitchen taps, with dressing table cream, with intriguing lines of dust behind the radiators. And small *clothes* carrying faithful records of jam and candy, of coal dust and flour, of water and cold cream and dirt.

Before the scenes—cherubs. Cherubs freshly scrubbed and immaculately garbed, who pay brief respects to family guests at luncheon, at tea, at bridge.

On each occasion a visitor is sure to exclaim: "Adorable infants! But how do you do it? How do you manage to keep their clothes so miraculously clean?"

The modern answer is simple: A Lovell Pressure Cleanser on your washer.



2. The washing processes are three: soaking, slushing and pressure cleansing. Soaking loosens the soluble particles of dirt. Slushing dislodges the more stubborn ones. But *pressure cleansing* squeezes out the very last clinging bit of dirt and soap and excess water.

The thoroughness of the pressure cleansing determines the spotlessness of the wash. In the Lovell Pressure Cleanser, the perfectly timed, perfectly controlled patented rolls release garments and linens absolutely cleansed. The Lovell Pressure Cleanser carries washing to its ultimate perfection: crisp, fragrant cleanliness.

3. The leading washing machine manufacturers equip their machines with Lovell Pressure Cleansers. When you go to buy your new machine, see that it has that most important equipment: Lovell Pressure Cleanser.

Also, there is a smart little laundry guide, called "Alice's Adventures in Washing Land." A copy is ready for you, if you mail your request to Lovell Manufacturing Co., Erie, Pa.

THE BETTER THE WRINGER . . . THE WHITER THE WASH

LOVELL

PRESSURE CLEANSER

AND PRESSURE IS NEEDED TO MAKE CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN

©L. M. Co., 1931

"I was frantic . . . we tried *everything*"



. . . and then the doctor prescribed Carnation Milk!

This letter from Mrs. C. P. Berg, Willmar, Minn., will interest every mother

◇ ◇ ◇

"If anyone can testify to what Carnation Milk" "has done for a baby, I certainly can. When seven" "months old, Eugene was still having trouble" "digesting boiled milk diluted with water. The" "first two months we were up night and day, he" "had the colic so badly. We tried everything, for" "we thought surely there must be something that" "would agree with the child's stomach. I was" "frantic, and saw a specialist who told us to try" "Carnation Milk—and the baby has been on" "Carnation ever since, except once when I tried" "milk from the milkman. Then he got upset again" "and I had a terrible time. So I have continued" "with Carnation and he gets along just fine. He is" "so healthy in every way; his bones are very strong." "At one year he weighed twenty-five pounds."

Almost miraculously good for babies . . . and splendid for cooking, too

CARNATION MILK *does* seem to work miracles in baby feeding. But they aren't miracles. The simple explanation is that Carnation is *super-digestible*—that it agrees with many babies who can't digest raw or pasteurized milk.

Some of America's most famous baby specialists are using Carnation Milk—in hospitals, clinics, and private practice—for well babies and for sick babies. They have proved that, besides being easier to digest, it is nourishing in every way—*dependably rich in vitamins,* minerals, and other food values. They like its safety too; and its controlled uniformity.

These authorities know, as more and more mothers and housewives are coming to realize, that Carnation Milk—the fine unsweetened evaporated milk that you have always known—is simply pure whole milk from selected, inspected herds—with only water taken out and *nothing* added—retaining all its essential nutritional qualities but rendered more digestible *by heat-treatment and homogenization.*

Ideal for household use

Carnation Milk does better *cooking* because it is homogenized—the butter-fat reduced to *tiniest particles* and evenly distributed throughout the milk. It makes foods smoother, finer, in texture and consistency. It adds richness and flavor. Just try it in cream soups, sauces, custards, ice cream, cocoa, and candy! And use it for creaming coffee, fruits, and cereals. You'll like it—*and its economy too.*

There are so *many* things to learn about this modern milk for modern nurseries and kitchens. Send for two new Carnation booklets—"Baby-Feeding Simplified" and "100 Glorified Recipes." Both are free. Carnation Company, 1240 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.; or 1340 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; or Aylmer, Ont.



Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

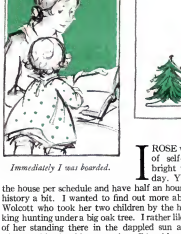
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK

Copyright, 1931, by Carnation Co.

Raising a Family

By ELIZABETH COOK

Illustrated by Corinne Pauli Waterall



Immediately I was boarded.

I ROSE with the flame of self-improvement bright within me today. Yes, I would run the house per schedule and have half an hour to study my history a bit. I wanted to find out more about Elizabeth Wolcott who took her two children by the hand and went king hunting under a big oak tree. I rather liked the picture of her standing there in the dappled sun and shade, her winged white headdress topping off her blond beauty. So behold me at ten-thirty, snug before a fire of oak logs, the radio singing Only a Rose and the book open at the right place. Half an hour!

But I had reckoned without the two-year-old. Mamma sitting down! Lovely! Immediately I was boarded by a determined and bloodthirsty pirate who tucked herself in between the arm of the overstuffed chair and myself. It was a tight fit. "Now," she said, shaking her curls, "where do we begin?" or words to that effect.

"Well, Spike McRite of the River Rats," said I, which is the family way of saying, "I'll be d——"

Did I shove her overboard? Not much. I taught her where her knuckles and elbows and ankles were and how to say 'em. She put her finger on my nose and said it was "fonny." We spent quite a bit of time discussing our personal architecture, and she had three new words to play with when it was over.

I begin to understand now the lived-in and pleasant look so often noticed on the faces of mothers of big families. Makes me think of shabby ruffled old chairs with dented cushions. A child is like that tide in the affairs of men which must be taken at its peak. His life moves on, but a book, after all, is something that can be put under the pillow.

Learning to Bear Disappointment

A SMALL child who is perfectly comfortable, healthy and well-equipped with things to do often takes a notion to climb into the mother's lap when the mother is really busy. And even if she isn't busy, every human being is entitled to times of sanctuary when she can refuse to be invaded. Then the disappointed howls begin. What to do?

Every human being must learn to bear disappointment. Even the little ones. Act as impersonal to the kicking and bawling child as though she were merely a picture on the wall, a pleasant one at that. Hum and be happy. If your common sense holds out, the youngster will quit and find her own amusement.

An Interesting Mother

A MOTHER'S life cannot be bounded by crib sheets and recipe books and scrubbing the porch. It should be possible for her to escape from her routine an hour a day, or a whole day, or yes, even a week at a time. Like the papa robin, she is gathering sticks and strings for her home. Only in her case it is new mental interests that she is bringing back to build into her family life. At least she brings home a different state of mind. These escapes are like the European trips of school-teachers—they show professional spirit! And even if the mother can't go to Europe, and that would be too long anyway, she can go out into the woods!

The better a human being the mother is, the better the children. The mother is like a pitch pipe—the children take their tone from her. And if she realizes that the outside world is after all only another big room of the house in which her children spend their earthly lives, the children will have a broader view of their possibilities. This is why the mother should vote, even if she doesn't know whether the one with the pompadour is a Democrat or a Republican. Even so small a thing as making tea cakes for the P T A bake sale enlarges the family circle.

Living with an intelligent mother is something like living in a good neighborhood, spiritually speaking.

Youthful Reformers

"SORRY, mamma, but I'm clutzing."

"Hey, Julia, where's my clutz?"

"I think that shirt looks pretty clutzy, don't you?"

After listening to this for about a day and a half, I called my big son in and said, "What's the cipher? What's the mystery? What's the Esperanto? What is this clutz?"

"Mom," said he, with a perfectly sober face, "this is the biggest labor saver to weak minds you ever heard. Clutz is a noun, adjective or verb. It means anything you want it to. It's deuces wild, the joker in the deck. The fellows made it up last week. Easy to say, easy to spell. It's got everything"—and he leaped schoolward. By the way, have you ever noticed that there's an age when growing children seem to leap constantly?

I wonder how long clutz will last? How these young roughnecks would be surprised to hear themselves called reformers.

Maybe this is the kind of child who grows into the kind of man who wants to wear shorts to the office in summer. Which reminds me that I have found children a liberal education, very liberal indeed.

Whoopee on Parole

WHOOPEE is out on parole. We had it in storage because we were sort of broke. What's more, we have no mechanical sense and find that even our good car gives us plenty of adventure, let alone a car like Whoopee, which has a cauliflower ear and other signs of having lived dangerously.



Disappointed howls begin.

But pressure was brought to bear (every parent will understand this, I feel perfectly sure).

"I drained out the oil, mother; it was half water."

"You oughta seen that rear axle; it took three pounds of grease." Thus the ten-year-old.

The six-year-old shouts, "I'm shinin' the lamps."

"Aw, gee, there's a flat spring. Aw, kads, the horn won't work"—thus the tragic ten-year-old again.

"Say, put down that hood and leave the bus alone. I gotta a rear mirror I've been saving for six months to fasten in. We don't need a horn."

By this time five children, all assorted sizes and sexes, are swarming over the car with shirt tails, old underwear, brushes and brooms. The joyous Abigail sits on the running board and wabbles the hose.

When their father offers them the use of the good car for their trip to the library—the whole family goes en masse—they turn on him faces of pure scorn. "Man the choke, Marg," calls Spike as he springs to the crank, and the war is on.

To our city children the old car takes the place, to some extent, of cats, dogs and ponies. It's a machine age and our playthings reflect the times.

Alas, cats and dogs and ponies may not be hygienic and convenient, but there are times when I think I'd have a better chance with a germ any day than with a lot of car grease in the wash bowl.

Furthermore, when I count up the money for storage and license and another spare, not to mention the smaller items, I begin to wonder why we didn't have a new baby or something else that pays dividends.

Still and all, there's a lot of laughter and wholesome fun in the back yard. It is altogether possible that the cause of discipline and family spirit is being better served than I think.

Mother's Memorandum

I MUST remember to get a roll of transparent gummed paper to put beside the mercurochrome bottle. Jimmie's Mother Goose book is torn on the edges. He uses the mercurochrome for his cuts, and when he sees the gummed paper it will remind him that the book is hurt too.

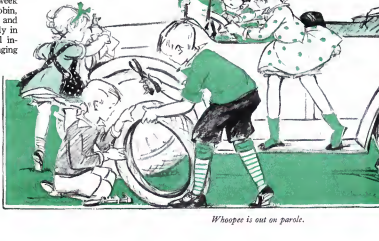
Then I'll show him how to mend it and we'll have a little talk about our books, that they are our friends and we must always take good care of them. Jimmie is only six years old and this will appeal to him, if he is like the other children at his age.

I must clip and save that story about the racing driver who has partial vision in one eye. Yet has never caused an accident and has outlived all his competitors. This will interest my oldest, who has a bad eye. He will get what I mean—that a defect is never an excuse.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The mother of six children and a child psychologist are combining their experience and training to make this page a helpful one for parents. Letters addressed to the Journal will be answered either by Mrs. Cook or by Dr. Lee Vincent.



Clip for my oldest.



Whoopee is out on parole.



Beside the mercurochrome.



The children of the midnight sun aren't cheated of bananas. For now even far within the Arctic Circle are banana-ripening plants!

EVERY ROMPING CHILD *needs these* VITAL FOOD VALUES



FAR within the Arctic Circle you will now find bananas—shipped thousands of miles from the tropics to the children of the frozen north.

Children there *require* those vital food values which bananas help to furnish. But your children don't have to play in a wintry climate to benefit by bananas. Every youngster with ambition enough to get *tired* needs these packets of quick energy.

Doctors say that *no* child should be cheated of a food like bananas. They have proved that ripe bananas are perfectly digestible even for children too young to have teeth.

Bananas are chock-full of the best behaved vitamins and important mineral salts. They seal within their yellow skin vital food values to stoke those fires of energy you want your child to have.

They're good—cooked or raw! And for all their strength-building richness, they're just about the biggest food *bargain* you ever pack in your market basket. Order them today.

★ IN WINTER CHILDREN ESPECIALLY NEED THIS ENERGY FOOD



ADVENTURE IN THE CARIBBEAN

Wouldn't you like to laze along in the blue Caribbean . . . to explore tropical isles . . . to make new friends, see new places, dip into romance and adventure? Then board one of the spotless, roomy liners of the Great White Fleet. The all-expense feature enables you to budget your trip to the penny . . . mail the coupon for cruise information.



NEW BOOKLET FOR MOTHERS

Prepared with the help of specialists, this booklet carries the distinguished Seal of Approval of the American Medical Association. Special recipes for infants, pre-school, and school children. An authoritative presentation of facts concerning the banana as a health food. Readable, practical—an every-day help. Send coupon for *your* copy today.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY BANANAS

Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company

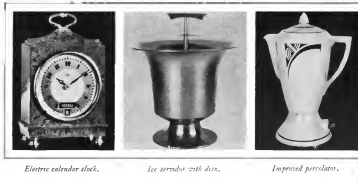
SEND FOR FREE BANANA BOOKLET

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY L-M-J. 12-31
Pier 3, North River, New York City
Please send me, free, your newest booklet, "Bananas—a Food Children Need." ☐
Please send CRUISE information, too. ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



Electric calendar clock. *Ice servador with dish.* *Imported porcelain.*

Equipment Suitable for Gifts

By KATHERINE GOEPPINGER

CHRISTMAS! Once again the shops are beckoning with enticing gifts and this year the selection is more varied than ever. A gift for the home will be remembered long after the passing joys of Christmas are forgotten, and its usefulness will serve as a reminder of the giver.

Electric clocks are no longer a luxury—they are a practical necessity where a timepiece is needed. Increased sales have decreased costs, and it is now possible to buy reliable electric clocks at very reasonable prices. The latest development is a clock that does not stop with current interruptions. Should the power fail temporarily, the clock will continue to run on a spring from thirty to forty-five minutes. This spring is automatically wound by electricity and is kept wound at all times. No winding, regulating or oiling is ever required. A calendar clock tells the day and date as well as exact time.

There is a new percolator in cream-colored china, with motifs in cool green. It has a capacity of seven cupfuls and has a fuse-type safety device in the base which prevents burnouts in case the percolator should be boiled dry. A similar pot, but of different design, has an automatic heat control.

Something unusual for aid in serving ice cubes is an attractively designed servidor. It holds from thirty to thirty-six large cubes and the center handle has a perforated disk at the bottom of the rod, which raises the ice out of the water. The service may be had in satin-silver, satin-copper or polished-nickel finish.

If you are looking for something different for a home lover who "has everything," a lighted house number is a suggestion. Because of its distinct visibility, the illuminated house number is easily found at night. It is designed with a built-in door button at the lower part of the compartment which contains the numerals. The complete unit may be fastened on the door frame and over the location from which the old doorbell button has been removed. Two miniature lamps are inside, and the voltage is supplied by the standard bell-ringing transformer which is already installed in most homes. The cost of operation for an entire year of constant day and night use is almost negligible, the consumption amounting to about two watts.

Another sensible gift to "light the way" is a wireless electric wall light for closets and other dark corners not reached by light lines. This new portable light uses flash-light batteries. It screws onto the wall and is equipped with a pull-chain switch. The clear, soft light which it throws is strong enough to read by, but it was really designed for attics, basement stairways, garages and entrances to rooms not having wall switches near the door. The unit is made in two attractive finishes—old ivory and black morocco. Its dimensions in inches are five and a half by four and a half, and it is one inch thick.



Flash-light candle. *Lighted house number.*

A Portable Light

A FLASH-LIGHT candle represents the portable light in its most up-to-date form. A switch in the base automatically turns the light on or off each time it is picked up or set down, although the switch can be turned on permanently if a steady light is desired for use on telephone stands, and the like. A hand on the base of the candle contains radium spots, which enable one to locate it instantly in the dark. The candlestick has a silverlike finish, and the bulb at the top is incased by moonstone glass.

The most recent development in electric ironers is a flat plate which operates with very little effort. The piece to be ironed is spread on the board and a lever is then pushed back to apply the ironing pressure. When not in use, the sides and back fold up to make a useful kitchen table with a white porcelain top. When opened for use, the side drops provide space for ironed garments. The heating element is thermostatically controlled and may be regulated to three ironing temperatures. The 1300-watt element is cast in an aluminum shoe and is divided so that each end of the shoe may be heated to the temperature required by the type of work being done.

A good toaster that can be moved easily and safely while it is hot is a new chromium-plated model with handles of bakelite. It toasts anything well—halved rolls, crackers, or two full-slice sandwiches. Both sides toast at once and when done, it automatically shuts off the current, opens up itself and raises up the front edge of the toast so that it can be picked up without danger of burned fingers. The toaster is adjustable for light, medium or full-brown toast.

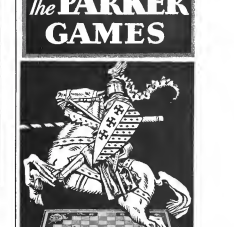


Newest electric ironer.



Wall light for dark closet.

The PARKER GAMES



CAMELOT

Beg, borrow or buy CAMELOT, but be sure to PLAY Camelot!

Do not delay the enjoyment of this new pleasure,

the Fun is in *Playing* it!

Great is the thrill where victory or defeat hangs on the next few moves! For the most interesting situations from actual play we offer

$1000 in Prizes

First Prize, $200; two Prizes of $100; eight of $25; twenty of $10; forty of $5.

Contest Rules: As you play Camelot you will always reach situations which offer arousing problems in choice of play. Write down the position of the pieces, with the next few ensuing moves as played, or, your comments on what should have been done. Mail this with your name and address to Camelot Editor, Parker Brothers, Salem, Mass. Entries must be received within two weeks after Christmas, i.e., by January 8. Prize winners will be announced in the Literary Digest at an early date thereafter. Anyone (except employees of Parker Brothers) may compete, and may send in as exciting live situations as desired. Entries will be judged on merit. We will write to Parker Brothers, they will forward you helpful suggestions and diagrams for recording your play.

CASTLE SET

The New $5 Set with Ivoroid Pieces



The Red and White Ivoroid Pieces are a delight to handle, and **double the fun** of playing! Until now, they have been obtainable only in $10 and higher priced sets. This is indeed the set smart hostesses are using at parties. Ask for the new Five Dollar Set with Ivoroid Pieces Price, $5.00

TOURNAMENT Edition: With Large Squares and Large Weighted and Felted Playing Pieces, cloth bd. $7.50

POPULAR Edition: Red Board $1.50

Other Editions, $1 to $50. Send for complete list.

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Milton C. Work says, "To Camelot Mr. Parker has originated a new and brilliant game of extraordinary fascination. Camelot is one of the few really great games."

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What is this "it"?

a mild, natural laxative effect!

TRY A big bowlful of Heinz Rice Flakes, with milk or cream. See how crunchy and good these golden-brown flakes are! And remember—

Heinz Rice Flakes contain pure cereal-cellulose. That's why they help keep you healthy—just as the cellulose in apples, prunes, lettuce, and certain other fruits and vegetables helps you!

For cereal-cellulose is one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective of correctives. Made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process, it is added to Heinz Rice Flakes and gives these crisp, delicious flakes their mildly laxative action—the healthful quality sometimes referred to as a "corrective vegetable effect".

Here's something else to remember, too—*Heinz are the only rice flakes that have the cereal-cellulose added. Get a package when you go to your grocer's—and be sure to insist on Heinz!*

● *Try Heinz Breakfast Wheat, too—the hot cereal that contains the essential cereal-cellulose.* ●

FREE!—A GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE . . . Send for a generous trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three good servings—*free!* Try these delicious flakes at our expense. See how good they taste! Mail the coupon—*now!*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. J 12, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three servings—free of charge.
(This offer is good only in the United States.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

ONE OF THE *57* VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

Some Problems of Childhood

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M. D.

JOHN was not mean or vicious. He was only three years old, too old to be treated as a baby and not yet old enough to understand fully that the world was not made for him. He broke his toys and flew into a rage when asked to do anything that interrupted his play. He demanded attention constantly, and when playing with other children he insisted upon dominating the games.

John was a true product of his environment. Both parents were nervous and overwrought. "Nervousness" is not inherited, however, though babies born without their rightful measure of vitality are usually the most vulnerable to the influences that produce unbalanced behavior. So-called nervous children are the product of their environment. Sometimes there is a physical basis for emotional symptoms, and that must always be looked for and corrected.

There are three common types of nervous disorder that I want to discuss briefly.

The first is the over-excitable child. These children may be robust and well nourished, or anemic and undernourished. They often have outbursts of anger and temper. They may become hysterical with loud, shrieking laughter. In their play they are dictatorial and quarrelsome. They are usually tense, physically. Their sleep is disturbed and restless. They are over-anxious for praise and cannot stand any blame.



PHOTO, BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Homemade pleasures are best.

The second type is that of the child who shuns older people and does not want to play with other children. Such a child may be morose and eccentric in its behavior, but the predominating symptoms are those of overshyness. These children are either afraid, or unable, to recite in school. They lack power of decision even about the most trivial affairs. They distrust themselves and are abnormally afraid of the dark or of any unusual experience. They like to be alone and indulge in daydreams, to get away from any disturbing influence and to live within themselves.

The third type shows more definite physical symptoms. These children are the ones who develop chorea, or St. Vitus' dance. They are tense, high-strung and eager, but as the characteristic muscular twitchings of the disease show themselves and the spasmodic jerkings of the arms and legs cannot be controlled, the children become extremely self-conscious and want to keep away from other people. Chorea is a disease and needs immediate and continued medical care. While it is usually superimposed upon a disarranged nervous temperament, there is a physical basis for this disorder and there may be permanent injury, particularly to the heart.

The types I have described may blend into each other and some symptoms of each be present, but in general one type or the other will predominate.

Nervous children are rarely found in families that are poised, well balanced and calm. The example of daily living will do more to prevent nervous disorders during childhood than all the precepts ever devised. "Don'ts" for parents should take the place of "Don'ts" for children. And as a matter of equal importance I am giving a list of "Do's."

DON'T

Nag;
Punish;
Repress;
Instill fear;
Lose your own temper;
Pamper and overindulge;
Force your child to "show off";
Laugh at a child's mistakes;
Ask or demand unreasonable things;
Suppress a child's reasonable desires;
Assume that a child is lying when he is simply being naturally imaginative;
Make arbitrary commands—simple explanations are easy to give and worth giving;
Fail to remember that you are the model your child will copy—either consciously or unconsciously.

DO

Guide rather than direct;
Explain rather than command;
Get your child's confidence;
Cultivate your child's self-reliance;
See that work, play and rest are properly balanced;
Establish a routine of life, beginning early in infancy;
Be sure that your child has no uncorrected physical defects;
Remember that every new human being has a right to a life of his own;
Exercise poise, balance and calmness in all your relations with your child;
Plan two "rest hours" for your child every day—one in the forenoon and one after the noon meal;
Remember that a child has a reason for everything he does—find out what it is;
Provide normal outlets for normal, constructive play; homemade toys and pleasures are best;
Try to understand your child's point of view rather than expect him to do all the understanding of yours.

The Crying Baby

MY BABY has times of crying for no apparent reason. He holds his breath and sometimes gets blue in the face. Is there any danger of this causing a rupture? These crying spasms frighten me.
—*Mrs. L. K. W.*

If a rupture should occur after prolonged crying, the reason for this must have been present before the crying began. The type of crying you describe can seem most alarming, but you may be sure that it will not result in any harm and that attention on your part will only make the attack last longer. Difficult as it may seem, the best way to meet this problem is to put the baby in a quiet room by himself and let him cry it out. This kind of cry is due to a bad habit and overindulgence. In the worst cases an attack may last two hours or even longer, although such prolonged crying is rare. The next time it will be over in not more than half an hour. Usually the third time will last only a few moments, and after that there should be no further trouble.

$5000 in awards—

AND A FINE MENU-PLANNING SUGGESTION

1931		DECEMBER				1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		
1932		**JANUARY**				**1932**
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30
1932		**FEBRUARY**				**1932**
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29					



FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. This offer is open to any woman not connected with the Pineapple canning industry and not a professional food expert.
2. Checks will be awarded as follows: 1 check of $1,000; 25 checks of $100; 25 checks of $50; 50 checks of $25—a total of $5,000.
3. Judges:
Miss Alice Bradley, *Editor, Cooking Department, Woman's Home Companion*
Miss Sarah Field Splint, *Foods & Household Director, McCall's Magazine*
Mrs. Mildred Maddocks Bentley, *Director, Delineator Home Institute*
4. Awards will be made for the most frequent, attractive and practical use of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple (at least 1 case per month) on a "regular service plan."
5. It is not necessary to use any particular brand of Hawaiian Pineapple, but be sure that all three convenience forms are included—Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits.
6. Write on white paper or use the "Regular Service Diary Pad," offered in the coupon below.
7. It is understood that we may publish the 50 Service Stories which we purchase.
8. Mail reports before April 30, 1932, to Recipe Editor, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California.

Mail this coupon—today!

Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,
800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, Calif.
Please send me, free, your Recipe Book and "Regular Service Diary Pad!"
Name
Address
City State

MARK YOUR KITCHEN CALENDAR—*NOW!*

Follow this "Regular Service Plan"! It will surely give you better meals.

IT MAY MEAN $1000 TO YOU

YES—a check for $1,000. Some woman is going to receive it. And what's more—90 other women are going to get checks of $25 to $100.

For what? Simply for serving Canned Hawaiian Pineapple according to a plan that every woman would be eager to try, anyway. A plan that has the enthusiastic endorsement of practically every noted domestic science editor in the country. A plan that banishes menu-monotony, and that assures more attractive, better-balanced meals. In short, the "regular service plan."

Sounds interesting, doesn't it? Well, here's the story: You know how dreadfully easy it is to slip into a sort of a rut when it comes to preparing meals—how easy to repeat some foods too often, and entirely overlook others. Well, the "regular service plan" makes it every bit as easy to avoid that rut—to keep your menus sparkling.

This Is All You Have to Do

When you serve a certain food, go to your kitchen calendar and mark a pencil ring around the date on which that food should be served again. See how it works? You have a perfect check against serving the same food too often, or not serving it often enough. That, in a nut shell, is the "regular service plan." And what an ideal plan it is to use in connection with Canned Hawaiian Pineapple!

We know, of course, that you already serve Hawaiian Pineapple—often. Investigation shows that better-class homes use *3 cans or more* a month. Probably *you* serve it even more often than that. For where is there any other fruit with a wider appeal—with more interesting uses? Salads, fruit cocktails, pies, cakes, frozen desserts, and dozens of meat and vegetable dishes! Why, cookbooks are fairly packed with Pineapple recipes. And we don't need to tell you how healthful Pineapple is—how it fits any menu regardless of season—and how *genuinely economical*, especially at today's low prices. In fact, Hawaiian Pineapple has such a wonderful list of advantages that certainly you don't want to be long without it.

Why $5,000 in Awards!

And that's precisely why we're suggesting you serve Pineapple according to this "regular service plan." We want to help you, and other women, get *all* these splendid advantages—to help you make an *even more* efficient use of this fine fruit. And just to make the "regular service plan" all the more interesting, we've set aside $5,000 with which to buy the 91 best Pineapple service-stories for possible publication to millions of other home cooks.

Now there's no red tape to this offer. You don't have to buy any particular brand of Pineapple, or go to any bother. You have from now until April 30th, 1932, to work out the most efficient menu-uses on a "regular service plan" basis. And there's only three things you need to do:

Right now, plan your Pineapple service days *in advance* by marking a pencil ring around the dates on your kitchen calendar—not less often than every tenth day—between now and April 30th. Then, as each of these days comes up, just jot down how you served Hawaiian Pineapple—whether you used the *Sliced, Crushed* or *Tidbits*—what other foods you served with it—how you used the juice or possible left-over portions—how Pineapple helped you meet the day's menu emergencies.

Mail Your Report Before April 30th

Finally, before April 30th, pick out the three months which, in your opinion, represent the most efficient service, and send us your daily service notes of those months, together with a letter summing up your experience.

You can keep your notes and make your report in any way you like. But if you want a handy "Regular Service Diary Pad," especially designed for this purpose, just send us your name and address, and we'll mail you one with our compliments. The most important thing, though, is to get started with the "regular service plan" at once. We feel sure you're going to find it the most sensible menu plan you've ever tried—such a real time-saver—such an assurance of better meals—that you wouldn't give it up even if there weren't any $5,000 cash awards.

Hawaiian Lowest prices since 1916
PINEAPPLE
SLICED · CRUSHED · TIDBITS

GUARD LITTLE THROATS

with an antiseptic that is SAFE!



LISTERINE Kills Germs — Yet Is Healing To Tissue

A word to mothers and fathers:

By all means have yourself and your children form the habit of gargling twice a day. It's a wonderful precaution against colds and other infections. *But make sure that the mouth wash you use is safe—that it doesn't irritate tissue.*

Listerine Actually Healing

Harsh mouth washes, aping Listerine, often *do* irritate. They may cause real harm. Through the irritation they set up, germs more readily attack the body.

Listerine's entire success is founded on its *safety* and its germicidal power.

It is non-poisonous, non-irritating. Indeed, its effect on tissue is soothing and healing. That is why physicians approve it.

Reduces Mouth Bacteria 98%

As a germicide, none is swifter in action. It kills germs in the fastest time that can be accurately recorded scientifically. In the mouth, it reduces surface bacteria 98%. And maintains reduction for hours.

Now you can see why Listerine achieved such astonishing results in the test outlined below.

Garglers Contract ½ As Many Colds

Of 102 persons under medical supervision for a period of seventy-five days, one-third, called "controls," did not gargle Listerine; one-third gargled twice a day; one-third gargled five times a day. Note these amazing results:

The group that gargled twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. The group that gargled five times a day contracted one-third as many; and in both groups the colds contracted were less severe and of shorter duration than in the group that did not gargle.

These scientifically controlled tests, performed on average people under average conditions, definitely indicate the high value of Listerine in arresting infection.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Gargle with it twice a day at least. It not only guards your mouth against infection but keeps your breath beyond reproach. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*, St. Louis, Mo.

More than 29 DISEASES may enter the body through the MOUTH, nose, and throat

These figures are impressive. So too is the statement of one of the world's most distinguished physicians "that if mouth infection could be excluded, the other channels by which disease gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored." Both clearly indicate the importance of keeping the mouth clean at all times, and of immediately consulting your physician in case of illness.

Keep Your Mouth Clean · Consult Your Doctor



Gargle twice a day for colds and sore throat

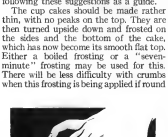


Decorating the Christmas Cakes

By BERNICE DODGE

THE little cakes which are served with ice cream or at afternoon tea during the Christmas holidays offer a splendid opportunity to use decorative motifs in tune with the season. It requires careful, dainty work to produce artistic effects, but skill can be achieved so quickly that it is very encouraging. With only a small expenditure for materials you may be assured of successful results by following these suggestions as a guide.

The cup cakes should be made rather thin, with no peaks on the top. They are then turned upside down and frosted on the sides and the bottom of the cake, which has now become its smooth flat top. Either a boiled frosting or a "seven-minute" frosting may be used for this. There will be less difficulty with crumbs when this frosting is being applied if round



A large sheet of firm writing paper serves as a pastry tube.

pieces of oiled paper have been fitted into the bottom of the cake pans, cut so as exactly to cover the bottom. When these are removed from the cakes they leave a smooth surface, free from crumbs.

Avoid Misplacing

IF IT is possible to apply the decorations while the frosting is still soft, they will be held securely as it hardens; but if the frosting has become firm on the surface, brush the decorations with raw white of egg as you put them in place, using a very small water-color brush. Learn to place the decorations in the right position at the first attempt, for moving or adjusting them usually smears the color or leaves marks in the frosting.

Holly leaves are made of citron. Shave a thin slice off the outside where it is greenest, lay it on a bread board, and cut with a sharp-pointed paring knife in the shape of jagged holly leaves. For berries, use the smallest size of round red cinnamon candies. Candy shops and often grocery stores carry these tiny round and oval candies in an assortment of colors and in silver.

Mistletoe is made like the holly, with citron for leaves and white or silver candies for berries. The citron Christmas tree may be decorated with colored "lights," or it may be trimmed very effectively with only the silver balls.

Christmas bells are made of small red gumdrops, flattened and pinched into the shape of bells, with little yellow candies for clappers. The red ribbon bow is made of colored butter-frosting squeezed through a pastry tube or gun. This uncooked frosting, of white of egg, butter and powdered sugar, is much easier to handle for decorative purposes than a cooked frosting, which hardens so quickly. A pastry tube which will work satisfactorily for ribbons or for the Christmas candles can be made from a large sheet of firm writing paper. Make a fold in the center of the longer side and, using that as the point, roll into a cornucopia. Fold the top edges in deeply enough to hold it securely. With scissors clip off the end, leaving a small pointed opening. Place a little frosting in this bag, fold the top over and squeeze the frosting out with a gentle, firm pressure.

The poinsettia is made of candied cherry cut into strips, with yellow sugar for the center. The stems are slender bits of angelica. The flowerpot is cut out of citron.

Yellow sugar may be made quite easily. Use vegetable coloring dissolved in a few drops of water, or a bit of the yellow coloring which your grocer sends with oleomargarine. Place a small amount of sugar on a piece of writing paper, add a drop of coloring, and work it in with your fingers until it is evenly distributed.

Remodel Opera Sticks

FOR candy canes and basket handles use red opera sticks. Place these flat on a pan and warm them in a hot oven until they are just soft enough to bend into the desired shapes. These must be watched carefully, for they must be caught at exactly the right moment, when they have become soft enough to bend without breaking and before they begin to melt and flatten out. The basket handles must be thrust into the cakes while the frosting is still soft. Flowers of bits of candied cherry, tiny candies or ornamental frosting in dainty colors, placed on top of the cake, give the appearance of a basket of flowers. Bows of tulle or of florists' gauze ribbon may be tied on the handles to make them appear very festive and finished.

The Christmas tree which stands up on the cake is really only a large green gumdrop. Its trunk is a toothpick which has been painted with melted chocolate. Stick the unpainted end of the toothpick firmly into the gumdrop, then brush all over with



Little baskets, trees and canes are all decorative.

white of egg, and thrust it deep into a small glass full of assorted tiny candies. A few will stick; do not try to thrust it down again, for first results will be most effective. In this as in the whole scheme of cake decoration, the best results are obtained with only a small amount of simple decoration on each cake.



FREE—the recipe SHE USED! — — together with over 90 other Brer Rabbit recipes.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. LH-12, New Orleans, La.
Please send me my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

Name _____

Address _____

Gingerbread wins over Mother-in-law



Southern Spicy Gingerbread

2 eggs · ½ cup brown sugar · ¾ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses · ½ cup melted shortening · 2½ cups flour · 2 tsps. soda · 2 tsps. ginger · 1½ tsps. cinnamon · ½ tsp. cloves · ½ tsp. nutmeg · 1½ tsp. baking powder · 1 cup boiling water.

* Add beaten eggs to the sugar, molasses and melted shortening, then add the dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted, and lastly the hot water. Bake in small individual pans or in a shallow pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

BOB and I'd been married six months and this was the first holiday we were home together . . . We had a solemn oath from the city editor not to disturb us for just one day. (Bob does sports and I do fashions for the *Record.*)

Our quiet was short-lived. The telephone rang almost immediately . . . It was Bob's mother . . . She'd come all the way from Oregon to "surprise" us . . .

Now, I'd never seen Bob's mother. I knew only two things about her: She adored her only son, and she considered a girl with a "career" a little unnatural.

I had to make a good impression!—And nothing in the house for lunch! I dispatched Bob to the store; I mixed up some tangy Brer Rabbit gingerbread. I thought the gingerbread would impress my mother-in-law.

Later Bob's mother confided to me that she had had her doubts about her only son marrying a girl with a career. "But, if Robert had only told me you could make gingerbread like this, I should have felt a lot easier."

GOOD old-fashioned gingerbread, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses, always makes a fine impression. Failing appetites are revived by its savory goodness, its mellow richness.

The flavor of Brer Rabbit gingerbread is distinctive. For Brer Rabbit is real old New Orleans molasses, made from the very cream of fresh-crushed sugar cane juice . . . Rich in iron and lime.

THERE ARE TWO GRADES—*Gold Label* —the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery, delicious on pancakes; *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses. It's a matter of individual taste, which you prefer.

BRER RABBIT
Molasses
IN TWO GRADES

PARTNERS IN PERFECTION



PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE (*Illustrated*) (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Yolks of three eggs
Grated rind of one lemon
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ cup DOLE Crushed Pineapple
½ cup cold water
½ cup cream or evaporated milk
Whites of three eggs
½ cup sugar Few grains salt

Beat yolks of eggs slightly, and add grated rind, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cook in double boiler, stirring, constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from range and add gelatine (which has been soaked in cold water about five minutes) and pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, add cream or evaporated milk, beaten until stiff, and whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into a wet mold and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with quarter slices of DOLE Pineapple and cherries. DOLE slices are recommended because of their fine appearance in a dessert like this.

DOLE Hawaiian PINEAPPLE

KNOX Sparkling GELATINE

JOIN IN MAKING THIS MOST DELICIOUS DESSERT

When you know what you start with you know what to expect. So expect to delight your taste when you eat this Pineapple Souffle, because the recipe calls for Dole Hawaiian Pineapple and Knox Sparkling Gelatine . . . two superlatively fine foods . . . happy partners in this new perfection.

DOLE stamped in the top of the can is your GUARANTEE of quality . . . 1 or 2 or 3 stamped beneath it is your GUIDE to grade. So look at the can top when you buy.

KNOX on a package of gelatine lets you know that it is the *real* granulated gelatine . . . pure, sparkling and good . . . and entirely free from sweetening, flavoring and coloring. Thus it blends perfectly with other foods and is also more economical.

More ways of combining Dole Pineapple and Knox Gelatine for delicious desserts . . . a multitude of ways of using them separately are given in the FREE Recipe Books which the coupon will bring you.



Wouldn't you like the whole romantic story of Dole grade-marked pineapple? And 39 delicious recipes? They are in a beautifully illustrated booklet called "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden", which the coupon will bring you—free.

KNOX GELATINE, 113 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Send me the two FREE books, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" and "KNOX Dainty Desserts and Salads".

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

MY GROCER'S NAME

Two interesting and helpful Knox Gelatine booklets that ought to be in every modern kitchen library are "Dainty Desserts and Salads" and "Food Economy". Both are "mines" of ideas. Both come to you free if you'll just mail the coupon.



Menus for December

(Continued from Page 64)

OYSTERS A LA KING are delicious and always popular. Rinse and look over one pint of oysters, put over the fire and simmer for five minutes, then drain and set aside. To the oyster liquid add enough milk to make two and a half cupfuls of liquid. Cream together three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, stir over the fire till bubbling, then add the liquid and one green pepper shredded, one pimiento cut in bits and a small can of mushrooms halved, with their liquor. Simmer over hot water, when thick add salt, white pepper and paprika to taste and a tiny pinch of nutmeg. Simmer till smooth and thick, stir in the oysters and heat thoroughly. Serve very hot in patty shells or on toast.

JELLIED CHICKEN. Prepare a lemon-flavored gelatin according to directions; cool almost to the point of congealing. Then add one and a half cupfuls of cold cooked sliced chicken, half a cupful of diced celery, half a cupful of canned pineapple drained and diced, a quarter of a cupful of shredded olives, and half a cupful of chopped nut meats. Turn into a wet mold and set aside for twelve to twenty-four hours, turn out and garnish with pimiento cups filled with nicely made cole slaw to which green peppers finely chopped have been added. Serve with whipped-cream or mayonnaise dressing and garnish with parsley or water cress.

YULETIDE FRUIT CAKE. Cream three-quarters of a cupful of shortening with two cupfuls of sugar, adding gradually the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Sift together two and a half cupfuls of flour and set aside a little of it to use for dredging the fruit. To the rest add a quarter of a teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg and cinnamon, and a pinch of ground cloves. Add the flour to the creamed mixture alternately with one cupful of buttermilk or sour milk in which three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda has been well beaten. Dredge with flour one and a half cupfuls of chopped seeded raisins, half a cupful of chopped nut meats, and a quarter of a cupful of citron shredded fine and add to the flour mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, bake in a large round loaf-cake pan, which has been greased and well floured, one and a half to two hours in a slow oven.

WASSAIL BOWL. Simmer six cloves, three pieces of stick cinnamon, a bit of dried ginger root and a blade of mace in a quart of sweet cider until the latter is well flavored with the spices. Strain and pour over four well-beaten eggs, simmer in a double boiler till slightly thickened, then add sugar to taste and the pulp of four large fluffy baked apples, pressed through a sieve. Serve hot or cold as desired.

Day-After-Christmas Dinner

Giblet Soup
(Made from giblets of chicken and goose)
Cold Sliced Goose Tart Plum Jelly
Baked Potatoes
Coleslaw
Sweet-Cider Pie Cheese
Coffee Tea Milk

SWEET-CIDER PIE. Bring one pint of sweet cider to boiling, add half a cupful of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed to a paste with cold water. Simmer till thick, add the juice of half a lemon, more sugar if necessary, and remove from the fire. Turn into a pastry-lined pan and top with strips of pastry. Bake quickly and serve cold.

Of course there must be a party some time during Christmas week, and what kind of party could be more fitting than one for children in their teens, who always seem to get genuine fun out of a party? Such a party may be a very simple affair, with ice cream, cakes and bonbons, and plenty of games and sport, or it may include sandwiches, stuffed eggs and other such good things as are listed in the menu.

Christmas-Week Party

Holiday Eggs
Christmas Sandwiches
Graham-Banana Sandwiches
Chocolate Snowballs
Ice Cream in Individual Forms
or
Frozen Custard
Yuletide Punch
Candies Nuts Gift Popcorn Balls

HOLIDAY EGGS. Stuffed eggs are always popular, and when they are all dressed up in Christmas fashion they will be especially jolly. Hard-cook the eggs as usual, shell and halve lengthwise. Place the hard-cooked whites in the juice from pickled beets to take on a cheerful red; meanwhile prepare the filling. Mash the hard-cooked yolks thoroughly, adding a little cream and melted butter, salt, pepper and paprika, and enough finely chopped parsley to tint the mixture a faint green. Drain the egg whites thoroughly and pack with the filling, mounding it in the center; then place a ring of stuffed olives and insert a sprig of cress or parsley.

CHRISTMAS SANDWICHES. Cut bread sliced an eighth of an inch thick in rounds, and in half the slices cut a circle from the center, using a small cutter or thimble. Spread the slices with softened butter and cream cheese, put them together in pairs, the open slices on top; in the cavity place a candied cherry and a holly leaf cut from a slice of green pepper.

GRAHAM-BANANA SANDWICHES. Slice Graham or whole-wheat bread a quarter of an inch thick, trim away the crusts, butter lightly, then spread with banana pulp made by mashing a ripe banana which has been freed from all stringy bits with a fifth lemon juice to keep it white, and a very little sugar. Put together sandwich fashion, then cut in triangles.

CHOCOLATE SNOWBALLS. Cream a quarter of a cupful of shortening, add half a cupful of sugar, beat the yolks of two eggs thick, adding half a cupful of sugar to them; then combine the mixtures and beat again. Melt three squares of unsweetened chocolate over hot water and add to the egg, shortening and sugar. Sift and measure one and a half cupfuls of flour, sift again with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add to the cake mixture alternately with half a cupful of milk. Fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, beat in well, and bake in tiny muffin pans. When finished, ice all over with boiled icing; decorate with little silver candies to represent stars.

YULETIDE PUNCH. Mix together two quarts of cider and two cupfuls of orange juice, half a cupful of lemon juice, one pint bottle of maraschino cherries, one cupful of canned pineapple juice. Pour over cracked ice in a large bowl and add pieces of pineapple and banana. Serve in cups or glasses.

GIFT POPCORN BALLS. Mix together one and a half tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two cupfuls of molasses and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar; cook without stirring till the candy becomes brittle when dropped in cold water, then add a tiny pinch of soda, pour over four quarts of freshly popped corn, stir well, and while still warm make into balls, placing a tiny gift in each.



GIVE A Guaranteed Gift

THIS YEAR—*yet save!*

You can make this Christmas an extra nice one for the woman who loves her home. Give her a guaranteed gift. Yet spend less than you usually do.

Do your Christmas shopping at a new kind of store—a store where every dollar buys much more than you expect in beauty, style and service—and where everything you buy is fully guaranteed.

The Sears, Roebuck store near you is overflowing now with attractive, useful gifts for the home and for every friend and relative you want to remember.

Prices are twenty to forty percent lower. The most economical system of distribution yet devised, plus our mighty buying power explain why you can get such lovely and practical gifts at such low prices.

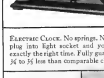
Go to the Sears' store near you and see for yourself the many gift items now on display—all sold at money saving prices—all sold under money-back guarantees. We illustrate here just a few of the thousands.



ELECTRIC CLOCK. No springs. No winding. Just plug into light socket and you always have exactly the right time. Fully guaranteed. Priced 36 to 36 less than comparable clocks elsewhere.



HEATMASTER AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC IRON will not burn or scorch. The heating element is guaranteed for life. It won't burn out. The price is one-third less than you expect.



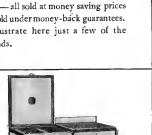
HEATMASTER ELECTRIC TOASTER-WAFFLE Toasts waffles back because new patented element directs concentrated heats. Another amazing value.



COMMANDER DE-LUXE VACUUM CLEANER. Vibration, suction and sweeping (motor driven brush). Offers features of latest cleaners at a saving of almost one-half.



KENMORE DELUXE ELECTRIC WASHER has super tub capacity, full balloon roll wringer, sturdy construction, polished aluminum tub cover, triple rate agitator, and many other features. Thirty day trial. Unconditional guarantee. Costs one-third less than other washers from which you would expect the same service.



PROSPERITY TABLETOP RANGE, the modern range, buffet type, full porcelain enameled inside and out, heavily insulated oven and latest type heat control. The price is at least one-fourth less than others ask for the same quality.

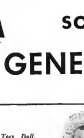
Christmas shop at SEARS' *and save!*

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.

BE THRIFTY IN BUYING

SO YOU CAN BE

GENEROUS IN GIVING



Tickle-Toes Doll, the wonder baby doll that looks and feels so real, has soft rubber arms and legs, flirting and sleeping eyes, three voices that cry and sitting head that turns in any direction. Every little girl loves Tickle-Toes. The price is quite reasonable.

GIVE more, but spend less, this Christmas. You can if you do your Christmas shopping at the Sears store near you *where prices are twenty to forty percent lower.*

All our fine Christmas merchandise is priced so low that you can be more generous than usual this year, and still save money.

Sears stores are filled with welcome gifts. Yet all are priced at figures surprisingly low.

We buy in huge quantities. We distribute through more than 350 of our own stores and directly by mail. The great savings are passed along to you in the form of lower prices.

Another nice thing about shopping at Sears is the guarantee. Everything we sell will be satisfactory or your money back.

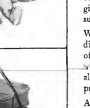
Go to the Sears store near you and look over our wide selection of guaranteed gifts.



All-Steel Chummy Coaster Wagon with new aluminum finished wheels, hard rubber tires and enameled in striking colors. Just the thing for the lively boy who is "hard on playthings". You can save up to one-fourth by buying all your toys at Sears.



Beautiful, all-wool satin-bound two-tone reversible Blankets, green on one side, orchid on the other; or green and rose, rose and gold, blue and gold, or gold and orchid. Size 72" x 84". Priced so you save up to one-fourth.



Kenmore Ironer does the ironing in ¼ the usual time. It saves hours of back-breaking work. Completely automatic. 30 days trial. Payments if desired. You may save as much as $40 on this ironer.



Sun-Warm Auto Heater gives you more than enough heat under any conditions. Quiet motor driven fan circulates air heated by hot water. Save one-half.

Driver Work Shoe, the most complete work shoe ever made to sell at the remarkably low price Sears asks. Every bit of this equipment is covered by the famous Sears money-back guarantee. Ask for our new catalog. "Electrical Power Tools and Shop Equipment."

Christmas shop at

SEARS'

and save!

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.

The Silver Flower

(Continued from Page 12)

never seem to feel any shock in passing from the days of believing everything to those later days of cold criticism. Santa Claus is love and the funny fat little man just a device for spreading it, like the Christmas tree and the carols and the Christmas baskets and the iron kettles.

It isn't the size of the Christmas that counts. It isn't the number of presents. One of the happiest Christmases I ever had came during a strike, when it was not deemed sensible to do any holiday spending. I cut tissue paper into squares and folded them so as to form a hula-hula skirt for a paper doll to hang by my dad's mirror. He used an old-time razor and liked shaving papers. I made my mother a case for her doilies. The cover was made of bits of gingham and calico sewed together like a patchwork quilt, and I did it by hand. I gave Mr. Dockleberry, the blind rooster, a handful of corn, and Cleopatra, our romantic cat, a piece of liver I got from the butcher. Fuzzie Wuzzie, the black spaniel, got a bit of evergreen for his collar. I went up to the neighborhood mission house and packed baskets for the poor.

It was truly a Christmas of the heart. We washed paint and scrubbed floors and polished windows and shone the crystals on the hanging lamps, put clean papers everywhere and starched the curtains. That house shone like a bride. We even washed the leaves of the begonia plants.

MOTHER put out her wedding linen with the beautiful creases that she had ironed in with such loving care, and the big napkins with the scroll monograms in the corners. I polished the silver spoons with rosebuds in the handles with a toothbrush. We had grape juice in grandma's tall gold-etched glasses. They were very thin and I still remember the reflections on the snowy tablecloth.

The fruit cake had ripened in a covered crock for several weeks and now it was brought out, to be cut in thin beautiful slices.

From things lying around in the basement my father made me a sled, painted it bright blue and put my name on the bottom. Oh, wonderful! And it snowed! We were all so happy to be together, to be warm, to be fed.

And then in the evening mother lighted the big red candle in the window and left the shades up. In actual cash our Christmas cost us just twenty cents, ten cents for the tissue paper and ten cents for the candle. But considered purely as a heart warmer, a million dollars couldn't have done more.

IN NEARLY all happy successful families you will find this touch of sentiment. A house with home celebrations going on in it is like a man with a rosebud in his coat lapel. There's promise in it. It's going somewhere. Birthdays, Thanksgiving Days, Christmas Days, New Year's Days, all of them are rich material for the mother who wants to leave echoes of love in the souls of her children. Love itself is beautiful, but love that is expressed is more beautiful still.

God did not sit up in His Heaven and content himself with loving the world. He did something about it. He sent His Son and let a woman be a bearer of the gift. In these cold days of facts and figures, this lovely bit of emotion is still left intact. The Christian spirit defies chemical analysis, formula and rationalization, thank God. It's the eternal childhood of the world.

So save the precious little lights, put tissue paper round the baubles and treat the silver flower with respect. Maybe the tiptop ornament in your house is a star or a little figure of the Christ child. Whatever it is, it is part of your family business, the bright lining to some future cloud.

Then all for happy times at home, for holly on the front door, and red paper bells in the windows and fathers and mothers dragged out of bed in the morning. If the children toot horns in your ears and put paper hats on your head and weep over busted balloons, give 'em a kiss all around and go play with the wind-up train yourself. It's good for you. It's good for the children and it's good for the world!

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1931.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Editor, Loring A. Schuler, Haverford, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, Chesla C. Sherlock, Media, Pennsylvania
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

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John B. Williams, Trustee, under Declaration of Trust, February 1, 1928, Narberth, Pennsylvania

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
W. D. Fuller, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirty-first day of August, 1931.

[Seal] W. C. TURNER, Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1933)



OXYGEN can't hijack Maxwell House flavor

That's why the new* VITA-FRESH *Process is winning new friends for this famous coffee

ONCE you have tried your first can of Maxwell House packed by the new Vita-Fresh method, you will realize why you have never been quite sure about your coffee.

For Maxwell House packed this new scientific way is always uniform in strength and flavor. Because it is strictly fresh, not robbed of its precious fragrance and aroma by Oxygen, you can follow the simple directions on the package and get a superb cup of coffee every time.

Coffee flavor is highly perishable. Air (Oxygen) robs coffee of its strength and flavor.

Just read these amazing facts established in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:



(1) *Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in nine days after roasting*

(2) *Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in nine days after roasting*

All due to the attack of Oxygen!

Think of it! Forty-five to sixty-five per cent of the flavor gone from nine-day-old coffee. Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over old-fashioned methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause flavor loss and deterioration.

The new Vita-Fresh Process removes the air so *completely* that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals *no trace of Oxygen in the Vita-Fresh can after packing.*

Remember—Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. The Vita-Fresh Process *alone* gives full protection to coffee goodness. Maxwell House and Maxwell House *only* gives you this guarantee of full flavor, full value in every pound.

You'll be thrilled by your first taste of roaster-fresh coffee!

Ask your grocer today for a pound of Maxwell House Vita-Fresh Coffee. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Its fragrance and aroma will tell you at once when you open the can, that here is something different and finer in coffee. And when you sip your first cup you'll know (probably for the first time in your life) how infinitely more delicious really *fresh* coffee is.

We'll risk a pound to prove it

After trying Vita-Fresh Maxwell House Coffee, if you and your family do not agree that it is the finest coffee you have ever tasted—simply return the can with unused portion to the grocer from whom you bought it and he will gladly return the full purchase price.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Good to the Last Drop

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

SLEEP TONIGHT

This Instant. Drugless Way

Feel Like A New Person Tomorrow



Now—An Instant Way To Get 8 Hours Sound Sleep at Night Entirely Without Drugs . . . Brings Clear-Eyed Mornings and Buoyant Days

NOW—you can say "good-bye" to sleepless nights . . . banish those heavy-eyed mornings!

For a way has been found to induce instant sleep—entirely without drugs. A way that brings sleep so naturally that 20,000 physicians endorse it.

It is not a medicine in any sense of the word. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink!

It is a delicious food-drink you take at night a few minutes before you go to bed.

You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep 8 hours as soundly as a child.

In the morning you awake completely refreshed in body and mind. Your whole being is re-charged with new vitality.

It Does These 3 Things

The name of this remarkable product is Ovaltine—discovered in Switzerland by a scientist of international fame. During the World War it was a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Because it does three things no other food-combination in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "Lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is due to the fact that it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus lifting a great burden from your digestive organs.

Also, by stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start Tonight

So try Ovaltine tonight. See how quickly you increase relax—how naturally and normally you fall asleep.

In the morning, you'll feel like a new person. Fresh—alert—clear-eyed.

Your whole appearance will reflect the result of the restful sleep you've had. And a few weeks' use of Ovaltine will show an extremely gratifying health-result. A health-result manifested by steadier nerves—stronger digestion—and buoyant energy that increases day by day.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, undernourished children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

(If Unable to Obtain Locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. H-37 S
180 North Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to Swiss secret Swiss formula.

Ladies' Home Journal Reference Library

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	CENTS
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The Nursery	5
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The Teeth and Their Care	5
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The Child Who Will Not Eat	5
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Formulæ for Infant Feeding and Diets for the Pre-School Child	10

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HOW TO CHOOSE CHARMING AND CORRECT DRESS. *By Anna Parrish.* Price, 2 cents.

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THE SUB-DEB

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, see page 56.

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HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB. *By Catherine Oglesby.* The do's and don'ts of applying for your first or any brand-new job. Price, 2 cents.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS. *By Doris Fleischmann.* The fields that are open to women at the present time. Price, 2 cents.

GOLF SECRETS. *By Alex Morrison.* What every golfer should know. Price, 2 cents.

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For the above, address Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PATTERNS

Authentic Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses and coats, 75 cents; ensembles and evening dresses, one dollar.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns may be obtained by mail, postage prepaid, from the JOURNAL Pattern Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 15 cents each.



You get TWICE AS MUCH EATABLE HAM *in every pound you buy*



. . . and it's all cooked . . . ready to eat

YOU don't pay for skin. You don't pay for bone. And you don't pay for extra fat . . . when you buy ham pressure cooked the Flavor-Sealed way.

Every bite that comes out of the Hormel container is marvelously tender, good-to-eat HAM. No waste . . . no cooking shrinkage.

But ham does shrink when *you* cook it. That nice smell that wanders through the house is literally FLAVOR . . . flavor going up in steam! (Look at the chart again—did you realize that a fourth of the average ham shrinks away in cooking!)

Hormel puts a prime, grain-fed, delicately-cured ham in a sealed container and cooks it under high pressure. The odor and flavor, instead of going out, are COOKED in . . . to make the meat sweeter, more tender!

Slice cold Hormel Ham and watch sandwiches disappear! Broil or fry it . . . takes only a minute. Brown it in the oven with a crisp, spicy sugar-and-cloves crust in TWENTY MINUTES FLAT!

There are sizes for two, sizes for picnics . . . quarter, half, and whole hams! And you'll find exciting ways to serve them in "Five Minute Cookery", the free booklet we're waiting to mail you. Won't you send for it . . . TODAY!

GEO. A. HORMEL & COMPANY
AUSTIN, MINNESOTA

THIS 6 POUND *Flavor-Sealed* HAM	A comparison between raw ham (lean and fat) you cook and HORMEL *Flavor-Sealed* HAM	RAW HAM (REGULAR SAMPLES)	HORMEL HAM
EQUALS *this* 11½ *pound* RAW HAM (REGULAR SAMPLES)	SURPLUS FAT *also unreliable skin and sinews*	21 %	0 %
	BONE	11 %	0 %
	COOKING SHRINKAGE *(Evaporation)*	22⅝ %	0 %
	JUICE *in Container*	0 %	9 %
	TOTAL UNEATABLE *per pound*	54⅝ %	9 %
	EATABLE MEAT	45⅜ %	91 %
	In each case you have ham cooked ready to serve cold . or to bake or prepare in any way you wish		

(Above) This chart is the result of actual tests of more than a million pounds of ham. It shows why it costs you no more to get the delicious added flavor and convenience of Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham.

The Flavor-Sealed Pantry



Flavor-Sealed Ham in three sizes—whole, half or quarter ham—weights from 11½ pounds up to 18 pounds.

Flavor-Sealed Chicken in two sizes—a whole chicken or a half, in delicious gelatin jelly, cooked ready to serve.

New: A Double-Strength Chicken Broth, Flavor-Sealed, delicious. If you cannot tell the amazing difference, your money back.

Also, Flavor-Sealed Chicken à la King with fresh mushrooms.

NEW SIZE: *This is the new small-family size Flavor-Sealed Ham. Note distinctive shape of the flat-sided container—exclusive with Hormel. Weights —2¾ pounds and under.*



HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM

GEO. A. HORMEL & COMPANY
Austin, Minnesota

LFM 10-31

Please send my free copy of "*5*-Minute Cookery"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

if you and your Laundryman went shopping together



"Look for the Pepperell Label on cotton goods," he would say, "it means"

PEPPERELL TRADE MARK FABRICS

THIS CLOTH HAS EXTRA VALUE*

LAUNDRIES get the blame for many things which are not their fault. Some people think they use strong and destructive acids, but they do not. Nothing used by any good laundry in your city can injure cotton goods that are honestly woven and dyed. Your laundryman smiles when he sees the famous Pepperell label on articles from your home, because they always wash well. He knows that the word Pepperell marks nearly every thrifty cotton article you can buy. Pepperell makes sheets, bedspreads, blankets, smart prints for your morning frocks, fine broadcloth for men's shirts, shorts and pajamas, strong jeans for play suits—these and dozens of other useful articles made of Pepperell fabrics are guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. You are sure of extra value.

FOR BABY

Clothes and other articles for baby must be very honestly made to stand long wear and washing—and not to chafe the baby's delicate skin. Here are a few highly recommended articles of Pepperell fabrics, on sale by good stores in your city.



● **Rubberized Pants.** This necessary garment is comfortable in this five-button, blue or pink trimmed model of rubberized Pepperell Fabric. Made by Climax Rubber Company, 1270 Broadway, New York City.



● **Rubberized Crib Sheets.** Soft, sure, and long-wearing because they are made of Pepperell Fabric, rubberized by a special process by Archer Rubber Company, Milford, Massachusetts.



● **Rubberized Mattress Covers.** Fat cribs or bassinet, made of rubberized Pepperell Fabric in flesh and white with matching rubberized binding and adjustable tie strings. Made by Climax Rubber Company, 1270 Broadway, New York City.



● **Baby Pepperell Diapers.** Made of a special Pepperell dimity fabric, absorbent, long-wearing, packed in a sanitary box.



● **Baby Pepperell Crib Blankets and Sheets.** Cunning designs by Tony Sarg and others and the fluffy Crisptex finish have made these blankets the favorite of mothers everywhere. The sheets are the same fine quality as other Pepperell sheets.

• • •

FOUR SHEETS FOR FOUR PURPOSES—EACH AN EXTRA VALUE

● PEPPERELL "REGULAR"

The standard sheet for general utility purposes. Made of pure, strong cotton with no "hack filling" that would wash out. Now selling in good stores from $1 to $1.25. Seven lovely pastel colors for slightly more.

● LADY PEPPERELL

The famous sheet made with 4 extra threads to the inch, for long wear. Heavier and closer woven than the Pepperell "Regular". This is a real bargain at $1.40 to $1.75. Seven lovely pastel colors for slightly more.

● PEPPERELL FINE COUNT

The aristocrat of medium priced sheets. Smooth, firm and lustrous on the bed, and light to handle in the laundry. Price only $1.60 to $2 in good stores—this is your chance to stock up for your lifetime.

● PEPPERELL PEERESS

The finest cotton sheet made. Selected long-staple cotton is closely woven to produce its luxurious softness, snowy whiteness and long life in the laundry. Remarkable value now at $3 to $3.50 in the best stores.

NOTE—*These are average prices for double-bed sizes in regular to extra lengths.*

* THIS FREE BOOK, *"Spend and Grow Rich," Tells How to Get Extra Value Whenever You Buy Cottons*

Do you want to dress better, but spend less money? Sign the coupon below for your free copy of the new Pepperell Cotton Book. This book will come by return mail. It tells you how to know good cottons in the stores—how to test before you buy. Cotton articles that look good in the stores, but that fade, shrink and otherwise fail to stand hard wear and washing are the ones that waste your money. The free book protects you. Sign this coupon—you will be glad you did.



PEPPERELL

THE PEPPERELL TRADE MARK AND GUARANTEE ARE YOUR PROTECTION

GUARANTEE: Go into your retail store and buy any sheet or other article bearing this Pepperell mark. Take it home and examine it at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with what you have bought, send it to us with the sales slip, and we will refund you the full purchase price. Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

* Pepperell Manufacturing Company
166 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Send me, free, your new, illustrated book "Spend—and Grow Rich", which tells how to test cotton goods and save money when I buy.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*My favorite store is*_____

Christmas Gifts You Can Make

New and Old-Fashioned Needlework Will Prove Welcome Presents



These enchanting animals would delight the hearts of all schoolgirls. The frog who would a wooing go dressed up in green and peach velvet; the Calico Cat with her wide grin; the scholarly Gingham Dog with his red necktie; the kitten with her bushy tail and her friend, the pup; and the big black Scottie.

THERE is magic in the gift that you have made yourself. Your thought and care increase its value a hundredfold. All the suggestions on this page are shown through the courtesy of John Wanamaker.

Materials and the working directions may be obtained for all of them. If you would like further information about them, write to the Needlework Editor, Service Bureau, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Above—The hooked rug is one of the earliest American designs, done in blocks of dull colors. The hooked chair seat has a flower motif done in colors to match the rug. An old-fashioned peasant scene in brilliant colors is worked in cross-stitch on natural-colored linen crash mounted on a maple footstool. The silhouettes are cross-stitched in black.

At left—The charming appliquéd quilt combines large blocks of yellow and white and is bound in red chintz. Each white block has a big basket of blue chintz, filled with red and yellow flowers of figured chintz. The pillow matches it. The fifty-inch cloth at the bottom of the illustration has a wide border of heavy embroidery in many colors.

The other cloth, bridge-table size, with its matching napkins, is of Russian origin, in cross-stitch in green, orange, red and blue.



PHOTOS. BY CHARLES DARKER

Surprise your Friends with Gifts you've made yourself

This year you can remember all your friends with lovely gifts at a fraction of their cost to buy. For here is a book filled with ideas for attractive gifts that you can make on your sewing machine. Pajamas, lingerie, robes, pillows, card table covers, fabric toys—these are but a few of its many suggestions.

GET THIS BOOK FREE



PACKED WITH IDEAS AND HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

To get your book, simply take the coupon below to any Singer Shop. The experts at the Shop will also gladly give you helpful instruction to enable you to make your gifts. Every sewing convenience is provided, including the use of swift Singer Electric Machines. Do not hesitate to take advantage of this special service which is now available at every Singer Shop.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. INCORPORATED

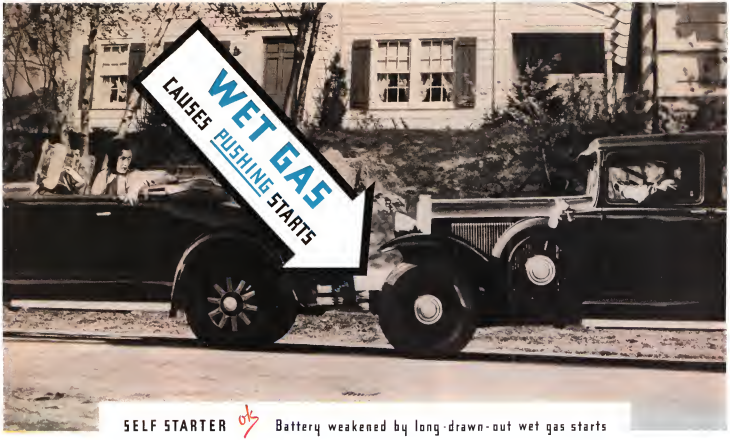
This coupon, when filled in and presented at any Singer Shop, entitles you to a free copy of "Gifts You Can Make on the Sewing Machine."

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FOR INSTANT STARTS

use dry TEXACO-ETHYL

* *Dry* gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

It's hard to start your car with wet gas because wet gas vaporizes only in part. It fails to fire quickly or surely in the cylinders. The result is stalling and slow starts which wear down the battery until it can no longer turn the engine over. The need for "pushing starts" can nearly always be traced to the use of wet gas.

Dry Texaco-Ethyl fires evenly and starts instantly. Battery-drain is reduced to a minimum.

Texaco-Ethyl does this because it goes into the cylinders an even dry mixture of gasoline and air—all vapor—which takes the spark and burns completely, yielding up every ounce of its power.

Drive in for a tankful—at the silver Texaco pump. Use dry Texaco-Ethyl regularly.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

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LISTEN

—and for perfect lubrication, use

"CRACK-PROOF"

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

DRY TEXACO + ETHYL COMPOUND = DRY TEXACO-ETHYL

THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE

Home Builders' Page

Edited by JAMES HAROLD HAWKINS

Effortless

GARAGE doors have become as much a part of the average home as chimneys or baby carriages. But garage doors have been disgraceful-looking things for some time. Really, they have been just adaptations from the regulation old barn doors. They have swung in and out on sagging hinges until finally industry took a hand.

Besides the more beautiful designs in garage doors now available, they are being hung in surprising ways. Some of them slide back out of the way, and some of them fold vertically into ribbonlike portions. But the latest additions to garage-door architecture and management are along the line of automatic raising to heights convenient.

In various fashions they elevate themselves to let the car pass below. Some types need just a slight push to start them aloft, or the turning of a key in a switch, will set a small electric motor at the job. Another kind of garage door just opens itself when the approaching wheels of the car press down on a tread close to the garage entrance.

Regardless of the type of door that appeals—for one surely will—it is a relief to get away from the sagging sloppiness of ill-hung swing doors, and the inconvenience they often put us to in this age of superconvenience.

—J. H. H.

Control

IT IS to experience complete satisfaction with household equipment of an automatic nature if one has complete control of the automatic features. For instance, a modern heating plant has automatic control which increases or reduces the fuel being used according to the temperature requirements in the house. Once set at 70° F., for instance, the temperature will stay about that.

Supposing, however, you wanted one room 60° and another 80°. Not having complete control of the automatic features, this would be awkward. To make this desired flexibility a reality, there is now available an automatic radiator control which neatly does the trick. It gives us complete control of an automatic appliance.

The little gadget takes the place of the usual handle or wheel on the radiator valve. It operates in relation to outdoor temperatures and an automatic thermostat opens or closes an orifice through which the steam or vapor enters the radiator. This new automatic radiator control is applicable to two-pipe steam, vapor or vacuum heating systems, new or old.

—J. H. H.

Heaters

AUTOMATIC water heaters are of two types—instantaneous heaters, where water is heated as drawn, and storage heaters, where a burner heats a tank full of water up to a definite temperature and then keeps it constant at this temperature.

In determining the size of an automatic storage water heater needed, a good rule to follow, for ordinary residential purposes, is to figure on twenty-gallon capacity for the home with one bathroom, and ten additional gallons for each bath or shower above that.

When possible a storage heater should be carefully sized according to its heat input as well as its gallon capacity. Some heaters are designed with large burners, and therefore the cold water which enters when the warm is drawn off recovers its high degree of temperature faster than when the burners are smaller and the heat input consequently low.

A reliable salesman will explain these differences to you, and the various advantages, according to demand, size of house, family, and so on. A household that has a heavy rush on the hot water at short intervals will, of course, require a heater that has a rapid heat recovery, whereas the family that uses hot water more or less steadily, but not in unusual quantities, can use a heater that is slower in heating the new supply of water.

It is logical, therefore, to set down the hourly hot-water requirements of a home on its busiest day and to use the total amount as a guide in choosing a heater, in connection with the burner size as related to gallon capacity.

The following list of the amount of water used for various needs is more or less average, based on a family of four—two of them children:

	GALLONS
One morning bath	12
Breakfast, dishes, and the like	5
Laundry	12
Baby's bath	5
Cleaning	10
Luncheon dishes	5
Miscellaneous uses	6
Dinner preparation and dishes	10
Bath	15
Evening toilette	5
Total	85

A twenty-gallon storage water heater with a fairly rapid rate of heat recovery would be suitable for this family's hot-water needs.

The automatic storage heater, then, if properly chosen, answers a steady need for hot water necessary to everyday living. There should never be any wait for hot water or need for conserving it for a seemingly more important use.

This type of heater consists of a gas-operated boiler containing from twenty gallons of water upward at one time, according to the size selected. It should require no attention from morning to night, or even from day to day. When the heater is installed the pilot is lighted, and from then on burns continuously, serving as a means of automatically lighting the gas supply. When the water in the boiler is hot the supply of gas to the burner is automatically cut off and only the pilot remains on, ready for its next call.

The principle on which this heater works is really quite simple. The automatic storage heater has its own boiler always filled with hot water. When a supply is drawn off for use somewhere in the house, cold water immediately enters the tank to replace that withdrawn. And as the cold water enters the boiler a thermostat begins to operate which turns the gas burner on full until the water has reached the temperature required. This temperature is one that has been decided upon at the time of installation.

A water heater of this type is so thoroughly insulated that there is practically no loss of heat throughout the tank during long periods of storage, such as during the night or over a week-end holiday.

An interest in the operating cost of an automatic storage gas water heater is quite natural, in view of careful choosing for size so that extravagance might be avoided. A positive figure, however, is impossible. From two to four cents per day per person in the family is an average.

When water heaters can be flue connected it is certainly the best practice, for it keeps the room in which the heater is installed cooler in the summer and serves to carry off flue products in the winter, when they might otherwise condense on the windows.

It is necessary that an automatic storage water heater using a large heat input be flue connected, unless it is equipped with an automatic safety burner. —M. H.

LIKE DIRTY FINGERNAILS

Domestic Hands

MAKE WOMEN SELF-CONSCIOUS



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

Hands that are chapped and rough and red with exposure and work speak volumes to the quick appraising eye.

No woman can hide them. No woman who has them can help feeling self-conscious, miserable in the presence of others whose approval she values.

Domestic Hands people call them. But they are really neglected hands.

Why submit to such humiliation when it is so unnecessary? With just a little care it is so easy to have hands as soft, white, and lovely, as a queen's.

A Special Hand Lotion that Makes Domestic Hands Impossible

It is easy to avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands. To keep your hands always young and beautiful just smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times a day.

You see the improvement almost at once. Even hands that have suffered cruelly from neglect respond to this safe, sure treatment—become soft, supple and lovely—almost as if by magic.

Don't expect these results from the use of imitations, many of which simulate Hinds texture by the use of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Some contain alcohol in amounts that actually dry out the skin. "Just as goods" may prove to be positively *harmful*—play safe by always insisting on the original.

We will gladly send you a generous sample, free. Just write the A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-11, Bloomfield, N. J.

Invitation To users of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. We will send you Hinds 3 new beauty aids $1.40 value for 50¢

WHAT YOU GET	*Retail Value*
Hinds Cleansing Cream. A silky, fragrant cream that liquefies 2 to 7 times faster than ordinary creams. Removes all dust, dirt and makeup	40¢
Hinds Toning Cleanser. A new-type liquid cleanser that refines skin texture. Dissolves out pore-residue, thus allows pores to shrink to normal size	60¢
Hinds Texture Cream. A greaseless skin softener which is absorbed rapidly, giving skin the smooth, dewy texture of youth	40¢
Total Value	$1.40
YOURS FOR	50

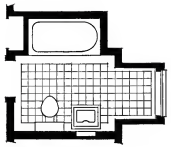
Offer good only until December 31, 1931. To get these remarkable new Hinds products (at little more than one-third regular price) print name and address on the front cover of your Hinds Honey & Almond Cream carton today and mail with 50¢ to: A. S. Hinds Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

This offer not good in Canada

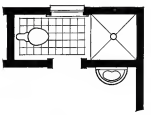


© 1931, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

HINDS *honey and almond* CREAM

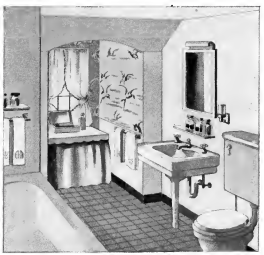


Five Bathrooms Inexpensively Done



RUSSELL FUDGE, *Architect*

Sketches by Effa Brown

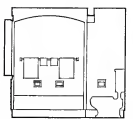


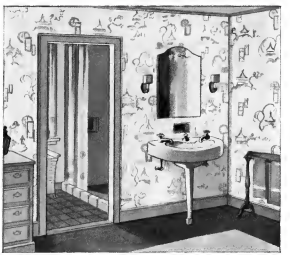
Bathroom No. 1

No. 1. Alcove washable paper from W. H. S. Lloyd Co., 38 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City. No. H-26CH-15. Colors blue-green, yellow-green, rust and white. Walls soft yellow-green. Floor rust-colored tiles. Blue-green chintz on dressing table. White curtains and white fixtures. Lavatory, Closet and Tub total cost $179.45, as made by America's best manufacturers of plumbing fixtures. Write Architectural Editor for further particulars.

No. 3, below, showing four side-wall elevations, has deep tan tiles, cornyellow walls, baseboard and towel racks are black, and curtains and towels with yellow borders. The white plumbing fixtures can be bought for $181.46. Additional information about these bathrooms is available by writing to Architectural Editor.

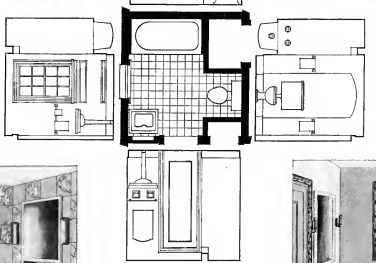
Bathroom No. 3

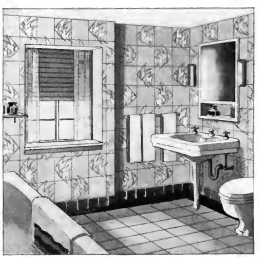




Bathroom No. 2

No. 2. Shower bathroom off guest room with lavatory in bedroom. Bedroom paper Chinese design of red on ivory ground. Woodwork lacquered red. Bathroom walls painted soft grayed green, and tiled floor also grayed green. Shower and window curtain are white with lacquer-red Chinese circles stenciled on them. Bedroom furniture either antique maple or painted soft gray-green. Towels and hamper are lemon yellow. Three plumbing fixtures total cost, in white, approximately $192.40.



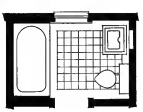


Bathroom No. 4

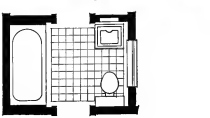
No. 4, at left, is papered with a modern paper of gray-and-white fish on a powder-blue background. Floor border is of deep blue tiles, with variegated blue and green in center. Window curtains sheer white voile and Venetian blinds are powder blue. Bath mat has wavy border of blue and green. Bottles have blue stoppers. Plumbing fixtures come to $179.45. The cost of a modern, attractive bathroom need not be excessive. Color is abundant in decorations.



Bathroom No. 5



Color scheme at right is black, white and blue, with bits of gold. White walls with black-blue-and-gold paper border around window and door frames. Window curtains and towels are light blue. Floor is black and white tiles. Laundry hamper is tin enameled black with white decoration and dull-gold striping. Rug and woodwork creamy white. Design in rug is black, blue and white. The fixtures total $181.46. Write to Architectural Editor for more details.





No longer need you HIDE your bathroom cleanser



No need indeed! For here is a reliable cleanser you'll be glad to leave in sight.

It's the very same Bon Ami that millions have used for years, *now* in a big, (nearly double-size) *de luxe Package*—a container beautifully designed in black and gold to harmonize with any bathroom. Notice, too, that it has a sifter top, with holes already made, which allows the powder to pour out in just the proper amount.

See this new container at your grocer's—ask for the *Bon Ami de luxe Package for Bathrooms.*

Bon Ami is the favorite cleanser for bathtubs, tiling, sinks, windows, mirrors, etc.—because it cleans easily, quickly, safely—because it doesn't scratch, leave sediment and is odorless—because it does not roughen the hands.

Bon Ami is also sold in regular *Powder* and *Cake* packages for kitchen and general use.

THE BON AMI COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.

BON AMI

Hasn't Scratched Yet!



© 1931, The Bon Ami Co.



House No. 351

Americana Delightfully Portrayed

FOX, DUTHIE & FOOSE, *Architects*

EARLY AMERICAN architecture takes many different forms in its present-day interpretations. Always, however, is there an atmosphere of honest sturdiness about the structure. The Colonials built to endure. Their minds were set on the stability of the new country, not on the resale value of house and lot.

If a Colonial house to be erected these days is to be of stone, let the walls be thick and solid. If brick, then a veneer is all right, for masonry veneer over frame is substantial, modern and gives the desired appearance when completed.

Many houses being erected, of the Colonial type, in one interpretation or another, are entirely of wood frame. These frame houses, however, are framed in ways different from the American houses of earlier days. The sizes of timbers used now are smaller than in the past. The methods of using timbers are different. However, just as satisfactory results are accomplished now as then, provided the job is done right.

So many times one sees a beautiful little Colonial house in some newer section of town or suburb, and then an inspection a couple of years later results in almost complete dissatisfaction. Standing up there at first, freshly painted and brand-new, it was a gem. Two years of settling, checking, paint peeling and discoloration, and the gem has turned into a muddy disillusionment.

Home ownership is a big investment. The amount of money, amount of time, and the elevation of self-righteousness in being a home owner, deserve assurance of quality. There should be, like life insurance, home-success insurance. But, alas, there isn't.

Home insurance is not, however, quite impossible; in fact, each home builder can easily write his own insurance, and by making but one premium payment realize a lifetime, paid-up insurance satisfaction on home ownership.

The method of procedure is simple enough. Make up your mind, while you are still a prospective home owner, to set aside a percentage of your total proposed cost to build a house as it should be built. This plan works as satisfactorily with a three-thousand-dollar house as it does with a fifteen-thousand-dollar house.

Some people will turn up their noses at this idea, saying that to spend a certain part of the whole cost of a house to make that house a good house is like buying a new davenport and then paying 7 per cent extra for feet to put under it. These people are partly right, but just partly so. Davenports haven't been selling without legs lately, but houses have!

Unless you yourself have actually seen the width and thickness of the footings under your foundation walls, you will never know whether they are twice as wide as the wall itself, or, in fact, you'll never know whether there are any there at all or not – that is, you won't know of their absence until the almost inevitable settling begins.

So this personally conducted insurance on a percentage basis does have its place in the sun, and no mistake. Although the premium paid for good construction and good materials really is part of the house itself, and not an extra, if we do look at it as insurance we may be more insistent in our demands for properly built houses. We copy our ancestors in the matter of architectural styles, and like it, so why not copy their sturdiness of construction and couple with it the benefits of science and invention that have occurred since their time?

In some parts of a modern house steel and concrete are being used in place of wood. For instance, if the first-floor beams, or joists, are steel, and the floor laid on top of them is reinforced concrete, the result is a fireproof construction which will tend to turn back any conflagration that may start in the basement. And in the basement is the place where the majority of fires have their origin.

Where the entire construction is of wood, there are several ways of reducing the fire hazard, both by using chemically treated lumber in certain places, and by correct methods of constructing walls, partitions and floors.

Colonial houses are found up and down the Atlantic Coast, of course. The modern adaptation of earlier-day building, as so ably produced by Fox, Duthie & Foose, architects, of Cleveland, and pictured on this page, merges stone masonry with wood, as was common between Philadelphia and New York, and points west to the Ohio River. The floor plans are arranged for comfortable family living. The built-in garage faces the street, as is well and proper, and connects directly with the house itself through a hall. It is, in short, a JOURNAL Garden Home.

—J. H. H.



JOURNAL House Patterns (trade-mark), containing complete plans and specifications, and a cardboard cut-out model of the house, are sold for one dollar each. Forty different houses are now available. Address Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PRETEND *you are buying a* Present for Yourself







The Tiffin is formal in two tones of crepe with a bit of gold kid outlining its contrasting collar.



Bows on toes are flattering. Give her this gay new Bridge in lustrous satin and crepe.



Moire is the smart contrast note for any negligee. She'd adore this new buckle backstrap.



Correct in cut and color for the new romantic fashions . . . Daniel Green's crepe pajama boot.



Any woman . . any age . . needs quilted Comfys for the boudoir. Be sure they're Daniel Green's.



The Comfy Loll in leather or crepe with a restful sole has won more hearts than any man.



A bedtime story in comforting felt for boys or girls . . . Daniel Green's Cavalier Boot.



This beloved leather Comfy seems to wear forever. Many colors. Sizes for women and girls.



Comforting felt is a foot's best friend in slushy weather. Sizes for men, women and children.



The men who get this trim leather Comfy will wear a smile a mile wide on Christmas morning.



Always look for the Daniel Green name on the sole or in the lining.

Pretend you are buying a present for yourself. Can you think of anything (that is, anything as practical as Daniel Green Slippers) that you'd rather see pop out of a box? ¶¶¶ Of course not! Comfys or Leisure styles, Daniel Greens are as much a part of Christmas as Santa Claus. No one even claims to equal Daniel Green Quality. ¶¶¶ Choose gay ones . . cozy ones . . for women of any age, for the men you love best. And don't forget the children. Prices $2.50 to $6 a pair. The Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, New York.

DANIEL GREEN *LEISURE* FOOTWEAR

A Page for Girls

The Sub-Deb

Edited by
ELIZABETH WOODWARD

Illustrated by Irving Nuriek



DECEMBER is a joyous month, isn't it? There are holidays—and parties—and trees ablaze with colors and lights—and gifts and surprises. It's a gay, festive month—and I've kept all of this in mind while writing your December page. Here's a new way to make your own Christmas cards, and some delightful suggestions for making Christmas cheerier for other folks—and, last but not least, a Christmas party.

And incidentally, so many of you Sub-Debs have written to me in the past few months asking for new ways to have parties that I thought it an excellent time to get out a new party booklet. With the holidays fast upon you and a gay round of parties being planned, I'm sure you will want some new ideas. And there are lots of them in my new booklet, called LET'S GIVE A PARTY. If you will send me a two-cent stamp, and address your letter to the Sub-Deb Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I'll see that a copy of the booklet is sent to you at once. I'm sure you will find loads of ways to make your next party different from all others.

And I'm wishing for each one of you the brightest and merriest Christmas you have ever had. I hope it will bring to you all of the good things you have longed for most—and that you will find time to make the holiday season happier for other people too. Merry Christmas to you all!

Planning for Others

AT CHRISTMASTIME some Girl Scouts I know make a trip to the local children's hospital, get permission from the authorities and decorate a tree within close view of the windows of the crippled children's wards.

On Christmas Eve they trim the tree with tiny electric bulbs, green, red and amber crystal balls and strands of silver tinsel, and top it off with a frosty star. Beds are rolled and chairs wheeled to the windows and pale little faces press against the panes of glass to watch the Girl Scouts, in medieval costume, stand in the glow of the tree and sing gay Christmas carols. From there the singers march to the ward, carrying a small gift for each child, fruit and nuts and corn-cobs of striped candy. A jolly red-cheeked Santa Claus distributes the gifts while the minstrels sing.

When Christmas is over, the girls dismantle the tree and turn it into a feeding station for birds. Once or twice a week they visit the tree to replenish the food. The shut-ins may watch the feeding station and learn to know and love the birds.

If there 's no children's hospital in your vicinity, an old people's home or a neighboring invalid will appreciate a living Christmas tree sparkling outside the windows. And when the tree is turned into a birds' feeding station, they will enjoy watching the birds flick their tails and flip their tiny heads as they gobble their breakfast. It will brighten Christmas for the lonely ones and interest them throughout the winter months. And every day will be Christmas to the birds!

Some Y. W. C. A. girls I know delight in planning and sending a Christmas party to children in orphanages and hospitals. They plan the games, send the decorations and favors and trimmings for the Christmas tree, little gifts and all the things needed to make a party a success.

They also make adorable little Japanese gardens and send them to shut-ins. They last for many months and are a continual joy and pleasure.

Make Your Christmas Cards

ISN'T it fun to send out Christmas cards that are original and different—and especially ones that you have made yourself? This is a new way to make them:

Select your design, then make a tracing of it, and over it fasten a flat piece of celluloid the same size as your design. You can get this at an artists' supply store. Fasten it down very securely. Then with a big strong needle start tracing the design on the celluloid.

Celluloid etching requires three ink values—light for distance and the lightest parts of the design, mere needle scratches; medium, cut slightly deeper, for the parts between distance and foreground; and dark, deep-cut lines to give blackest design color and used in foregrounds.

After you have cut your design into the celluloid, rub it all over with chalk to see that the design is correct, and compare it with the original design. After you have your celluloid plate finished mount it on a bigger flat plate, either celluloid or steel. You can fasten them together with pasty soft soap.

Now mix etcher's ink with a drop or two of oil; make it smooth and rather thick so that it will not spread or flow easily. Make a dauber of lambskin and, using a circular movement, rub the ink into the cut lines in the celluloid. Be sure there is no excess ink around the edges, and that the etching edges are clean too. Also be sure that the ink is rubbed deeply into the parts of the design to be dark.

Best printing results are secured by using fairly wet paper. Press the paper between clean, white blotters to remove water spots. Center this paper over the ink-covered celluloid plate, lay a dry blotter over it and several layers of newspaper. Then holding it all firmly run it through an ordinary clothes ringer once or twice. This makes the first print of your design. If it smears, wipe off the plate with turpentine to remove the ink and then apply a fresh coat.

You can make from thirty to fifty prints from one plate and it is a charming way to make Christmas cards and bookplates.

If you would like to have some designs and further suggestions about other ways of making your greeting cards, send me a two-cent stamp and I will send you our booklet called, HANDMADE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Gifts to Make

OF COURSE, you will all want to make at least some of your gifts this Christmas. It's fun to do it, and there's always a special, personal touch about a gift you make yourself.

In the March and April Letters from the Sub-Deb Editor—copies of which are still available if you will send me a two-cent stamp for each one you want—there are directions for making various things that would be splendid for presents. A new cover for some friend's tennis racket, for instance; cunning animal doorstops you can paint yourself; a desk ensemble you can cover with the new decorative papers; hobby stationery with appropriate personal, hand-blocked designs; and an adorable breakfast-in-bed set for holiday mornings, when one can be very luxurious. Then there's another booklet you'll want: LAST-MINUTE GIFTS AND PRIZES. Send a two-cent stamp for this to the Hostess, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

New Games

THERE are two brand-new games just out to add to your list. They will make no end of fun when the crowd gathers at your house for a party.

One is called Cross-Word Lotto and is good sport if you like cross-word puzzles. Play it alone or in groups.

The other is Solo Bridge, and you bridge-loving Sub-Debs will like it, I'm sure. There are ten bridge problems by Milton Work—and it is heaps of fun trying to solve them. Incidentally, both these games would make splendid Christmas presents, and I shall be delighted to tell you where you can buy them and how much they cost.

A 1941 Christmas

WHY not try a Prophecy Party this Christmas Eve to give your guests something different? Everyone enjoys fortune telling and games based on it, and so use this theme for your party's keynote.

If your living room has an open fireplace, have a roaring log fire going when your guests arrive, and then make a real ceremony of dragging in the Yule log—as big a log as your fireplace will conveniently hold. Have it gayly decorated with holly sprigs and borrow a toy express wagon from one of the neighbor's children to trundle the log in on.

Have the boys place the log on the flames and all the girls pelt it with the sprays of holly after it is in place, while the entire group joins in singing some favorite old Christmas carol: We Three Kings of Orient Are, Good King Wenceslas or Noel. Just before the last of the holly burns out, everyone must stop and make a silent wish for the coming year.

Now you, as the hostess, will announce that you are going to celebrate Christmas Eve in the year A. D. 1941. Ask your guests to sit down in a big half circle around the hearth, upon which every girl is handed a gay little Christmas-red handbag-size pencil and each boy a pocket-size green one. These are, of course, to be kept as favors. If it is possible to have the guests' names on the pencils, so much the better. Now pass around small sheets of white paper, like daily leaves from a desk calendar. Each sheet is headed, December 24, 1941, and each guest gets as many sheets as there are boys and girls present.

Announce that predictions are in order as to what your guests will be doing ten years from now, and that each sheet must be headed with the name of a boy or girl, with a twenty-five word prophecy written under it. Half an hour is allowed for writing the futures of the entire group and everyone is urged to disguise his or her handwriting in order that the authors of the various prophecies shall not be recognized.

At the end of the stipulated half hour the hostess goes around and collects the calendar sheets. These she takes into an adjoining room where gay bulletin boards—cardboard decorated with Christmas designs—have been pinned up around the walls. Each bulletin board is headed by a guest's name, and on this the hostess pastes the various predictions applying to that person.

While she is attending to this matter the guests, in the living room, have been given decorative Christmas wrapping papers, red and green ribbons, Christmas seals and scissors, and asked to select a box from a side table heaped with various sizes and shapes of boxes, each box impressively sealed with splashes of red wax so none can be opened.

The guests choose boxes at random and using what paper, seals and ribbon they desire, make the most tempting and attractive packages possible—knowing, of course, nothing of their contents. By the time all the packages are ready the hostess will have finished pasting up her bulletin boards, and

(Continued on Page 95)

An Interview with MARY NOLAN'S Dermatologist

"Most skins don't age into wrinkles

they DRY into lines while still young"

as reported by JANET PARKER

"Mary Nolan came to me during her first picture. She'd heard that studio work wore out complexions quickly. She wanted treatments or prescriptions of some special nature to safeguard hers.

"I told her all she needed was Woodbury's Creams to put back into her skin every day the rich essential oils which keep it humid, pliable, sleekly smooth. Most skins never get a chance to *age* into wrinkles. They *dry* up, shrivel into lines, while they are still young. Woodbury's Creams check this tendency as effectively as any prescriptions I could write.

"The conditions of studio work only slightly exaggerate the conditions *every* woman faces. Our dry-heated houses, our habit of nervous rush, our low-fat diet, our outdoor life which exposes the skin to wind and sun—all these things combine to make the skin wither before its time. Every woman needs Woodbury's Creams to keep her skin supple, flexible, velvety.

"I recommend Woodbury's COLD Cream to 'quench' the skin, to remove drying dust and make-up, to replenish the tissues with fine oils. Woodbury's FACIAL Cream I indicate as a powder foundation, to protect the skin from weathering. Its use prevents the coarseness and roughness of the skin from exposure.

"Woodbury's Creams are compounded by skin specialists. Their purity and effectiveness are unquestioned."

* * *

Begin today to use Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream (perfect for powder base). You will find them on sale . . . with other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids . . . at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.





"I expect to keep a young skin forever, with the Woodbury Creams my dermatologist suggested."—MARY NOLAN

Woodbury's

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AND ALLIED SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY AIDS

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by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT . . . After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

DURING DAY . . . Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

FOR LINES AND WRINKLES . . . Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.



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.. year, after year, after year



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The woman doesn't *live* who isn't dreaming of the day when she can grace her kitchen with a beautiful, new electric refrigerator.

What could be more *appreciated* at Yuletide than an electric refrigerator—a WESTINGHOUSE! How proudly she will show it to her friends! How constantly she will be reminded of your thoughtfulness!

A WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator will prove the greatest household help that ever entered your home. A tireless *work-saver* for years . . . and years . . . and years!

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Nor should you forget that the name "WESTINGHOUSE" is like magic with women. WESTINGHOUSE has designed so *many* remarkable household appliances that women everywhere have reverence for the name. They *know* that a refrigerator bearing the WESTINGHOUSE trade-mark is *"Completely Balanced"*; that no features are over-developed for mere *sales* effect; that nothing has been omitted.

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Many women say that a WESTINGHOUSE is not an expense at all—it is an economy, a money-saver. Reports show that money-savings of nearly half the cost of a WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator are made *the first year*.

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See this most complete line of popular-priced WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerators. There is a dealer near you who can supply the proper size and install it in your home on or before Christmas.

The WESTINGHOUSE line, from the apartment-size Standard Models to the largest electric-lighted DeLuxe Models, comprises eight beautiful refrigerators, from $180 up, f. o. b. factory.

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Toast is turned without touching on her Turnover Toaster. Golden waffles are baked on her automatic Waffle Iron.



The ultra-modern WESTINGHOUSE Columaire Jr. DeLuxe Radio gives her the best on the air. Nine tube superheterodyne.



(Continued from Page 92)

so she now appears and passes around a hat in which are slips of paper bearing the guests' names. Everyone draws and writes the name he pulls out on his recently wrapped package.

The hostess then sends the whole group in to read the bulletin boards and their highly contradictory prophecies, and to vote on the most amusing collection of predictions pasted under any one guest's name.

A prize may be awarded the boy or girl whose name has evoked this, or prizes may be given for the funniest bulletin boards of both boy and girl.

This will inevitably prove a hilarious quarter of an hour, after which the guests are all outfitted with toy musical instruments—mouth organs, drums, combs, jew's-harps, rattles, castanets, and so on—and a leader chosen with orders to strike up a march. All fall in line behind him, and—playing vociferously—march back into the living room where, in a corner from which a tall screen has been removed, a Christmas tree blazes with colored electric lights, "icicle" tinsel and glass balls.

Swinging from its branches are the recently wrapped packages, and each guest must hunt till he finds the one bearing his name.

The fun will wax fast and furious when these packages are opened, for it is entirely probable that a boy will find in his a dainty colored chiffon sports handkerchief, or a silk flower for an evening corsage, while the girls may find neckties, belt buckles and key rings in theirs.

The next step, of course, is to trade off your gifts and keep on trading till you get what you really want.

Last of all, supper at individual tables-for-four, each with its twin bayberry candles and holly-and-mistletoe place cards.

A buffet supper may be set out on a long side table, and the boys can forage for the girls at their tables and themselves.

After supper, dancing to the radio, more carol singing around the fire—or both—will wind up one of the jolliest Christmas Eve's you've spent in a long, long time.

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THANKS to Vick chemists, your same Vicks VapoRub . . . the same matchless formula you have always used . . . can now be had in white stainless form. Only the color-stain is removed. Same time-tested ingredients . . . same effective double action . . . at the same price.

in a New White Form

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Especially designed for Irritations of the Nose *and* Throat . . . *where most Colds start*

If you "catch cold" easily, as most of us do under modern living conditions, you will be delighted with this amazing new Vick aid . . Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. Based on a new idea for the prevention of colds . . . a few Vicks Drops up the nostrils at the first sign of "catching cold" . . and many colds can be avoided entirely.



Convenient relief for head colds at any stage and for the discomforts of nasal catarrh.

Get this perfect ally of Vicks VapoRub for better "control of colds" in your home.

VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS

DON'T "Dose" COLDS EXCEPT ON YOUR DOCTOR'S ADVICE

Christmas Money or Prizes for Girls

IT'S coming . . . the best time of all the year! The time for glowing secrets, holly wreaths and candlelight.

Every girl will want to look her best . . . give her best.

Do YOU need extra money for Christmas gifts? For clothes, and the breathless round of holiday festivities? You can earn it easily here. The most radiant holiday dreams have been realized by girls who joined The Girls' Club. Edna Dean says:

I used Club money for dresses and a pair of snappy shoes. I am saving for a blue leather jacket now. I EARNED $7.25 IN ABOUT THREE DAYS. I am so thrilled!

Looking Into the Future

June Johnston says:

I am saving the money I earn in your wonderful Club for a roadster when I am seventeen. I am always looking into the future.

As YOU look into the future, is there a goal to reach by Christmas . . . several years from now? We will help you!



June Johnston is earning Club money for a "shiny" new roadster.

A Wrist Watch

WHILE you are earning Club money, you can earn lovely prizes too. Would you like gorgeous gifts for Mother, Dad, school friends? Would you like a radio, a camera . . . a white-gold wrist watch for yourself?

Just send a card or note asking how to earn. Give your age and address. Write to:

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
739 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
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ANY of these booklets, prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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SCALLOPED CORN PIQUANT

4 tablespoons butter; 1 cup flour; 1 teaspoon salt; 1½ level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; ½ teaspoon paprika; 1½ cups milk; 1 can corn (large); 1 can; 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce. Melt butter in saucepan, then add flour mixed with salt, mustard and paprika. When thoroughly blended, gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point, remove from fire, add corn, egg and Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly. Pour into buttered baking dish. Cover with small squares of bread dipped in melted butter. Bake ½ hour in a moderate oven (350° F.).

A dash of Colman's Mustard in scalloped dishes is a bit of *flavor* clever cooks use. Delicious in meat, fish and egg dishes, too, and in sauces and salad dressings.

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Tonggak Santa

(Continued from Page 11)

were no longer puzzled. *Egarlek!* Now he understood! It was the very hearing of the name of the Tonggak Santa that made him laugh!

After a time the Angokok fell silent, dropped his eyes and sucked in his cheeks, thinking deeply. When he looked up, the White Man was staring at the window as though he were thinking of that land where the nights were only one sleep long.

The Angokok moved a little nearer the lamp and leaned forward. His eyes were intent and his voice held a different note. "The tale says that no matter how much the Tonggak Santa gives, his bag is never empty of laughter. Is it not so?"

The Angokok moved again, a little closer; reached up and touched the White Man's knee with his withered hand. "Speak words to the Tonggak Santa when he comes, that he should leave a little laughter besides—only a scrap of meat upon the bone—for my people."

AMUSEMENT began to crinkle the White Man's puzzled face as he comprehended. The withered hand tightened on his knee. "My people have a need of laughter at the lighting of new lamps.

The White Man shook his head. "I am afraid the Tonggak Santa will not find me up here."

"But he finds the white men at the Wolf's Nose!" cried the Angokok. He rose up on his knees in his excitement. "A hunter can be sent with a message. There is time—we have strong and swift dogs in the village!" He crawled over to the table eagerly and picked up a pad of paper. "Write a message to the Tonggak Santa that the hunter may take! Write!"

The White Man looked in the eager old face and sought for words. "It is just a story," he said, regretfully driven to the truth. "There is no Tonggak Santa." He leaned down and emptied his pipe.

He did not see how the Angokok's face was suddenly frozen, motionless, as a leaf cased in ice. His hand slipped from the White Man's knee and he sat silent. "Then the tale is not true?" he asked after a time. His voice was flat, as though his whole being were tense.

"No, it is a story. You don't understand. The Tonggak Santa is not anything you can see; it is just the spirit of giving—of giving with open hands!"

THE Angokok looked up through the strands of gray hair fallen over his eyes, his face drawn with the intent effort to understand. "Why do you say, then, that the tale is not true?" he asked, puzzled. "Does it not say he is the *tonggak*—brings gifts?"

"It is only a feeling!—a *feeling*!" The White Man pounded his chest. "You cannot see it——"

The Angokok looked at him silently, sucking his cheeks back and forth. After long thought a look of cunning comprehension came into his wrinkled face. "I also do not tell all about the *tonggaks* I know," he nodded. The White Man did not seem to hear him. "But I do not ask to know your charms by which you speak to the Tonggak Santa. Only that you ask him for a little laughter for my people." He leaned forward to look up into the White Man's face, entreating. "The Keeper of your Lamp is not here to make return gifts for the Tonggak Santa, but there are many needle hands in the village. We will make many return gifts to please him . . . boots with soles chewed soft as a ptarmigan's breast ——"

The White Man swung about on him with a savage gesture. "I have told you there isn't any Tonggak Santa! And I never want to hear the word again—do you hear?"

The old Angokok walked slowly away. "No Tonggak Santa! No Tonggak Santa!" beat in his thought with the fall of his heavy steps.

On the trodden path he stopped and looked toward the north star where the tale said that he dwelt—the *tonggak* who brought laughter. All the *tonggaks* he knew must be called with deceiving words of charms to help men; but the Tonggak Santa came of his own will—kindly.

Suddenly a mighty spiral of crimson light flung across the heavens—as if from beyond the stars a tremendous something flashed across the silence of spaces—out of nowhere, into nowhere lost in the void of eternity. Vanished lightly, even as a puff of a dog's breath in the cold air.

And, of a sudden, understanding smote him, and he cringed. The Shadow of the Long Dark! The Stealer of Souls was upon the White Man. That sucked up life as the unseen cold sucked heat from the body. The shadow of the silence and the dark, which withered strong hunters as the leaf of the crowberry withers in black frost. And sent dogs running mad, not knowing whither they went.

THE Stealer of Souls was afraid of laughter—that was why one must laugh in the Long Dark. And he was afraid of the Tonggak Santa; that was why the White Man had said: "There is no Tonggak Santa!"

The White Man was already in his sleeping bag when he heard the ice block shoved aside from the passageway and many excited voices outside his hut. He had hardly turned to crawl out, alarmed, before the small room was full of men. But the faces were all splashed with widening grins. All but the Angokok's.

He stood before the White Man, his eyes fixed piercingly under the fringe of his hood, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the tall hunter by his side. "Neluk will go to the Wolf's Nose with a message for the Tonggak Santa!" His lined face was set with purpose; his thin, cracked voice had the ring of strength. He even seemed taller in his too-big furs.

The White Man dragged himself half out of his sleeping bag and sat up. He started to speak.

"It is the Shadow of the Long Dark upon you that has made you speak such words!" said the old man sternly. "The Tonggak Santa *must* come!"

The White Man pulled his legs out of the sleeping bag and swung about with his feet on the floor. He looked at the old man, at the grinning, expectant faces, at the young hunter who would go. He made a helpless gesture, and his face relaxed into a smile. "Oh, well!" "But I must talk with Neluk first," he said.

Yet he did not start to talk at once when the rest had gone out.

NELUK watched him, unsmiling—not like the Neluk who always led the telling of the laugh-tales in the Singing House and played jokes on them all. He was reluctant to go on a journey of so many sleeps before the Sedna feast; the going was not good, and he might not return before the time of lighting of new lamps. But it was never easy for Neluk to say no to one who praised the swiftness of his dogs as the Angokok had praised them. . . .

After a long time the White Man said, "I think the Tonggak Santa could not come so far to find me," he said. "But I have a plan."

Gradually Neluk's eyes changed as he listened. But as he grasped the plan, he drew back in alarm. "*Hai*, but I could not take the form of the Tonggak Santa!" he cried protestingly.

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"But, see!" The White Man jumped up, pulled the red blankets from his sleeping bag and wrapped them about him. "You will only dress like this. And you will have a white beard over your face." He caught up a pair of white bearskin trousers and held the leg to his chin. Neluk watched the transformation with mouth agape.

"And when you want to be Neluk again, you lay it off—like this! You are not changed. . . . When you want to be the Tonggak Santa, you put it on—so! And you laugh like this!" The White Man flung the blanket around him again and walked about, thrusting out his stomach and shaking his body all over, exaggeratedly, as if with laughter.

Neluk's face suddenly split with a grin. "*Hai*, it is only a laugh-game!" he shouted, comprehending.

"Only a joke. . . . The Angokok wants laughter—we will make him laugh."

"I will do it! I will do it!" Neluk pounded his thighs with resounding blows as he rocked back and forth, choking with mirth. "I will come on the day that I have said!" he promised as he stood up at last and thrust the writing the White Man had given him into his shirt. "I will not stop. My dogs are strong—I will bring all the things that are wanted from the white men at the Wolf's Nose."

II.

AGAIN and again the thickening white walrus tusk of the moon had swung in the sky since it had lit the going of Neluk. Again and again the windows of the Singing House glowed, and the clamor of its close-packed warmth crashed into the night.

The big hut clattered with questions about the Tonggak Santa at every meeting, for the White Man had said they would see him with their own eyes. That he had a sled and a bag of gifts for the white men, they knew; but what of the Tonggak Santa himself? Would he come with his sled out of the frost smokes over the ice fields, with barking of dogs and cracking of whip?

The Angokok listened and sucked in his cheeks and said nothing. In the White Man's hut he sat and asked the same questions; but the White Man only smiled and said: "Wait!"

Not only in the Singing House but in the igloos while the cooking pots boiled and the blubber was pounded, tongues were never still; and fingers flew fast to keep pace with them. The best needle hands of the village had been set making return-gifts for the Tonggak Santa, while others gave tanned skins and dyed sinew.

Till at last the time came when the village woke and said: "Before the moon sets this time, he will come!"

The old Angokok sat alone in his ceremonial igloo where he made his charms, receiving the gifts as they were finished one by one. Fine sewn boots—headed mittens—a bunch of twisted sinew from old Rintina. . . . "One has always a use for thread," she had said. . . . Bits of skin with sweet blubber that the Tonggak Santa might chew on his long journeying with his dogs. Hoods trimmed with white fox, and fur robes. Gifts worthy of Sedna herself!

YET it was not alone the gifts—and the thought of the White Man—which deepened the wrinkles of joy. Before this moon set he would see the Tonggak Santa with his own eyes!

Not for a moment did he doubt that Neluk had arrived with the message at the Wolf's Nose. Of another hunter he might have wondered, but not of Neluk. His wonder had been rather that—traveling swiftly with an unloaded sled—the young hunter had not already returned.

But he was not sorry. He had been troubled because Neluk had not chosen well the girl who would keep his lamp—he would not laugh long after he had joined his hand with hers. And if only something might delay him now until after the time of marriages, the Angokok knew Tooktoo, his chosen, would not wait but would light her lamp with another—she was already smiling on the other hunters in the Singing House. There was another girl—the girl whom Neluk should have chosen—who would always wait. She had not smiled since he had stood up in the Singing House and shouted his choosing of Tooktoo.

Suddenly Rintina stopped and sat unmoving, the stone beater poised in her hand. The Angokok looked up. The old woman pointed seaward. From far away came a deep rumbling—faint, as though half the world turned a little, groaning in its sleep.

"The ice!"

The sound rolled nearer and died away . . . the measureless heaving of the ice fields from the surge of a distant storm. The flame of the lamp shook. Shadows seemed suddenly to line the old man's face. He laid down the gift he held, threw his hood over his head and, crawling to the entrance, flung aside the curtain.

MOST of the hunters were already out of their igloos, gathered on a low mound looking toward the sea. The horizon far away was hidden; snow and sky blended into one vague whiteness like low-lying fog. The black cliff, a journey of half a sleep where the coast trail turned across an arm of the sea, was blotted out. Winds always swept fiercely through the Blowing Place, the narrow channel beyond.

"It has come swiftly," said an old hunter. "When I fed my dogs, the Black Rock was clear."

"Not since the winter my brother killed his first bear have I seen a blowing to come from the setting of the moon."

"It would not be well if Neluk were at the Blowing Place."

After a time they went away, by ones and twos and in groups, to call their dogs in to the entrance tunnels before the storm, and to bring in harness and meat from the high snow pillars before the igloos to the snow cupboards hollowed in the passage walls. With cheerful words, untroubled. Wiat was a small blowing to them, with their great pile of blubber on the ice cliff?

A great pile it was, silhouetted against the stars—huge ice blocks heaped high to protect against the Arrowing bears. The Angokok's eyes rested long upon it as he stood there alone after the others had gone away. . . . He looked away, from edge to edge of the world, slowly. His lips moved.

Tonight was the coming of the Tonggak Santa!

SOON even the dull glow of ice windows could be blanketed with snow. Even if they were bright, who could see them in a storm? Ay, it would take a great fire to cleave the darkness and light the way for the Tonggak Santa! . . . His eyes turned again to the ice cliff, clung there . . . A fire such as only a pile of burning blubber might give!

"The Tonggak Santa must come!"

The Angokok turned and walked back toward the village.

Up from the top of the ice cliff by the blubber cache, a red flame burst upward—crackling flame from the dried moss beds of many sleeping benches and showers of sparks that whirled like spray from a blowing whale. The red light spilled over the snow and stained the low clouds, tearing a great hole in the darkness. Dripped red over the rounded igloos below. Silhouetted the great furry figures, gigantic in the leaping light, which crowded the cliff, and above, shouted:

"Ay! ay! ay! Come down, Tonggak Santa! The going is hard—here is fire! Take off your mittens and warm your hands, Tonggak Santa!"

The Angokok sat beyond the circle of figures in the darkness, beating upon his small round drum.

Not easily had he turned his people to this burning of their blubber to light the way for the Tonggak Santa. Only the

(Continued on Page 100)

Small-tender-delicious

Stokely's Party Peas *are perfect for gala occasions—Economical enough for every day*

STOKELY'S Party Peas—the newest addition to our line of Stokely's Finest Foods—are all the name implies, different enough to add distinction to a formal dinner, or to make a family supper festive.

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Stokely's Vegetables.. 28 *delicious varieties in cans with Spotless Golden Linings*

Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health



—makes a family supper festive—and economical

—adds distinction to a formal dinner



For Christmas Baking

by

MARGARET B. BAKER

(Home Economics Director)

DON'T overlook the opportunity for expressing holiday spirit in your baking at this time of the year.

There is nothing quite so novel—or good-tasting for that matter—as home-baked cookies of various shapes suggesting the Christmas season.

These cookies make good Christmas tree ornaments, too—and will be enjoyed by the youngsters.

Here's an easy-to-follow recipe:

SUGAR COOKIES

2½ cups Occident Flour (about)	
1 cup sugar	*4 tsp. baking powder*
2 eggs	*1½ tsp. salt*
½ cup butter	*1 tsp. vanilla*
	½ cup sweet milk

Method—Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add well beaten eggs and sweet milk. Sift dry ingredients. Mix soft—using as little flour as possible. Chill—roll thin, sprinkle with granulated sugar and roll lightly.

Cut in shape of Christmas trees, stars, snow flakes—as shown in the illustration—and sprinkle with shredded coconut, chopped nuts, candied cherries and citron cut in pieces.

Bake in hot oven (425°-450° F.).

Be sure to make a hole in each cookie before baking if you want to attach them to your Christmas tree with tinsel string.

For cookies and all other kinds of baking, you will find that Occident Flour gives you *assured* results. There are "*No Accidents with Occident*."

Try Occident. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you have ever used, your dealer will refund the full purchase price.

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Please send me the book of recipes developed and tested in your Home Economics kitchen.

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(Continued from Page 98)

Bringer of Laughter could drive away the Shadow of the Long Dark, he had said.

More blubber was piled on, and more, each chunk torn from the Angokok's heart. He could not shout with the others; there was a stiffness in his throat. At the edge of his mind was a thought that his power would never again be the same among his people if the Tonggak Santa did not see and come. He had given his word—they had believed and burned their blubber.

"Ay! Ay! We are your friends! You are cold, Tonggak Santa—come down and take off your mittens. Your dogs need rest. Here is fire!"

HEAVIER the snow fell, whipping like waving white curtains. Long fingers of light thrust between them, writhing as the fire struggled this way and that from the smothering folds. The drum beat faster, as if to give it strength. But lower it sank . . . lower. . . .

One of the circling figures stopped before the Angokok and shouted: "The fire dies! The fire dies!"

The Angokok looked at it and stood up. "The Tonggak Santa has seen!" he said, and his thin old voice was firm above the wind. "He has seen—that is why he has put out our fire. It is a sign. He will come!"

Cheerfully they shouted the words to one another as they began making their way down the ice cliff—blessing the snow in the howling white darkness. . . . The Angokok came last, steps heavy and head bent against the wind.

Head bent, he sat alone in his ceremonial igloo, with the gifts at his feet. Impatient by moment his thought had followed the path of the hidden moon over the curve of his igloo; he knew it was now near to setting. And the Tonggak Santa had not come.

His fingers fumbled among the gifts, not seeing them. His shriveled lips puckered, whispering.

Suddenly from far away, uncertain in the wind, a shout came—through the soft brushings of snow against the walls. The Angokok rose upon his knees and stopped his breathing. The words grew loud outside the hut, and died away, as someone ran through the village shouting at the igloos as he passed:

"The Tonggak Santa! . . . Come!"

III

NEVER before since the beginning of people, when one spring the ice cracked and the sound became a man, had such a thing happened! The Tonggak Santa had stopped his sled in the village and taken off his mittens!

Big, fat, laughing, in his thick red coat and trousers, he stood in the middle of the Singing House. He seemed to fill the hut. *Ha!* He shouted greetings and laughwords. His fat diamonds shook and his beard shook above it. *Ha!* He had seen their fire in the storm and stopped because they called him.

Awestruck, speechless, the people followed him with their eyes. Open-mouthed they leaned to watch, nudging each other. His laughter flooded over their fears, washing them away little by little.

Yet even when the Tonggak Santa began to take great armfuls of presents from the two big packing cases by the door, men and women shrunk a little at his coming near. But surprised shouts burst from them without their will as gifts dropped in their laps. Needles, scraping knives, beads, bright woven cloth for the women; long skinning knives, and steel spear heads, and boxes of cartridges for the men who had rifles. Squares of sugar and striped sweet ice for all.

The Angokok sat all the while very straight in his ceremonial robes. He knew his people looked toward him, questioning, fearful—he did not turn his head. He seemed to look at no one; but he missed never a movement of the Tonggak Santa.

Jests and laugh-words the Tonggak Santa flung with his gifts, from one to another in his high-pitched, singsong voice.

The White Man folded the letters he had already read and read again—his gift brought by the Tonggak Santa—thrust them into his shirt and leaned toward the Angokok. "Well," he asked, his eyes twinkling, "has the Tonggak Santa brought laughter enough?"

The old man looked up from the big white flower-painted shaving mug he had been rubbing with his fingers—the coffee-cup he had wondered at so long. "*Egarlek*, it is so! My heart is warm like a lighted igloo—like an igloo full of many lamps." His eyes turned to the laughing fat figure in red. "Had he not come, never would I have known beyond wondering that the tale is true. Ay"—an expression of strangely deep emotion came into his face—"and my heart would be empty as an igloo without a lamp."

The smile slowly faded from the White Man's eyes as he watched him. He felt all at once sorry for the old man. It might be the presents which brought shouts of joy to the others, but to the Angokok it was the very belief in the Tonggak Santa himself that mattered. And soon he would know that his Tonggak Santa was only a bit of joking. For it seemed impossible he should not soon recognize Neluk.

WHEN the Tonggak Santa stopped before a girl with hood of white fox and deerskin dress heavy with white embroidery, the White Man tensed. It was Tooktoo, the girl he had chosen to take his lamp with at the Sedna feast. Would Neluk remember he was the Tonggak Santa, and not Neluk?

Beads he dropped into her lap, and gay cloth and a small mirror which brought such a scream of delight that the Tonggak Santa laughed. "What else do you wish for?" he asked.

She looked up at him, a little afraid, and a little bold. "More beads—enough to cover all my Sedna dress—so that all the hunters will look at me!"

"But has someone not already chosen you for the lighting of lamps?"

"There are many hunters who would like their lamps with Tooktoo!"

The Tonggak Santa looked at her a moment in silence. Then he looked across stood on the Singing House and chose Tooktoo. Impulsively he turned and walked straight across to her.

From the corner of his eye the White Man saw the Angokok lean forward, his lips parted in surprise.

"And what does Ettva want? Only *beads*—that all people may look at her?" The Tonggak Santa laughed, but the sound did not make others laugh with him.

THE girl shook her head, her voice a whisper. "I do not want gifts. Only—the Tonggak Santa is kind—only let him see Neluk again safe from the blowing!"

The Tonggak Santa seemed taken aback. "Why do you think Neluk is caught in the blowing?"

She hesitated, frightened. "He would not wait—he would try to come through the blowing—to *her*. Because he loves. I love—and I know!"

The Tonggak Santa looked down at Ettva's frightened face, then at Tooktoo, who also laughed at herself in the mirror. "Neluk will come back!" he said.

And suddenly he threw back his head and laughed, as though the Tonggak Santa had found in his bag that which brought himself laughter. "It is not a small gift the Tonggak Santa has brought to Neluk—the right Keeper of his Lamp! He will come back—to you!"

The White Man did not look at the Angokok; he turned half away and bent

(Continued on Page 102)

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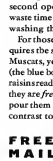
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(Continued from Page 100)

over his letters, pretending to read. Neluk had given himself away so completely, the old man must have seen. The White Man did not want to see the pain in his eyes, the bitterness of illusions smashed.

Not till the Tonggak Santa had gone did the noise in the Singing House burst out in all its many-tongued clamor. Everywhere were laughing faces, framed in thrown-back hoods, splashed with the gleam of strong white teeth. Everywhere people showed their gifts to each other . . . compared . . . praised aloud . . . tasting between times the sugar and the sweet striped ice.

Curiosity overcame the White Man after a time—he looked over at the Angokok. And the sympathy, the words he had all ready, stopped unspoken. Where he had thought to read bitter disillusionment, the Angokok's face was full of an awed joy as he bent over the return-gifts.

Just before the Tonggak Santa left he had turned and shouted: "I want no return-gifts! Let them be to your Angokok for his wisdom!" . . . So these were the Angokok's own now!

He met the White Man's eyes upon him. "May his teeth ever be stuck in the marrow of the seal!" he said, his voice tremulous with feeling.

The White Man drew a deep breath of relief. The old glint of amusement came back to his eyes.

"But why did you not tell me," asked the old man, "that he comes in the form of ulitsoff . . . at first I did not understand—and was troubled."

The White Man started and looked at him—not daring to answer, not sure just what he meant, how much he had seen. The old man deliberately selected a lump of sugar from the painted cup.

"I had not thought to see him with the eyes and voice of Neluk," he confessed. "Then I remembered your words—that he has no form. And I understood."

He set the sugar between his lips.

"Ay, what difference whose form he uses to carry his bag?"

Christmas Secret

(Continued from Page 23)

than that. I betcha now," Junior threw in and waited tentatively. Lucy looked amused. Charlie caught the merest flicker of assent in her eyes. Thereafter spotless tablecloths took their daily toll.

"Do you really think they should be paid for—well, just for acting right?" Charlie asked Lucy. Not that these drib-lets were important of course.

"Well, it teaches them to have a sense of business, Charlie. You know yourself how valuable that is in this day and age."

But the driblets ran into what seemed a torrent to Charlie as Christmas drew nearer and nearer. The whole house was attuned to its coming and the keynote of the tune was set to the clink of silver and the crisp crinkle of bank notes.

It was only the day before Christmas, just as he was leaving for the office, that Lucy followed him into the hall as he was getting into his overcoat. He knew there was a special reason because she seldom left the breakfast table where the children dawdled over their oatmeal.

"Charlie," Lucy said hurriedly. "I'll simply have to have about fifteen more dollars before you go. I simply have to. I was looking over the ornaments for the tree yesterday and we need a lot of things. Most of those that I had packed away got broken. I'm sure I don't know how. But, anyway, I want an extra-nice tree this year. Baby's first one and the other two just at the age when they appreciate it and everything."

"Why, yes, dear. I guess I—fifteen?" Charlie took out his worn wallet. With the aid of crumpled one-dollar bills and change he was able to make thirteen. It flashed across him that it was lucky he had bought Lucy those two pairs of stockings, sheer and fine, the day before. He had given her the check weeks ago at her suggestion. "Because, Charlie, since I know what I'm going to have anyway I might as well have it now."

HE THOUGHT as he and Lucy trimmed the tree that night that thirteen dollars for its tinsel, glittering array didn't make it compare to the strings of snow-white pop corn that had festooned the Christmas trees of his childhood, looking like wavering lace on the forest-green skirts of the fir in his mother's parlor.

The world had seemed a place of plenty then only because childhood was a time of untroubled taking. It was the one time in life when everyone was an irresponsible king—or should be. It was right that these little kings should have the benefit of what their subjects, the older people, could give. Perhaps it would be a memory that would make life happier later on.

It seemed to Charlie that he had only kissed Lucy good night when he was awakened by a storm of arms and legs and soft small bodies flung upon his and voices crying: "Get up, daddy. Merry Christmas! Get up. We got to see our presents. Hurry!"

As he followed his little son downstairs it seemed to Charlie Peters that his own small self danced along in that eager, restless replica. He felt with the boy his own childish, inflamed eagerness, and in that little journey down the stairs the man wanted suddenly to weep out his joy that to this cluster of family the toil of his hands, the torment of his mind, could be transmuted into happiness for them.

LUCY flung open the door of the living room. For a second there was a deep silence. The little tree seemed to be bowing to them with her glittering outspread skirts. White tissue-wrapped packages were at her feet. The sweet scent of pine perfumed the air.

Charlie heard his little son and daughter squeal, felt Lucy's cheek against his with the baby pressed between them, and then he saw his eldest dragging a huge something toward him while Sister hopped at his side frantically.

"Open it, daddy. Open it."

"Why—why, what in the world ——"

"Open it, daddy. It's for you. It's from us to you. Oh, please hurry and open it, daddy."

And there it was. Seven shining golf clubs. Lucy was saying, "We've been saving for so long. Every time you gave me money I'd try only to use about half. And the children helped. They ——"

"I shoveled walks and I runned errants," Junior screamed proudly.

"I helped, too, didn't I, mamma? Didn't I? I put things away and I ——" Sister's little upturned face pleaded.

Charlie just looked at them. "Don't you like it, daddy?" Junior shrieked terror-stricken.

"Of course. Oh, of course. My ——" Charlie choked up. He turned to Lucy. "To think of you, of all of you, doing this for me."

"It's the only thing I ever heard you say you wanted," Lucy explained practically. She turned the baby toward the tree. "Baby, see the pretty tree?" she inquired gently. Sister and Junior rushed for the tissue-wrapped packages. Furiously they began to tear off ribbons and seals. Like royal kings they had given, like fine royalty they had forgotten.

The secret of Christmas swept over Charlie Peters. It was that all people should feel like kings.



At left: **PEQUOT SHOW BOX**—Tinted to match the sheets within. 1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, or 2 sheets and 2 pillow cases. Prices depend on size of sheet—from about $3.75 to $6.75 for colored hems—solid colors slightly more.

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The Christmas Gift

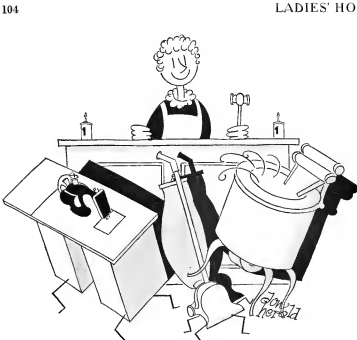
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The Man Without a God

(Continued from Page 17)

The town of Hollwell used to stand at the place where two wagon roads met at the Carolina railroad. The city of nowadays stands at the place where all the straight lines of a cosmos come bending back to meet. So it's natural you wouldn't know the city, who knew the town.

Mills have overrun the old Depot Street section, leaving only the Methodist church standing where it stood, its steepled roof less high than the water tanks around it, and the door out of which Homan was hustled one night long ago darkened now but meagerly by the shadows of aging people, or of some younger mill hands lately come in from the country.

That's not to say there aren't plenty of churches in the city. Uptown, in the maze of streets loud with the honkings of motor cars looking for parking places and bright with the incandescent beckonings of haberdashers, dentists and round-the-world cruises, spark plugs, radio tubes and Hollywood stars—up there the men who've built Hollwell built churches for their women, while they were building the sixteen-story Piedmont Mutual and the twenty-story Carolina-Astoria for themselves.

GREAT men, these of a generation that has accomplished the nearly impossible, taken a beaten, bankrupt state and made of it the Colossus of Internal Revenue, razed a flat village and reared a pinnacle city, learned to wear the clothes New Yorkers wear, and looked into the iron eyes of the Machine Age without flinching—much.

You ought to have a look at these men, Homan. Born within a decade one way or the other of the day when folks nailed you out of the schoolhouse, growing grizzled and stomachy now and a little tired in the mornings—you should come have a look at them, Homan, as they burn up city asphalt and county concrete on their fifty-mile errands, buy a farm with one penstroke and sell a country club with another, and go briskly through their evening stint of laughs with Buster Keaton or thrills with Greta Garbo. You should see them.

And you should watch them, watch any one of them then as he comes out of the picture show, into the glitter and heat of the American night—how, as his neck cracks back and his gaze runs hypnotized up the windowed obelisk of the Carolina-Astoria across the street, his pace lessens and stops finally, and there he stands wondering, wondering how did all this get here, what have I to do with it, and where's it taking me? And beside him there, a big-eyed, white-lipped, bare-footed phantom of a farm boy, standing, wondering too.

For that's all it is, after all, Homan, this middle generation, your farm boys of Breed County. To build this Hollwell they've had to think a Hollwell they weren't born in; who now would have them think much else? You ought to know, Homan, you who were asked only to think strata and monkey and whale; you'd be the last to close the door of the Carolina-Astoria against them when they're tired, and the door of the elevator that goes up to the Room.

EIGHTEENTH, nineteenth, twentieth story, there are doors up there with all kinds of names: "Rotary." "Chamber of Commerce." "Kiwanis." "Lions." "Democratic." "Old Grad." And, a funny thing, the eye that sees will see that really they all open inward on the same big room, where aging fellows who were Southern farm boys can come and crowd together for a while, pull the window curtains to shut out the whirring of the machinery and the height of the building they've built, take off their collars, and not think.

Here they are in their generation; they're somewhat your doing; thank yourself.

For what? What have they done, eh? Well, only this. Born of tired parents, ill fed, half educated and wholly human, all you asked these men to do was the work of giants. And somehow or other they've done it. And they're paying for it in their own way now.

Still—was the game worth this candle? Is it the picture you had when you laid your heart on the railroad track and your body between the stones?

But maybe you forget how slow a business this grinding is. Maybe it's simply that you haven't waited long enough, looked far enough yet.

Pull back the curtain from the window and look at the sky.

THE SKY. In the sky a Carolina boy is thinking. Away down in the checker-board canyons of Hollwell the dusk runs like a mist; on the field beyond Rawt Creek they're lighting up in readiness for the mail ship's landing. Putting a goggled eye over the cockpit's side, Pilot Ferraro notes the indicated wind and banks slightly to reshape his course, without interrupting his thinking.

What's he thinking about, this twenty-four-year-old Wyrick Ferraro? Is he thinking about the complex and perilous array of instruments just before him, how the wrong pull on this might send him spinning, the wrong twist on that bring the city of Hollwell zooming up through the ship's nose with a world's weight behind it? Or is he thinking rather of the city of Hollwell itself, what a strange place for men to live, sleeping in peaceless hives, working in metal bedlams, shuttling up and down stone towers in cages? Or still again, is he thinking what a wonder it is for the young to go on wanting to be dimensions, where the old never knew but two?

No, he's not thinking of any of these things. Why should he? The wonders of this scheme-of-things were the playthings of his nursery; its perils are his safety, its clangor his peace. He's lucky: he hasn't to spend nine-tenths of his mind in fighting another mind; you did a lot of that for him, Homan.

Well, then, this machine-minded youngster, what is it he's thinking about?

He's thinking about immortality.

A GLIMPSE of a darker square below him is what puts it in his mind. What used to be a burying ground in open country is now a West Side cemetery with residential blocks around it, and long one side of it in the dusk this evening a string of bright beads, headlights of a parking line. And Wyrick thinks.

That's so, it's today they brought Robert Exum home to bury. . . . The train of state arriving from Washington. . . . Notables in learned limousines. . . . Ashes to ashes. . . . String of headlights shortening bead by departing bead. . . . Train bell ringing in the station again, all-aboard for the notables. . . . "Bub." Exum left behind in the plain mound of his wish, in the quiet of the old burying ground, dust to dust.

But Wyrick thinks, in the thirty seconds he has before he drops to the landing across Rawt Creek: Why dust to dust? How can you call Robert Exum dead? What's there about him that's not still living? His wish, his word, his almost angry compassion—if that's what you call a man's spirit, how can you call Exum dead? Wherever English is read they carry on. His brain and body? He's got a son and a daughter, and the daughter's got

(Continued on Page 107)

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

743 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.



NO "EXTRAVAGANCE BUG-A-BOO" to mar this year's Holiday Feasts!

Walnuts are a WONDERFUL BARGAIN *today*

Just note your grocer's prices

This is the year to make dreams come true—to have all those wonderful treats you've always wanted, with no bug-a-boo of extravagance to mar your enjoyment!

This is bargain year on so many important foods—especially on Walnuts. Not in 15 years has your grocer been able to offer such low Walnut prices. Never before has he been able to offer you such real Walnut value for your money, as he now offers under the Diamond brand.

Diamond Walnuts have always been the pick of California's famous groves. They've always been the finest Walnuts in the world. But we found out that even the best could be improved. We learned how to grow them better—and we've set higher grading standards over the years. They're much better than even Diamond Walnuts were 15 years ago, when you last saw such low prices.

At today's bargain prices, there's actually often a saving in using Walnuts in holiday cooking—and, of course, right through the year. For Walnuts, added to inexpensive foods, will often take the place of dishes that cost twice as much. They give "Christmas dinner goodness" to everyday meals. They add a "final touch" to cakes and cookies, salads and desserts. A dish of salted Walnuts is always welcome. And homemade candies simply aren't complete without these crunchy kernels.

Of course, it's doubly important now to be sure you get Diamond Walnuts, for a bargain isn't really a bargain unless you're sure of *high quality* as well as low price. And, fortunately, you *can* be sure. Every nut is *branded* the Diamond trademark *stamped right on the shell*. Just see that at least 97% of the Walnuts you are buying show the Diamond trademark. Naturally, there are different sizes and varieties, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond Walnuts always give you *more and better kernels per pound*.

Ask your grocer about his bargain prices. He'll probably make it worth your while to order several pounds—enough for all your holiday uses. In fact, when you learn how cheaply Walnuts now supply food value, as well as holiday cheer, you'll probably want to let them help solve your Christmas gift problem, too. What more practical gift than 5 or 10 pounds of fine Walnuts—economical, rich in Christmas traditions, sure to please!

"Thrifty Dishes" or Party Treats —it's all the same to Walnuts

SUGARED WALNUTS are simple to prepare, but what a delicious treat they are. Here's the recipe: boil 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water until mixture threads on a fork. Remove from fire and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour 2 cups Diamond Walnuts into syrup and stir. When sugar begins to crystallize, pour nutmeats on platter, separate with fork and cool. (Note: See our free recipe book for additional Walnut candy recipes. And you know how everyone likes Walnut candies!)

Walnut Prune Soufflé

Add a few grains of salt to 3 egg whites and beat until stiff. Then add ¾ cup sugar slowly and continue beating until the whites are glossy. Fold in 1 cup prune pulp, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, and ¾ cup coarsely ground Diamond Walnuts. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or a custard sauce, decorated with Walnut halves. *Serves six.*

Rice and Walnut Loaf

Beat 1 egg, add ¾ cup milk, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1½ cups cooked rice, 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnut kernels, and sage, salt, and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly and put in a buttered baking dish. Bake 30 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. *Serves four.*



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You'll find many delightful recipes in our free booklet, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Diamond Walnuts." Also scores of suggestions for improving every day dishes. Write for your copy now. Address Dept. L-71.



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A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 6,612 growers. Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.

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California's finest
DIAMOND WALNUTS
branded

(Continued from Page 104)

sons, and his brain and body are alive in them, if ever anything's alive. Look at young Bill Exum, at Carnegie, if you doubt it.

And from this, with the supple swiftness of a thought that hasn't to look out what it may hit and hurt, Wyrick's wheels to his father. Look at him, the youngster, and say what of the father is not alive in him. That the father is a great name, great engineer and greater teacher, while the son is nobody but a kid out of college, bucking a mail ship with grease on his nose—with the clean, straight, almost ruthless candor of his age Wyrick knows that this has nothing to do with what he's thinking about. What he's thinking about is something of Eugene Wyrick Ferraro that has neither name nor age, but is something of Wyrick Ferraro as truly. Something endlessly and passionately wondering at the spectacle of men looking backward, machine makers fearful of the machines they make, pygmies offered gianthood and afraid of gianthood.

AND from his father, Wyrick's thought flies to Mary's father. Great red-clay farmer, greater teacher, if old Huragh't isn't alive in that girl, in every gesture of her stubborn curiosity and guy, quick humor, then there's no such thing as being alive.

Wyrick is glad. He's glad it's Mary he's crazy about. He's glad that when he and Mary have children, if they have children, the two old men who've worked so long together will come at last to live together in those children.

And suddenly, with a grease-spotted grin, Wyrick is glad there's an afterlife for mothers too; glad Mary has got the immortality of mamma's legs to carry on, and mamma's eyes and skin and turn of throat, rather than papa's. Oh, boy! He's glad. Glad of everything about Mary, of mind and of body.

What a lot a fellow can think about in thirty seconds. . . .

Bounce, and a rubbery run. Good landing. . . .

Afterward, as he walks across the field to where his flivver is parked, Pilot Ferraro thinks some more.

"I wonder if I've got to eat; wonder if I couldn't go up there right now. Wonder how you put it up to a girl that knows she's going to marry you—whether she'll marry you?"

BACK ROOM. "Next! . . . Good evening, mister, nice day today. You want a shave, all right? . . . One minute, please. . . . (Brush, you come here, listen; them guy in the back room got to shut up a little. Tell 'em Nick say shut up.)

("Yes, boss, I done tell 'em three time already. It's the old gent'man do the hollerin'. Want me for throw him out? You do it, boss? O. K.")

"Please, one minute, mister; you got plenty time? I going to be back in just one minute."

SHORT, dark, pursuant, Barber Nick fills up with the thickness of his chest the little speak-easy room that opens on the alley out back.

"Look here, old man, don't tell them guy, tell me, I'm the boss. What you want, huh?"

All right, that's fair enough; tell him through your whiskers, ancient bar fly!

"I want a half pint."

"O. K. You got a dollar, old grandpa?. . . . What-a-matter, Gus, the gentleman's got a dollar, ain't he? Where you get this dollar, old grandpa?"

"Horatio."

"Don't know the guy. O. K. Now you got the half pint, what you going to do with it, old grandpa?"

"Bury Bub."

"Don't know the guy. O. K., come on, geddshdahere!"

"Barber, have you got a brain?"

"Me got a brain? Sure! Got a nice one."

"You say you've got a brain, barber. We'll see. Tell me, barber, what about Jonah?"

"Don't know the guy. Jonah who? . . . Now, listen, listen, cut it! . . . Any you gentlemen know what the old drunk holler about?"

Same way he's been for a half hour, Nick, gettin' mad we don't know his friend. Nobody that name comes around here. Gus says."

"Maybe he means Jonah like a black cat, Nick."

"I give him a black cat in the eye. . . . *Geddshdahere!*"

A hoot.

Out in the dark of the city alley.

Bang!

BACK ALLEY. Homan, you're a scandal, to have hung around the alleys and dumps of living so long. When a town goes, the town pump goes with it, and the town radical and the town drunk. What in the name of common decency are you doing here, in Hollwell the city? Of what tether do you wait the breaking, of what clock the striking, of what picture the rheumnisted flutter on the screen? In short—if you've any notion of it yourself, of humaning your old bones end-on-end here in the stumbling darkness—what do you want?

The dump lot across from the depot is cleaned up and built up, as you wanted it. Hollwell is not only bigger, it's handsomer; it's a cleaner living than a farmer's, wider of horizons than a mountaineer's, safer, freer. Breed County has learned from Florida to plant food with flowers as well as cotton for the bribers. Carolina's paying scientists to teach her children today what they found out yesterday, and Yale's had to take a Southern licking. Where there were wrong-headed, rough-headed men of the church once to throw you out the front door for denying Jonah, here you're thrown out of back doors by men from their board of men. So that's that, Homan. Isn't it enough?

For Lord's sake, man, what do you want?

A drink, eh? Well, there's the flask in your pocket; what's to prevent?

Something. You know, a minute ago, but you've forgotten. It was something you'd like to say, something you'd shout in the incandescent hubbub of Wilson Avenue?

Yes, but whom to ask it of, once adrift out here in the hubbub? These Hollwell city people? You can't, unless you've a bull's voice and a megaphone. Even joteling you, they're too far away and too small. The rheumy water in your eyes is made up of innumerable particles, in the globe of each one a multitude of midget people wheels around and around, chasing midget, brilliant replicas of light-posts and taxicabs and picture signs, squat buildings and long, lean buildings, and windows, windows, windows.

What about windows? One window, gray with dust, giving out of the "drug end" on a littered area. Man bunched on a box inside, staring, all the daylight and all the twilight, while the wheels of funeral carriages come and go. . . . Who's dead, Homan? . . . Doc is dead, and it's time to go to the burying ground.

Sure, hold up, old muddlehead! Doc's been moldering forty years.

Who then? Bub?

HEADLINES seen in thrown-away papers; glimpses, but hours ago, of limousines with black coats in them, filing out along this same avenue, that used to be the road across the Drill Field toward the burying ground.

Yes, it's Bub.

It's a longer road than it used to be. If you walked in the road, old days, the clay ruts were easier for your feet to climb out of than are the stone ruts of tonight; if you walked alongside then, the weeds were less heavy to wade through than are these thickets of faceless people. And these lights and lights, interminably strung.

But maybe it will still be dark and desert in the burying ground.

BURYING GROUND. Dark? Why, it's bright as gold. Desert? With all these young-uns? Look at Bub there on the second bench, his big mouth tight shut over his arithmetic, one wide ear blue with the sky in the eastern, the other yellow with the sun in the western window of the schoolroom, and the hair of his fist-propped head a tousled halo against the open doorway—where a bumblebee sails in to circle and circle, buzz and buzz. . . .

Here, old man, where do you think you are? Rub your eyes and look again!

Wreaths, pale on a blackness of turf; ringed gravestones rimed with the frost of a thousand distant lights. A thousand distant tumults, alarums and excursions, iron and asphalt, all in a whisper.

Now you remember. Now there's another sound, a small, fluid ejaculation. *Gug-gus.*

That's more like it; drink 'er down!

YES, it's dark enough tonight here in the burying ground, but it's not quite desert. There's whispering of feet that tread over gravel, neither near nor far. And there are voices that come and go, detached, disembodied, wandering as it were in the tales of illusion through the reality of your dreams.

"*I love you, Mary.*"

"*I love you too.*"

What's happened to time; who's turned it back? Old shadows of youth about, old syllables of love breathing between the stars and the graves. But what can you expect in the burying ground where the heart of the body that was Dixie's when you were young lie in the grave? Mayn't there be an hour in the night quiet when the ghost may forget the bad years and walk in its youth again, and talk of its loves a while, and of its wars?

"*It's from here you'd say all the North wants is power, and plunder.*"

"*Better the South's fighting for that matters, because they'll win.*"

"*I reckon, in the end. Because they know what it is they want.*"

Queer, dear youth of another Dixie, so sanguine, so certain. Open an ear, Homan!

"*Do they know really, Wyrick? Any more than we knew here, North and South in our Civil War? Mightn't it be, over there in the south of China now, they imagine it's Lenin they're fighting over, and it'll turn out to be Henry Ford?*"

Fantastic phantoms! Rigamarole!

"*It sure might. When Old Man Bear goes to bed with Old Lady Dragon —*"

WRAITH'S rubbish to plague you, Homan. Don't let it. Shut up the ear you opened, get back to the reality of your bank—the reality of its emptiness. You see?

"*It must be over here, Mary; I smell the flowers. . . . Good Lord!*"

"*What! Is it somebody? Who is it?*"

"*What's he think he's doing? I wish you'd look. High as a kite.*"

"*Why, I know him. It's the old man my father helps—Uncle Homan.*"

"*Homan!*"

"*Macy. They say he used to be ——*"

"*Is that Homan Macy? My—good—Lord!*"

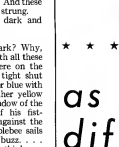
Shadows enlarging, voices emerging from their italics.

"Look up, Mr. Macy. No, it's all right—I know you, sir."

"I don't know you, do I? Who are you, boy, and how do you know me?"

"My grandmother told me. She took sick on her way to Italy when I was a kid, in Switzerland, I was with her till she died. She told me all about you, Homan Macy. I'm named for her, Wyrick Ferraro. She was Cynthia Wyrick."

(Continued on Page 109)



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Center: Fleet, showing the yacht anchorage at night, is a good one for your ocean minded friends.

At right: Bubbles, of airy grace is sure to please for it is one of our most popular patterns.



Above: Basque—a new inspiration from the *cabanas* of southern France. In pure, regimental colors—particularly appropriate for the man's bathroom . . . or if he enjoys a plain white towel, ask for *Imperial*. It is the largest, whitest, heaviest towel made.

At right: Lotus—a smart four-corner design, excellent for the average size bathroom.

At right: Poinsettia—a new pattern of instant popularity, shows massed groups of the tropic blossom.

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and while your eye quickly senses their loveliness and charm, only the longest of long use can show you their genuine fine quality, for Martex towels seem almost never to wear out

(Continued from Page 107)

"Cynthy. Yes, I remember. She was married by a priest, wasn't she?"

"Why—I suppose so—my grandfather was a Catholic, I suppose."

"What's your faith, boy? Have you got any faith?"

"Nothing but!"

"Who's that girl there? Looks like Horatio's young-un. Girl, have you got any faith in anything? . . . No, no, dang it, no. I Don't take hold of nobody's hand, girl. Stand by yourself and answer me."

What's happened to you, Homan? Is it the whisky after all—graveyard whisky still potent even in a short half-pint to work an ancient magic? Or, rather, is it something deeper than guts of whisky in you, some moment of youth's impassioned vigor put away, hoarded through years, to spend at the last need now?

"Answer me, girl; have you got a faith to go on with?"

"Uncle Homan, I'll have to answer with Wyrick, 'Nothing but!'"

"DO YOU mean it? Don't fool me, young-uns; tell me. I've been waiting a long, long while for the answer to somebody that's plagued me—ever since I took your God away from you it's plagued me. How are you going to get along without?"

Listen, you two young-uns of the South of tomorrow, this old hasp here is the man who paid for you, stumbled scared of himself in the beginnings of a third dimension so that you might go unfrightened along the frontiers of a fourth. So talk. And talk his language. That's right, Cynthy's grandson!

"Get along without what, sir—a God? Why, we've got one, making."

"A God Almighty?"

"All mighty? How do we know, when we're hardly beginning to know yet the least fraction of what is *all?*"

"When are you aiming to know, son?"

"We? Never."

"When are you going to get your God Almighty finished then?"

"Never, I hope."

"Why do you hope, never?"

"Because then it wouldn't be any bigger a God than we knew how to make. And besides. . . ."

"You talk as if it was some enormous machine you're making, boy."

"It's not some enormous man, that's all I know. And besides ——" (Here's a strange way for a mail-flying young exfootballer to be talking, isn't it? Never mind, Wyrick; it's a strange night and a strange place, and anyway, it's not you talking any more, it's Cynthy, and she knows.) "And besides, Homan, if we never finish we'll never get through asking. Get through asking, once, and you begin telling, and you know where you are *then.* Finished for sure."

"I see. . . . Only—are you going to be good? Without a heaven to reward you and a hell to punish you?"

"What have reward and punishment ever had to do with being good?"

"I see—at least I reckon if you see, Horatio—or I mean, Cynthy—or is it Bub? I—I'm kind of tuckered."

"It's all three, Homan."

"GOOD! Kind o' tuckered. . . . 'Tain't that you don't look good, young-uns; dangled if you don't look better and stronger'n ever you did, and cleaner spoken. All I wanted to make sure you'd got something to go on with—before I go back."

Back where? Where do you mean, Homan; tell them; they want to know.

"*Where does he belong, Mary?*"

"*Don't know, but we've got to get him somewhere. Help, that side.*"

"*Come on, old fellow, up with you!*"

Old fellow, eh? What a good one on them, not to realize that the *old* one is gone beyond their grasp; not to perceive that, for all his droll masquerade of rags and veins and whiskers, it's a little Breed County farm boy they're hoisting in their arms.

GOSPEL TRAIN. Lifting your tired boy shoulders from the red hoeing between the cotton rows, there's the sun going down fat into Adam County at last, long last. . . .

"*We'll get a taxi on the avenue, and find out as we go.*"

. . . And there at last is the engine whistling *whoosh-whoosh* for the Drill Field cut and the end of day.

SO IT has an end, after all. Sometimes, since a morning almost forgotten, it's seemed as if evening would never come. Sometimes, beating at the clay clods with a dulling hoe, it's seemed almost as if the row must have slipped from between its fellows, got out of uncle's field somehow or other, and gone wandering at hap and hazard ——

"*Taxi! Into town. . . . Now try and find out from him, Wyrick.*"

. . . wandering at hap and hazard for miles, more miles than you'd think there could be in the flat world of Breed County, and years. Sore-footed miles, heavy-hearted years.

Well, if there were monkey-shines as strange as that, son, why did you follow that row? Just because your feet were in it? Why have you kept on knocking at the clods of chimera this day long? Just because you had a hoe in your hands? And because a boy does keep on till he's called at the day's end?

"*Come on, please now, try and tell us, uncle.*"

Who's that, as far away as out of the county, "Uncle?" What about uncle? Ah, yes, there's uncle now, going down along the snake fence with his hoe over his shoulder, calling:

"Come on, Homan, time for supper, come on along."

Weary as you are, you've a sudden, queer fright he'll get away from you, and you run.

"Uncle, wait, listen; after supper can't we go to meetin', uncle?"

"Sure for certain we'll go to meetin'. Look at your aunt, dressed in her Sunday best, and your cousin Tom and cousin Cal. . . . We'll eat in a hurry, so's we won't be late for the singin'."

"YEP, uncle. . . . Yep, aunt. . . . Le's hurry, . . . Hurry up with them traces, Cal, you're all thumbs. . . . Geddap, mule!"

"*No, it's down he wants to go, Wyrick, toward the station.*"

"*But there's nothing there. What he wants is a hospital.*"

"*How do we know what he wants? He wants it. . . . Driver, turn down.*"

Turn down, mule, down into the main drag, and geddap! Geddap!

"If me and Cal get out and walk, uncle, we'll make it faster. Look, there's the Wyricks, and Edgar and May's walkin', and so's Cynthy. Come on, Cal. . . . Hi, Edgar! Hi, May—and Cynthy! Le's walk like walkin'. We'll be late. I'm a-scared ——"

"A-scared! Aw, who's a-scared? Homan's scared! Scared cat!"

"I ain't, neither, scared—I mean I'm tuckered. Gee, if you-all boed the cotton I done today; seem like it's a million acres; gee-dang!"

"Aw, swearin', swearin', who's swearin', goin' to meetin' too!"

"I ain't—I ain't never swore. Did I, Cynthy? Oh, yes, God, I did so swear, and I'm scared and I'm sorry, I've swore and done a lot o' things and been a lot o' places, and forgive me, God our Heavenly Father, please, amen.) Come on, hurry! I'm a-scared we'll be late. Come on with me, Cynthy, le's sing something, le's sing When the Roll is Called Up Yonder."

Up yonder, where the afterglow's still burning in the top of the sky tent, burning fire of rose to warm the close old plain, light the road to meeting.

". . . up yonder, I'll be there."

There where the rose is fading now, and the night-blue overcreeping, and the star chinks showing, one by one. So hurry, hurry, for a boy's frightened, and he's like to cry.

"Aw, who's cryin'? Homan's cryin'; look at Homan cryin'."

"*Look, Wyrick, he's crying now.*"

Railroad's passed, so's burying ground; here's tollwell houses coming. . . .

How big they look in the new dark now! Hurry, hurry! Grab hold a hand, Cynthy; there's lights in the church already: see the glow of 'em underneath the pines.

"*But there's nothing but station and mills here, Mary, and that old church.*"

"*Let's wait and see.*"

CHURCH in the pines; what huge big pines they look tonight, big as big square mountains towering against the narrowed stars. And what a sound of trains!

Chuck-chooh! Ding-dong! Bell ringing. All aboard!

All aboard for where? All aboard for heaven! Gospel train.

Wait! Hold on, Conductor Jesus; there's a boy he's late a little, but he's running. Help him up, somebody, up the car steps, through the door!

"*But Mary, he can't know where he's going. It seems a shame ——*"

"*I know, this church, but it's none of our business; help him in.*"

All aboard, wanderer; get aboard the train.

Who are all these folks in here, rocking, rocking, all so misty? Why, they're nobody but all the folks in a boy's world, all the folks that ever a boy and will look out for him, rocking, rocking; lean fathers, worn mothers, bony playmates, conquered or unconquerable, rocking, body of the South where a boy was born.

"Homan! Homan! Here's Homan, got aboard the gospel train! Glory to the Lord!"

"Yes, Cynthy! Yes, uncle! Yes, aunt! Yes, everybody! Yes!"

"Yes, son!"

"Yes, father!"

"You look tired, young-un; you've hoed a hard row and a long row, and what do you want to rest you now? For the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"If I can have what I want, father, I want to see ——"

In Dead Street Church tonight, in the meager meeting, there are some that are young, come up from farms to be mill hands, and some that are old, hanging on. There's only a few old enough to know what's brought County Clerk Gillyson's widow up on her octogenarian legs shouting: "Looks like Homan—'tis Homan—infidel, sot and sinner, come through the power of Christ crucified, come to Grace before he dies!"

"If I can have what I want, father, I want to see ——"

"YOU want to see Adam walking in the quiet of the Garden, I know, young-un; want to see Noah riding the stormblood, Jonah delivered out of the whale's belly, going up to Nineveh; want to see the Wise Men coming on their camels to Nazareth: want to see the stone of the sepulcher rolled away."

Outside on the steps, Wyrick and Mary stand and study.

"*At first thought it seemed a shame, Mary, surrender. Now I don't know. I think I begin to see, a little.*"

"*I think I begin to see, too, Wyrick.*"

Well, you don't see, quite; you'll never see, never have to, Mary and Wyrick. You weren't born when that mill was grinding, weren't born till the flour was bolted and the bread made.

"And if I can have what I want, father, I want ——"

"You want to lie on the Bosom, and say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and sleep."

(THE END)



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. . . ASLEEP OR AWAKE

USE Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Breathe away distress in its delightful and refreshing vapor.

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A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

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Breathe your cold away



If ever you can't sleep because of a cold, try Vapex on your pillow



This baby owes his WELL SHAPED HEAD, FINE FULL CHEST, STRONG BACK AND STRAIGHT LEGS to the help of Bottled Sunshine

About one baby in every ten develops the right kind of bones and teeth, doctors tell us.

Just think! Only *one* baby is likely to grow up with a properly developed framework . . . with beautifully spaced, even teeth that will not decay easily . . . And the other nine, they are building bones and teeth less than perfect!

The imperfection may be so slight that a watchful mother cannot detect it. Even the penetrating X-ray may not be able to picture it.

Enough for every mother to know the danger of improper bone and tooth formation exists so that she can protect her baby against it!

To do this, she must make sure her baby gets enough of one special factor every day—Vitamin D! This is the factor found in sunshine and *Bottled Sunshine.*

Unless babies receive all the Vitamin D they need, their bones and teeth will not form properly.

And at this time of year, sunshine alone is not sufficient. Bad weather, clothing, clouds, smoke prevent the sun from shining directly on baby's bare skin. Ordinary window glass filters out the sun's protective rays.

So mothers have come to rely almost entirely on *Bottled Sunshine—good* cod-liver oil. It is the rich, dependable source of Vitamin D for babies.

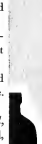
Babies also benefit from another factor in cod-liver oil. Vitamin A. It promotes growth and helps protect them against winter ills.

For an abundance of both these factors, Vitamins A and D, mothers should be careful to select a really *good* cod-liver oil, like Squibb's.

Squibb Cod-Liver Oil is specially protected against harmful exposure to air and moisture. Squibb *guarantees* its vitamin content.

Remember—Squibb's is the *guaranteed, vitamin-rich* cod-liver oil. It may be obtained, plain or mint-flavored, at any reliable drug store.

Squibb has a special 10 D Oil—It contains *ten times* as much of the bone-and-tooth building factor, Vitamin D, as standard cod-liver oil. When babies are growing rapidly, they benefit so greatly from it! Your physician knows how good it is. Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10 D also supplies babies with Vitamin A. It comes either plain or mint-flavored.



Two resistance-builders for the family—Older children and grown-ups favor the pleasant *Squibb Mint-Flavored Oil.* And it's wonderful for them! Rich in Vitamin A, it helps to protect against bothersome nose and throat troubles. Those who object to the oil find equal protection in *Squibb Adex Tablets.* They are a concentrate of the vitamins in Squibb Cod-Liver Oil. Grown-ups, particularly, will appreciate the ease of taking them. At any good druggist—the *Squibb Mint-Flavored Oil and Adex Tablets.*

Free . . . Helpful booklet, "Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine." Write E. R. Squibb & Sons, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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COD LIVER OIL
PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, tested, and guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

A Yuletide Dinner

(Continued from Page 22)

surrounded with minted apples? Whatever meat you choose, garnish it lavishly for this gala family feast.

Your imagination may hold sway in your choice of appetizer and dessert. They can hardly be too festive or colorful. We suggest omitting soup, because keen appetites are needed for generous portions of turkey and "fixings." For the fruit spears, you can substitute pineapple straws for our grapefruit and orange segments and chopped guava jelly for our mint-flavored one.

If your party is exclusively for grown-ups, plum pudding or mince pie is always correct. But with these richer desserts we suggest a simple lettuce salad with pimiento dressing. Frozen desserts offer great variety. The cherry red of a raspberry ice is especially attractive for Christmas. Dippers of vanilla ice cream make an intriguing heap of glistening snowballs if they are served on a chocolate-sauce base.

MARSHMALLOW ICE-CREAM LOAF. Festive, delicious, simple, our selected dessert is versatile. Place a brick of your favorite ice-cream choices on an inch-thick oblong of cake. Cover the top with marshmallows and toast lightly under a hot flame. Use a few toothpicks to hold the layers together if necessary. Vanilla ice cream is excellent on a chocolate or spice cake, but sponge or angel-food cake are wiser selections for harlequin assortments. We picture pistachio and chocolate.

KENTUCKY STUFFING. Instead of serving little sausages around your turkey try this flavorsome use: Combine two cupfuls of bread crumbs, three cupfuls of crumbled corn bread, half a pound of highly seasoned pork sausage, one minced onion, half a cupful of hot milk and two egg yolks. It will stuff a ten-pound turkey.

APPLE-RING-AND-CARROT SALAD. Cut large rosy apples into inch slices. Core but do not pare. Place on lettuce nests. Fill the centers with grated raw carrot, top with a green-pepper star and serve with French dressing. Or use cream cheese and ginger in your apple hollow.

Votes Will End Gang Rule

(Continued from Page 9)

contributions becomes an important factor in corrupt politics.

Organized crime is always open and notorious. You can know absolutely in your own community that there is an alliance between politics and crime—that you are living in a corrupt community—if slot machines are permitted, if violations of the Prohibition Act are open, and if gambling places or vice resorts are notorious and easily entered.

Open crime cannot exist without official cooperation. If, on the other hand, crime is furtive, you can know that your representatives are to a degree diligent.

When, in 1927, I was appointed United States Attorney for the district in which Chicago is located, the city was wide open and crime was rampant. A new administration had been elected on a pledge not to enforce certain laws—more particularly the Prohibition laws. And criminals had flocked from all over the country to take advantage of the situation.

As is always the case when lawless men are permitted to have their way for a time, the criminals were out of hand and arrogant beyond belief.

In 1928 came the opportunity to elect a new state's attorney. We selected a neighbor, Judge Swanson, and made the issue against the alliance between organized crime and corrupt politics.

The gangs were so stupid and power drunk that they imagined they could scare off our people and terrorize the city. They shot and killed one of our Italian leaders on his way home from a political meeting.

A few days after that, on a cold March night, I came from addressing a meeting with my wife and Mrs. Swanson. We left Mrs. Swanson at her home a block away, and when I entered our house a newspaper telephoned to say that a dynamite bomb had just been exploded at the home of United States Senator Charles S. Deneen.

While I was talking, a terrific explosion rocked the house. I told the reporter on the other end of the wire that another bomb had just been set off and he replied: "Well, they are going to blow all of you up tonight and you had better look out."

I hurried down to Judge Swanson's house and found that every window and door in the house, as well as the eaves on the second story, had been blown out by a bomb that had been thrown behind his car just as he drove in from the street. By sheer luck no one had been hurt. The opposition settled the case by a statement to the effect that Senator Deneen and Judge Swanson had blown up their own houses!

The primary election brought out every thug and gangster in the city. In a river ward an honest Negro lawyer was pursued by the gang in charge and murdered. Another gang so severely beat a man that he will be blind for life. Many were slugged and beaten. We sent out a group of young lawyers from the Chicago Bar Association to watch the count. They were all kidnaped and held in a temporary jail, and some were badly beaten and robbed.

But all this was to no avail. The decent citizens in any community are always in the majority, if only they can be aroused. The attempts of the criminals completely to capture the city brought out the vote and we nominated and afterward elected Judge Swanson.

I am telling all this only to show that organized crime cannot exist if the citizens will bring themselves to act. In that election the criminals threw in all their resources, but they could not win.

Then we laid our plans to strike in Chicago Heights, a city of some 23,000 people, which had been completely corrupted and where the Federal laws were being violated daily. Alcohol was being manufactured there almost as an industry. It was also a clearing house for stolen automobiles. Sixty-two murders had been committed there in five years without even an arrest. It was a city beyond the law. The murders were among rival gangs, and the gang wars were for profits yielded by open violations of nearly all laws.

We brought in a squad of tried and tested Federal agents from Washington and sent them under cover to Chicago Heights. Our agents were quickly spotted and heavily bribed. A gangster by the name of Marino acted as paymaster. The agents took all the money that was offered and then turned it over to the proper officers.

When they had completed their evidence they took out the stills, and the gangsters, being unable to comprehend an honest officer, accused Marino of keeping the money himself. They killed him in front of his place of business.

In their rage they also suspected the town marshal of an adjoining suburb as having somehow aided us, and they killed him as he sat reading in his kitchen.

PERSONALITY IS A MATTER OF VITALITY

The tired, listless woman is not only lacking in personality, but loses much of the joy of living. To be always vital, fresh and energetic, requires only a simple, inexpensive addition to the regime of the toilette. After bathing, you lightly rub the body with the Floral Eau de Cologne of Cheramy. The effect is instant and lasting—a new, a thrilling sensation. You are charged with life—anxious to dress, conscious that you will look and be your best.

When the bath is either impossible or inconvenient, a little Floral Eau de Cologne dabbed on arms, neck and forehead will immediately re-energize, cool and refresh.

The Floral Eau de Cologne of Cheramy is an exclusive blending of finest Eau de Cologne with a wide selection of the most desired of bouquet and floral fragrances. It is a toiletry of unique and indispensable virtues, and is also the most inexpensive form in which perfume can be used.



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with this wonderful new G-E Bathroom Sunlamp

Only $26.50



You know how Baby frets on rainy, gloomy days, when he can't get out for his sunshine bath. And you should fret, too, until you get him a G-E Sunlamp to take its place. For you know just how important sunshine is in helping him grow. Science tells you that ultra-violet rays of the summer sun helps to build strong bones and teeth, and to increase bodily resistance.

Fortunately for Baby—and for the whole family—it is these same beneficial ultra-violet rays that are approximated so closely in the new G-E Sunlamp.

This new model is to be installed on the wall or ceiling of your bathroom, where it is out of the way, yet ready for instant use, and perfectly safe to use.

Use it for Baby's "sun" baths, and let the whole family use it—when bathing, shaving, shampooing.

Other G-E Sunlamps, for living room, sunroom and office, range in price from $34.50 to $59.50. See your G-E dealer, or send for booklet on the benefits of ultra-violet.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E wiring system. It provides adequate outlets conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

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General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me free booklet "Sunshine and Health," telling all about the benefits of ultra-violet.

Name

Address

They suspected an Italian workman and his wife of giving evidence and they killed them.

By this time the Federal investigation had been completed and the new state's attorney had come into office. We were ready to strike. We secretly issued what warrants we needed and at four o'clock on a Sunday morning descended on the town with one hundred police and Federal agents—we had seen to it that there could be no tip-off. We took possession of the city hall and the jail and rounded up the people we were after, together with their books and records.

The state officers smashed four hundred and fifty slot machines in the public streets, as an object lesson, and the books showed that the revenue from these machines alone ran to $700,000 a year, divided equally between the storekeepers who housed them and the syndicate that owned them. The police also filled gunny sacks with revolvers and sawed-off shotguns.

Wiping out the gangs gave the decent citizens of the town a chance. They elected honest officials and since that raid three years ago there has not been a murder in that town.

In somewhat the same fashion we cleaned up the beautiful little city of Rockford, Illinois, where the better citizens had held aloof from politics until it was too late and the gangs had gained practical control. We indicted sixty-nine gangsters in one conspiracy indictment and sent thirty-six of them to the penitentiary on evidence the Federal agents had ferreted out.

These raids were spectacular. If they had been only that, they would have been nothing. But the records that we seized involved certain politicians and higher-up gangsters whom we could not otherwise have caught. For they had no direct connection with any of the criminal offenses, and a conspiracy case is very difficult indeed to prove in court.

We caught these men on their income-tax returns. Considering themselves beyond the law, they had scoffed at the idea of paying income taxes. The records gave us a clew to the money that had come to them and then, by running down their bank accounts, we built up a series of cases against politicians and gangsters and, up to the time of writing, each of the cases that has come to trial has resulted in a conviction.

The income-tax laws are a backhanded method of getting at these people to punish them for crimes which primarily are within the jurisdiction of the state and county officers.

There is a distinction between offenses against the state and offenses against the Government which under ordinary circumstances ought to be preserved. The police power of the Federal Government is extensive and has been growing—largely because in some sections local government has refused or has been unable to do its duty.

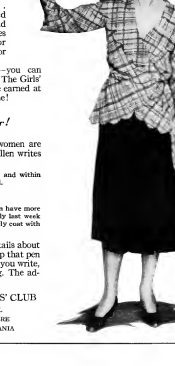
Crimes connected with the national currency, the national banks and the postal service are naturally within Federal jurisdiction, but it was not until 1910, with the Mann Act prohibiting the taking of women across state lines for immoral purposes, that the Federal police power became definite. This act was popular and so was the act making it a Federal offense to steal from common carriers in interstate commerce.

Then in 1914 came the Harrison Narcotic Act, which was really the forerunner of the Volstead Act. The Federal criminal laws have further been extended to cover the officers of banks which are members of the Federal Reserve System, and also to meet the transport of stolen automobiles across state borders.

Federal power is extensive—possibly it is too extensive. Certainly the Federal criminal laws have multiplied faster than

(Continued on Page 115)

How Much Do You Want for Christmas?



HOW much money do you need for Christmas? Not just to "get by," but to have a *real* Christmas. . . .

The kind you've dreamed about . . . plenty of dolls and toys for the kiddies, new dresses for Mother—perhaps a watch for the Man . . . lovely things for your friends. . . .

Whatever sum you need—you can write your own check for it in The Girls' Club. It's here—waiting to be earned at the price of just your spare time!

$1.65 in an Hour!

THOUSANDS of girls and women are doing it right now! Mrs. Allen writes joyfully:

In one short hour I earned $1.65 and within two weeks had a big Christmas fund.

Mrs. Hamilton says:

How happy I am to find that I can have more than just money for Christmas. Only last week my Club dollars helped to buy a lovely coat with rich fur.

Why not write asking for details about the Club this very day? Pick up that pen or pencil now . . . the sooner you write, the sooner you'll begin earning. The address is:

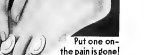
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Cutting your corns is too dangerous—opens way to blood-poisoning. Using harsh and caustic preparations often causes acid burn. Use Zino-pads and be safe! Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.



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Powder Color..... Rouge Color.....

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Flapjacks are a camp cook's specialty... every man who works in the North Woods demands them for breakfast.

"Hi!"—Flapjacks and delicious Vermont Maid Syrup



City men take a tip from lumberjacks ...enjoy a real north woods breakfast

IN the morning it isn't getting out of the right side of the bed so much as "what do we eat?" that decides the kind of day lumberjacks will have.

Cook's answer had better be "flapjacks!" or trees won't get cut, logs hauled.

Up in the North Woods the best flapjacks in the world are eaten with lots of Vermont Maid Syrup. "We just drown 'em in Vermont Maid!" say the lumberjacks. "It has an old-time flavor that makes flapjacks more tasty."

No wonder! . . . old-time Vermonters make Vermont Maid up in Burlington. Sons of a State famous for its fine syrups, they skillfully blend the cane and maple sugars to make a golden-brown, smooth syrup more delicious than any you ever tasted.

NOW all over the country wives are discovering that the North Woods lumberjacks are good judges of what every man likes—their husbands too relish a breakfast of tender flapjacks drowned in Vermont Maid Syrup.



Surprise your husband tomorrow morning with a North Woods breakfast . . . the kind he's been wanting for a long time.

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup in convenient glass jugs that can go right on the table. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vt.

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE
Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. L-12, Burlington, Vermont
I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

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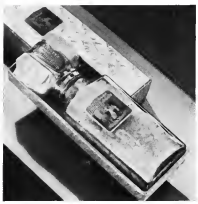
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The Compendium Set. English Complexion Cream, Cleansing Lotion, three cakes of Yardley's Soap, English Lavender, itself, Shampoo and Rinse, Bath Salts Tablets, Smelling Salts, Compressed Blossoms, Compact, Lipstick, Face Powder, Talc. In a satin-lined box. $13.50.



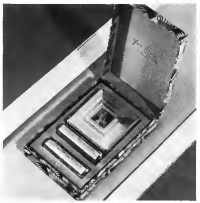
A most acceptable gift to a fastidious man. Yardley's Shaving Soap (a liberal supply in the intriguing wooden bowl). Yardley's Lavender After-shaving Lotion and Yardley's Invisible Talc in a handsome metal container. In a shagreen-finished box. $3.25.



Yardley's English Lavender, the perfume, a charming fragrance for all informal occasions . . . in an exquisite container. $2. Also in wicker-ed bottles from $1.50 to $7.50, and cut-glass decanters at $12.



The English Complexion Set. English Complexion Cream in its engaging ivory-tinted pot; Yardley's English Lavender Soap; English Lavender Face Powder; Cleansing Lotion; and the English Lavender itself. $5.



That diverting vanity, the triple compact. Powder, rouge and two full-sized interchangeable lipsticks in day and evening shades. In a smart silver-finished case with charming panel in colors. $3.50; gold finish, $5.

MORE than the gift itself, are its associations. . . . And a very small gift may be very precious, entirely apart from its intrinsic value. . . . There is a glamour about these holiday sets of Yardley's English Lavender . . . the glamour of Bond Street, where they are bought . . . the most exclusive shopping street in all of Europe. The glamour of Mayfair, where Yardley products have been at home among English aristocracy for more than a century and a half. . . . And more than these, the glamour of a subtle, delicate fragrance that remains unchangingly in fashion. . . . It is not difficult to choose a Yardley gift. It may be something enchantingly small . . . two gold lipsticks in a tiny box . . . or something quite impressive . . . the perfume in an elaborate cut-glass decanter . . . or one of the complexion sets . . . a make-up box for the woman who travels . . . a leather-cased shaving set for the man . . . or the compendium set with its complete assortment of Yardley things. There are gifts for every occasion, at almost every price. $1.25 to $13.50, at all good stores. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Avenue, New York; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; and Paris, Toronto and Sydney.

YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

(Continued from Page 112)

the Federal criminal machinery. But it has become the fashion for citizens, when local conditions become very bad, ultimately to turn to the Federal authorities for relief, in the faith, which I am indeed glad to say has not been misplaced, that the Federal wheels of justice cannot be tampered with.

The Federal courts can do nothing with respect to most forms of crime that the local courts cannot do, but in their own jurisdiction I have stretched the Federal law to the utmost in order to demonstrate that organized crime is not beyond the law if the law-enforcement officers do their duty.

The enforcement of the income-tax laws is a duty laid upon me and it is important to punish those who would evade their just taxes, but it is even more important to the community for the gangsters to be shown conclusively that they are not beyond the law.

It makes little difference in my mind for what particular crime they are jailed, just so long as they are jailed.

If you can get a gangster into jail, then not only is his power in the gang broken, but the lips of many witnesses are unsealed.

It is often argued that violations of the Prohibition Act constitute the chief crimes, and that if Prohibition were repealed there would be no problem of organized crime. I do not propose to be drawn into a discussion of this controversial question, but to discuss the facts as I have learned to know them. The apparent unpopularity of Prohibition makes it a convenient alibi.

Public officers who directly or indirectly are beneficiaries of Prohibition-law violations say that they are unable to enforce the law because the juries will not convict. And so they make little attempt to enforce any of the laws which would quickly wipe out organized crime.

The Prohibition laws are not very difficult to enforce up to the point where the violations become furtive—if the Federal and the local officers will cooperate. Open violations can be stopped and the offenders sent to jail. I have found that in a Prohibition case a jury will convict on proper evidence as surely as it will in any other case. If a case is not properly presented the fault is largely with the police and the prosecuting attorney.

The Cost of Crime

IF PROHIBITION violations can be made furtive—and that is possible—that will be the end of organized crime in so far as Prohibition is concerned. Again let me repeat that Prohibition violations are only one of the sources of easy money for gangs.

Organized crime depends upon organization and it must be free and open in order to be profitable.

But in point of money, gambling and not bootlegging is the best source of easy money and also, judging from the many gangster records that I have been over, it is the largest single source of revenue.

If we should repeal Prohibition the gangs would still go on, for they would still have gambling, trade racketeering and vice. And they are rapidly building up a new source of income—kidnaping citizens for ransom.

The only cure for organized crime is to take away its political protection, for then its profits will vanish. If you take the money out of crime as a business there is nothing left. And then we must jointly meet a situation as it is. To sit down idly and wait for laws to be repealed or changed is like supinely letting the enemy advance in war while waiting for a new model of gun to be perfected.

It must not be thought for an instant that public officers who violate their oaths of office by making it easy for criminals to commit crimes are only negative offenders. If graft once enters a political system it extends in every direction. The evidence of this has come to me clearly through the investigation of income-tax returns.

I have found that the political favorites among contractors as a rule grossly pad their pay rolls and also have a habit of taking great sums in currency from their banks and arbitrarily charging them to the cost of the contract. I have in mind one instance where a contractor took out more than a million dollars in cash and charged it to the cost of the public contracts on which he was working—although all the material, labor and overhead for which could be traced to the work were paid by check. It is not difficult to imagine where these great sums went.

The cost to the public is appalling. In a group of twelve contracts which our accountants ran down, the profit was more than two and a half million dollars on a gross contract sum of somewhat more than three and a half million dollars. A profit of six hundred thousand dollars on these contracts would have been large, although under certain circumstances legitimate.

The profits that were taken were not profits at all. They were graft. They could not have been taken without the connivance of the public officers. There was nothing astute about the way the money was taken.

The point of all this recital of crime is not to show how badly off we are and against what a tremendous force we are working, but to demonstrate that crime breeds crime and, if the bars be let down for one kind of violation, whether this be Prohibition, gambling, vice or something else, the bars will be let down for all kinds of crime and criminality will quickly extend through every division of government.

Thus it is that our citizens are taxed very heavily for crime. The indirect taxes which are paid in the things one buys are impossible to estimate accurately. I think that a billion dollars a month is a very conservative figure.

The amount that is paid in direct taxes because of graft within public offices is beyond estimate.

The evidence that has come to me through the income-tax investigations is so startling that, if I were to make any estimate on my information, I should undoubtedly be accused of the grossest exaggeration.

What, then, can the respectable, law-abiding man or woman do about all this?

The police in the larger cities seem to be helpless. The petty murderers are caught, but while there is a great fuss and furor after every big gang murder no one is ever convicted and punished.

The gangs seem to go gloriously on, and a citizen does not have to be very observing to note that when a town is wide open for liquor, gambling or vice it is also wide open for holdups and bank robberies.

After crime reaches a certain stage and becomes arrogant, a citizen may well feel helpless and think the best he can hope for is to get out of the range of a bullet.

The citizen is not helpless. No crime, organized or otherwise, is beyond the arm of the law—if that arm is devoted to the service of the public. There are more honest policemen and prosecutors than there are dishonest.

Also there are no confessions. The one that I mentioned is the only one I have ever encountered, for the gang leaders have succeeded in completely terrorizing their followers. I have had gangsters tell me the full facts about certain crimes, but always they say something to this effect:

"I will tell this to you, but I will not tell it to a jury. If you want to put me in jail go ahead. Some day I will be out again and I will have my neck. But if I tell the story to a jury I am as good as dead."

That kind of story is information, but not evidence; the latter is information which a witness will give as testimony in court.

Witnesses are terrorized; no matter where a gang murder happens, there are never any eyewitnesses who will identify anyone. The combination of money and fear checkmates the usual police methods, even when the police are honest.

But the cases are not so difficult if one uses scientific methods and undercover men. The Federal Government has plenty of men who are not only fearless but far too clever for any crooks yet born. These men are incorruptible, for they are in services that have traditions. It is not easy to obtain or to train good detectives, but they can be had—if those who employ them look only to the public good and are themselves beyond suspicion.

The Government has never in the history of the country failed to ferret out and break up any gang that it went after. The limited number of men in the employ of the Government cannot cover the entire United States.

The modern gang is not clever and presents no great difficulty once its protection is removed. Take Al Capone. He is 90 per cent a symbol and only 10 per cent a master criminal. He is careful to keep three or four persons removed from any crime; he is never even near anything that happens.

But that is due the success of his criminal career; but he has not made much money. He could keep and has kept little or nothing of what he has made. Most of the time he is broke; if he gets money he blows it in and keeps no records of how he got it or what he did with it.

For the rest, he seems to be a strangely likable fellow, according to many citizens and public officials who have been indiscreet enough to accept his hospitality, and I have been astounded at the number of respectable people who call upon him for aid in kidnapings, labor troubles and other affairs where the police do not function.

Honest and capable law-enforcement officers can break up organized crime and make all crime so furtive that it does not represent easy money.

The responsibility for electing good officers rests with the citizens, and all organized crime can be traced to the neglect of the ballot by the good citizens.

Noel—By Frances M. Frost

UPON a never-turning earth,
Under the broken midnight sky,
Gather an hour for this birth
And let the silver flakes go by.
Hush the passion and the hate,
Let mouth forsake the crying mouth,
Stand in the shattered night and wait
The star long-darkened on the south.

Lift from the lovely breast your head,
Take from your hand the clinging hand,
Recall no living throat nor dead;
Let silence lie upon the land.
Put by the blade and battle-horn,
Let feasts be stopped and songs be still:
Many a child this night is born
And storm yet walks the southern hill.

Upon the silver-covered ground,
While the midnight climbs the sky,
Let there be no breath of sound
Save the new-born children's cry.

Suspended are the falling flakes,
And clear and bitter is the far
Southern sky; the silence breaks
And hails a lost and burning star!

Now with the clear and growing dawn,
Now with the yellow-streaming sun,
Learn, and softly look upon
The lives that were, this night, begun.
Look on the faces and the hands,
Look on the tiny breathing breasts,
Warriors of a hundred lands,
Soldiers of a thousand quests!

Now with the wide and golden day,
Now when the great sun swings above
The turning earth, recall the way
An hour was gathered out of love;
Recall the silence and the steep
Midnight and the darkness blessed
By the star that every child will keep
Burning forever in your breast!

Law Observance

IN ONE Chicago election the more respectable wards polled scarcely 40 per cent of their registered voters, while the gangster wards polled nearly 90 per cent. That is the case everywhere.

A citizen may not vote because he thinks that his single vote means nothing. It means a great deal, for political leaders above all want to stay in power and the moment that citizens begin to show an interest in elections the character of the candidates becomes better.

It is never necessary to overthrow whole parties in order to get better government. As a rule, the old parties can provide better government than new reform parties, for they know their way about better and are not so easily bewildered. And the old parties will always throw out their corrupt members and put forward good men if the people demand good men.

First-class men can, as I have indicated, make short work of organized crime.

But that is not the whole duty of the citizen. He cannot expect law enforcement unless he himself obeys the laws. If he chooses what laws he will obey he will find others—and some of them will be criminals—choosing what laws they will obey.

In my experience it is impossible to treat the Prohibition and gambling laws as mistakes and then expect all the other laws to be obeyed as though they were sacred.

Those who advocate disobedience of any law take on themselves a heavy responsibility.

And finally there is the moral side. If parents accept gangsters as heroes instead of as criminals they are very apt to find their children growing up in the easy ways of disobedience to laws. It would be well for parents generally to know something about crime and criminals.

Even at the best, the life of a gangster is rosy only in spots and for very short periods. Out of one gang of forty-seven that has been studied over a period of ten years, these facts came out:

Seven members have reformed and are leading proper lives, while nine are still in the business of crime. All the others have been killed, are in the penitentiary or have been so broken by wounds or dissipation that they are derelicts on the streets. And that was noted as a successful gang.

The law as it stands is everywhere more powerful than crime can ever hope to be. But the law can never be more powerful than the citizens, by their votes, will it to be.

All for Beauty



Three Weights of Powder
by
Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Only a powder in the right weight for your skin can lend it that creamy transparent surface. A heavy powder on a dry skin will "cake." A light weight powder on a shiny skin will disappear.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER *has, therefore, distinct textures of powder; individually blended for the dry, sensitive skin; for the average skin; for the skin inclined to be oily. Now you may choose your correct type, as well as your own tone of powder.*

All are of traditional HARRIET HUBBARD AYER *purity.*

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S *Face Powder. As light as down. So fine that it is almost imperceptible. Yet, for this reason, it lends the ideal film to the very dry, finely grained skin. 75c, $1.50.*

LUXURIA *Face Powder. A perfectly balanced powder for the average skin. Neither light nor heavy, it just blends into the skin in a transparent bloom which lasts for hours. $1.00.*

BEAUTIFYING *Face Powder. A new powder of medium weight. Marvelously adherent to the normal skin. Smartly boxed for the dressing table. $1.00.*

AYERISTOCRAT THEATRICAL *Face Powder. Created for the skin inclined to shine. It is rich. It is superadhesive. Yet it does not clog the pores. It does not "coat." It spreads a natural, lasting finish over the skin which remains until it is removed. 50c, 75c, $1.50.*

In addition there are six specially lovely medium weight powders, exquisitely packaged and scented, that make charming Christmas gifts. Darling $3. Sweet Miss Mary $3. Princess Charming $2. Red Rose $1.50. Violette Petales $1.50. Face Powder de Luxe $6.

All these powders come in Flesh, White, Rachel, Peach, Ayerblonde, Ayerbrunette, French Rachel.

For further information on the HARRIET HUBBARD AYER *preparations, send for the free booklet "All for Beauty."*

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
INCORPORATED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LONDON NEW YORK PARIS

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The Day's Mail

(Continued from Page 8)

go-to-church movements apparently neglect to analyze this fact. A man would be a poor merchant, indeed, if he saw his business dull while that of his competitor flourished, without doing something about it.

You couldn't keep a store if you only opened one day a week or perhaps a day and a night or two. You can't keep a church alive that way either!

Every Catholic church with a pastor is open seven days a week. Wherever a priest is connected with a church at least one Mass is celebrated daily. The coldest, darkest, stormiest winter morning will find a goodly number hearing an early Mass—simply because they wish to. My point is that if they do want to go, there is a Mass for them to attend, which is like having the goods customers want on your shelves if you keep a store.

Our parish used to have one daily Mass—now we have at least three, all well attended, each addition having been made in response to a growing demand. Many downtown churches have as many as five morning Masses, each as crowded as the Sunday Masses. There are weekly Holy Hours too, devoted to prayer, periodic noonday services and various devotional exercises of one kind or another several nights a week, always well attended. I know a central-city cathedral which is filled for service at five-thirty every week evening. Quite a few churches in every large city have services every evening.

The world, as I see it around me, far from being in the irreligious, even pagan state we hear so much about, seems hungry, starved for religion. The services I have outlined briefly are not offered as bait or as a stimulus. They are merely provided to meet a demand.

Now what are the right selling methods? Results are the only proper gauge. I will give just one example:

I know a church in an almost entirely commercial section. With no color, no fancy choir, no ceremony, no advertising, it draws more people to prayer than any other in a city of two million!

What is "bill of goods"? A very simple one—just the love and the mercy of God! It is the creed every Christian church professes to "sell"—the difference between its great success and the disappointing experiences of others lying solely in the "selling."

Its priests—of a renowned religious order—have studied their product, their customers, their competitors. They know intensive selling is the only kind that brings results—that it demands keeping on the job *and sticking strictly to their job* seven days and nights a week!

Convenience is a most important factor in selling. A low Mass with a short sermon need not require more than half an hour—without a sermon, only twenty minutes, taking little of anyone's time, satisfying the spiritual requirements of most. And Masses are always scheduled at convenient hours. You see, the Church, having been in the business a long while, overlooks no bets. It gives service extraordinary as a matter of course.

A clergyman, it seems to me, should seriously ask himself if he preaches as an orator, an actor, a politician, a financier, or a man who loves God so much he wants everyone around him to know Him and to love Him too!

I like the churches where you can duck in whenever you've a mind to communing with God; where you can stop for a word of thanks that you're alive and well; where you can take your troubles and have them straightened out in a few minutes' spiritual communion; where you can lay your heartaches at the feet of One to whom they must seem little aches, indeed, but on whose sympathetic understanding and sure help you know you can count!

It takes a good salesman to make such a church. He puts into it an indefinable something which makes you want to go there, and he *keeps its doors open!*

The houses you like to visit are the homes in which the spirit welcomes you, where there's love and understanding—the homes of friends. And if your church can't be as good as the house of your friend, what good is it? Isn't God, according to any Christian teaching, your best Friend?

There should be a Presence in a Christian church—otherwise it is just four walls. It is that feeling of the living spirit of God which gives a church warmth. Candles don't do it, nor rose windows, nor flowers, nor incense. If a clergyman can't make you feel that God is there in the midst of you, whatever your church, he is not "selling his bill of goods"!

—M. A. B.

In Honor of Adoption

WE OBSERVE Mother's Day and Father's Day, but I have yet to hear of any way in which foster parents are honored for having provided homes and normal environment for boys and girls who otherwise would not have known loving devotion.

It is not my idea that a day be set aside in which to do them honor, but that some practical demonstration of gratitude and respect be shown to reflect their belief in the normal human being.

I know two homes in which representative people have adopted not one, but two children each—and their lives have been greatly enriched. I know a school-teacher who adopted two sisters; they had reached the age at which they must leave a state institution; neither had been endowed by Nature with physical beauty, but both had good minds, and due to their foster mother's interest both are soon to enter a teachers' college.

Having worked my way through three years of college with the aid of my own foster mother, I know full well what thousands of young people are facing. Orphans in most state institutions who have not been taken for adoption by the time they are sixteen must go through life with what equipment they then have. Yet many deserving ones long for higher education or vocational training. I belong to a large national women's organization that grants loans to deserving young women; we have to deny two-thirds of the requests. What is being done for orphans who have no one to make specific claims for them?

I would suggest an association of men and women who have been adopted and who wish to make some acknowledgment of their debt of gratitude by helping those whose status in life may in some degree be like unto their own. Membership in such an organization might be not more than one dollar a year, but I believe a substantial sum would be realized, which could be used for scholarship loans or outright gifts, as the case might be, to deserving youth in institutions.

Furthermore, I believe that the influence of such an association would stimulate a desire to adopt children on the part of many childless families.

Most of us are so situated that we cannot pay our debt of gratitude in any way commensurate with the desire that is in our hearts, but united we could do something that would in time be a splendid monument.

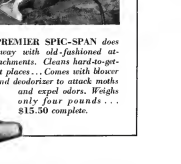
—Mrs. K. W.

According to the Child Welfare League of America, Inc., the average number of dependent and neglected children in thirty-two states which have available statistics is twenty-three to each ten thousand of population. Not all of these, however, are orphans. Adoption is a minor factor in the child-welfare program, and information about adoption is very fragmentary.—EDITOR.



Fill a need... and save $10.50 to add to Christmas funds!

PREMIER DUPLEX . . . *with motor-driven brush . . . 50% stronger suction . . . new non-kinking rubber cord . . . ball-bearing motor that needs no oiling . . . easily convertible to electric floor polisher for $6.50 extra . . . now only $49.50. For those who live in smaller homes the powerful medium-sized* **PREMIER JUNIOR**, *at* **$37.50**.



PREMIER SPIC-SPAN *does away with old-fashioned attachments. Cleans hard-to-get-at places . . . Comes with blower and deodorizer to attack moths and expel odors. Weighs only four pounds . . .* **$15.50** *complete.*

Now ... regular $60 model

Premier Duplex Electric Cleaner

... *only* **$49.50**

THIS Christmas fill a real household need —"Give the home a gift"—and have $10.50 more for Christmas buying!

Millions of women have found the Premier Duplex a remarkable value at its usual price of $60. The standard, really, of electric cleaners.

But we have found several new ways to cut production costs. One, for instance, saves six expensive hand operations. So *without lessening quality*, we have reduced the price $10.50. *Until further notice* the regular $60 Premier Duplex Electric Cleaner *costs you only $49.50.*

Only $49.50—with the same 50% more powerful suction, the same ball-bearing motor that requires no oiling, the same light but sturdy construction! Only $49.50—with the same large capacity dust-bag, easy-handling balance, non-kinking rubber cord.

So we urge you to act now! See the Premier Duplex at any store where they are advertised! Welcome any salesman who calls on you to demonstrate a Premier Duplex.

Buy this $60 cleaner now at $49.50—and have $10.50 more for other Christmas presents! Mail the coupon now and we'll send you, at once, a handsome booklet that tells you all about the Premier Duplex.

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.
DEPT. 1312, CLEVELAND, OHIO

I want those helpful hints on cleaning . . . and the real facts about vacuum cleaner values.

Name

Street Address

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
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BRIGHTEN your home and LIGHTEN your housekeeping with COPPER, BRASS and BRONZE



HUSBANDS aren't always to be trusted—when it comes to seeing that enough electric outlets are put in the home!

But after all, it is really a wife's duty to look out for such things—to plan enough outlets for the many labor-saving appliances that make housekeeping easier, and for lamps, clocks, the radio and other electrical conveniences that make a home more cheerful and attractive.

If you are building or remodeling a home your electrical contractor will install those needed outlets quickly and at surprisingly little expense.

Your keen "shopper's sense" should warn you against cheap metal fixtures and lamps. Plated products, like shoddy dress fabrics, quickly show their cheapness. You will be repaid if you insist upon permanently beautiful solid Copper, Brass or Bronze fixtures, for they serve without replacement for a lifetime.

Study the table below. You will be pleasantly surprised to find how little these durable metals add to the initial cost of your home.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York



Taking "Work" Out of Housework!

To get the most benefit from your modern electrical appliances, be sure you have enough convenient floor and wall outlets. Use them, instead of overloading the light sockets, to avoid fuse blowouts.

In your kitchen—particularly

It is better to be sure than sorry! See that you get adequate wiring—and enough outlets for electric toaster, iron and fans.

And as an aid to beauty—

Electric outlets near the dressing table—for curling irons, electric vibrator, etc.—are almost indispensable in this modern era!

To install Copper, Brass and Bronze in vital parts of the building where deterioration soon means heavy additional expense, will add only about $315 to the total cost of the average $15,000 house.

This table shows how little more of each building dollar you pay for the durable service of Copper, Brass and Bronze over the cost of rustable materials.

For Copper or Brass Plumbing	1/2 of a cent*
Copper Gutters, Downspouts and Flashings	1/2 of a cent
Bronze or Brass Lighting Fixtures	1/2 of a cent
Brass or Bronze Hardware	1/2 of a cent
Bronze or Copper Insect Screens	1/10 of a cent
Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only	**2 1/10 cents**

*Compared to cost of best grade of rustable pipe

Write for our illustrated book about the advantages of using Copper, Brass and Bronze. If you so request, we will refer your inquiry to our member companies who manufacture and distribute these products.

TIME HAS PROVED THE SERVICE OF COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE



PHOTOS. BY HADDEN-WOOD & UNDERWOOD

Making the Most of Possessions

By LILLIAN KENDALL
Interior Decorator, Lansburgh Brothers, Washington, D. C.

THIS town apartment, like thousands of others, was furnished with purchases made over a period of years with a careless freedom from consideration of period styles or ultimate effect. There could be no replacement with, or addition of, new furniture or rugs. The walls were to have new paint and the windows were to be entirely redecorated. This situation afforded an opportunity for color to become the most outstanding note of interest in the scheme of decoration, and the importance of which was planned to be just great enough to attract a lesser degree of conscious attention to the furnishings. Therefore, with a choosing of a careful color scheme and with a studied arrangement of furniture and decorative objects, many faults were overcome.

Small Entrance Hall and Living Room

EXPOSURE—Northwestern. Receiving an abundance of afternoon sun.

WALLS AND WOODWORK—Rose mauve.

CEILING—Two tints lighter rose mauve than walls.

FLOORS—Medium-dark oak. Chinese rugs with gold background, blue border, patterns of mauve, wine, gold and soft green.

WINDOWS—Mauve damask draperies—darker than walls—lined with sateen, pinch-pleated to meet in center and tied back. Glass curtains are of deep cream—almost yellow—soft casement material, installed with draw cords.

FURNITURE—Nonperiod couch and wing chair upholstered in floral cut velvet with gold background and design in ashes of roses, mauve and soft green. The couch was placed under the windows at one end of the long room to detract from the length of the room, for which the twelve-foot rug was not long enough. A teakwood low stand in a corner of the same end of the room broke the monotony of bare floor space. On it was placed a jade-green bowl in which was planted a miniature Chinese garden. A burl-walnut radio cabinet, in a space between a window and a group of glass doors leading to the porch, gave a needed height to that side of the room. Two mahogany armchairs suggesting the Neo-Classic style, with upholstered seats in small patterned wine damask. Two gray metal end tables. A mahogany spinet desk. A walnut octagonal table with Tudor characteristics. Cogswell chair upholstered in two-tone gold cut velvet. Modern gray metal coffee table with white marble top. A small mahogany console table. Straight chair with seat upholstered in gold damask. A mahogany Chippendale low stand with a tall yellow Chinese vase.

LIGHTING—Bronze side-wall brackets with candle lights. Bronze table lamp with mica shade. Gold floor lamp with cream-tan silk shade. Gold bridge lamp with stretched gold shade decorated with a small design in blue green.

DECORATIVE OBJECTS—Three rather large oil paintings with gold frames, placed on broad wall spaces over low pieces of furniture to give height and a balanced effect with the windows and doors on opposite walls. A group of small etchings with narrow black frames. There were several good vases, decorative boxes, and the like, and two beautifully carved silver pheasants of large proportions, which added a finished charm to the room arrangement.



Dinette and Kitchenette

EXPOSURE—Western.

WALLS AND WOODWORK—Painted a parchment effect.

FLOORS—Dinette—medium-dark oak with Persian rug of dark colors with strong notes of henna. Kitchenette—inlaid linoleum with pattern of large black and jade-green blocks.

WINDOWS—Two windows in dinette with straight draperies of heavy rayon taffeta of lustrous gold background and shadow design in rich yellow, rose henna and very much olive green. Glass curtains of deep cream casement material, the same as in the living room, installed with draw cords. The kitchenette does not boast a window.

FURNITURE—Dinette—small Tudor table and four chairs. Kitchenette—upper part of built-in cabinets was painted parchment to match the walls, lower parts jade green striped with black; mechanical refrigerator and stove jade green; the stool was painted black striped with green.

LIGHTING—Both compartments had close-fitting ceiling lights with cream glass bowl shades.

DECORATIVE OBJECTS—Tapestry wall hanging with soft reseda green predominating, and in the design were the same color notes as were in the draperies. On each of the built-in china cabinets separating the two compartments were placed large brass Chinese samovars, which helped to build height.

Bedroom

EXPOSURE—Northeastern, receiving all the morning sun.

WALLS AND WOODWORK—Pale apple green.

CEILING—Two tints lighter green than the walls.

FLOORS—Medium-dark oak with scatter hooked rugs, charming in design and color, harmonizing with the draperies.

WINDOWS—Draperies of glazed chintz, with apple-green background and bouquet design of old-fashioned garden flowers in red, rose, yellow and orchid. They were bound with a two-inch band of orchid glazed chintz, lined with sateen, and tied back—and hung from wooden cornices covered with the drapery material, with a band at top and bottom of orchid chintz. The straight glass curtains were made of sheer, deep cream "portage" marquisette, which has a slightly fancy mesh. This material has a permanent lustrous finish.

FURNITURE—Red mahogany poster beds, low mahogany table between the beds, Windsor chair, a large wing chair slip-covered in plain orchid glazed chintz, corded in yellow. The bedspreads were quilted of soft apple-green satin.

LIGHTING—Aside from a close-fitting ceiling light, there was placed between the beds a two-bracket floor lamp with yellow silk shades. There were also pairs of crystal stem lamps with yellow silk shades on the dresser and dressing table. Beside the wing chair, there was placed a floor lamp, having a coral parchment shade.

DECORATIVE OBJECTS—A large picture of garden flowers on the wall opposite the windows carried the drapery color effect to that end of the room and created a nice balance of color and design. There were two pictures of good proportions, with narrow coral frames, placed over the heads of the beds, which built up that side of the room in scale with the window and door on the opposite wall.

Reproductions

EVERY up-to-date department store selling furniture has on display reproductions of good pieces which because of their charm, beauty and desirability have withstood the test of time and are as popular today as when they were first designed. Realizing that furniture to be effective must be in scale with the size of the room, manufacturers have adapted the size of these reproductions to meet the requirements of the room of average size.

Expenditures

Living-room draperies, draw glass curtains and fixtures	$177.54
Dinette draperies, draw glass curtains and fixtures. .	48.50
Bedroom draperies, glass curtains and fixtures. . . .	162.54
Bedroom chair slip cover	18.00

This year .. of all years

GIVE A GIFT THAT'S WORTH WHILE

Better by far one worth-while gift than a dozen odds and ends



A family gift for mother, sister, or the one among you who needs a modern, dependable Elgin. This new model is the smallest truly American made watch ever produced. Comes with 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold semi-baguette case $60



This new styled Elgin is a perfect gift for the man. 17 jewel movement and 14k white gold filled case with yellow gold filled side bars . . $50

A beautiful creation for the young lady. Comes with dependable 7 jewel movement and 10k white or yellow gold filled engraved case, $27.50

For the man who wants a pocket watch of unusual character. Comes with 17 jewel adjusted movement, and 14k white gold filled case . $45

Expressing a new note in jewelry design. 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold filled case. Comes with white gold filled mesh attachment . $40

A beautiful Elgin . . . a gift from the whole family... is a remembrance to be cherished always. And think! An Elgin costs no more than the 3 or 4 ordinary things you would otherwise give.



For the young man . . . a handsome, sturdy Elgin. 7 jewel movement fitted in nickel chromium plated case. Luminous dial and hands . . $20

A lady's watch of unusual beauty . . . very modern. Comes with rectangular 15 jewel movement and 14k white or yellow gold filled case . . . $37.50

A new Elgin distinctly masculine in design. 17 jewel adjusted movement, 14k white or green gold filled case with gold filled band . . . $39.75

IT'S GOING to be a thrifty Christmas, of course. But beware of the kind of thrift that expresses itself in a flood of cheap and unwanted trinkets . . .

Better by far to give one beautiful, useful and lasting gift, than a whole houseful of ordinary trifles . . .

Think, in years past, how you would have traded all the things that you received for that one perfect gift on which your heart was set.

This year someone in your family wants a fine Elgin watch. Even though this is more than you alone can afford to give, there is no need for disappointment . . .

Call a family conference . . . now! Choose from the beautiful watches on this page, and see how easy it is to give an Elgin when the whole family goes together.

Your jeweler is now showing these newest Elgin models in a wide variety of distinctive case designs. Priced from $16.25 to $500.



THE *accuracy of any watch rests mainly upon the precision with which its tiny parts are made. Many watch manufacturers still use the old hand-tooling methods of centuries past. But human hands tremble, and errors occur. To make its tiny parts unfailingly accurate, Elgin has developed marvelous precision machines. The wonders of these inventions are widely known, yet their secrets are carefully kept concealed.*

Though machines are used to give precision, the work of assembling your Elgin is done slowly and painstakingly by hand. It takes a whole year of this marvelous work to complete an Elgin.

ELGIN *made in America by American workmen*

Suggestions for Home Decorators

The Navajo Blanket

THE Navajo blanket is most frequently a rug, and a rug it has exceptional qualities. It is especially noted for being long-wearing and for improving with use. As the heavy weave wears down, it becomes gradually softer and more silky, so that a rug which is twenty or even fifty years old, subjected to the hardest wear, will be really better than a new one.

Since each Navajo is an individual creation, there are no two designs or color schemes precisely alike in the many thousands that have been woven. They may be had in a great variety of colors and patterns. The "naturals," woven from undyed wool in white, black, brown and gray, may be used harmoniously in any room except the most formal or stylized. In the simpler or more geometrical designs, the "naturals" are especially appropriate with modern furniture.

Although the aniline dyes of commerce have been used by the Navajo weavers for some years, their method of fixing the dye is such that the rugs may be safely cleaned or even washed with little danger of the dye running. Recently, the weavers have been encouraged to return to the use of the native vegetable dyes and it is now possible to purchase many Navajos in soft and brilliant colors—lovely reds, browns, oranges and yellows—with the assurance that even the dye, like everything else in the rug, is an enduring product of native craft.

Because of the infinite variety of design and color, new uses are being found for Navajo rugs. In the regions where Spanish or Pueblo architecture abounds no better floor covering has been found than Navajos.

Properly selected, with due consideration for design and color, a Navajo may be used anywhere that a rug is needed, indoors or out. There are, naturally, many degrees of weaving. Care should be taken to purchase well-woven rugs, as well as those appropriate in color or design, although it is likely that even the poorest example of the Navajo weaver's art will outlast most machine weaves.

Although not many blankets, in the true sense, are now woven, since the Indians themselves use the lighter, machine-woven blankets of commerce, the true Navajo blanket may occasionally be purchased. At its best, it is as fine and soft as anything woven and may be used as a bed covering, as a robe for the car, or as a slumber robe on one's favorite couch.

The Navajo cannot be successfully imitated by factory looms. Anyone who has ever seen an authentic Navajo will recognize another. And, apart from their unique beauty, which increases with use, they are considered by many as a good investment, since the older they are the more valuable they become. They respond to rough usage in a way that pleases all who admire the ability of primitive people "to stand the gaff."

For that place which needs a splash of warm color or the bold gesture of design, consider a Navajo. You will come to love its strength and character and enduring beauty.

—ERIC HOWARD.



PHOTO, MARIA G. MAPPE

The black pottery made by the Indians of the pueblos of New Mexico makes a beautiful combination with modern furniture.



PHOTO, FRANCIS E. HOUGHTON, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The pottery and textiles made by the American Indians are eminently suitable for use in modern homes as interior decoration. At left—Indian pottery made in the pueblo of San Ildefonso.

December sees the opening of an Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York. After a month, the exhibits go to Philadelphia, and then start on a three-year tour of the country. As Art spelled with a capital "A" this Exposition is well worth seeing; and in as much as interior decoration is already showing the influence of Indian and Mexican art, progressive homemakers everywhere will welcome the opportunity to see for themselves what the descendants of our first native Americans are producing today.

Color Talk No. 1

HOW many of us stop to think, when the light comes pouring into our rooms, that it is bringing us all the colors of the rainbow? About three hundred years ago, a learned man pulled down a window shade and made a small slit through it. Then he placed a prism, possibly of a chandelier, where the beam of light coming through the tiny slit in the shade would fall upon it and from it onto the wall of the darkened room. The prism caught the beam of light and broke it up into lovely colors—violet, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

That learned man was Sir Isaac Newton and by that experiment he taught us that those colors are primary colors and that all the hundreds and hundreds of beautiful colors, shades and tints in the world are made up from just these.

These children of the sun, for that is what they are, are very much like other children. Billy and Fred, for instance, don't get on very well together. They are so different, or perhaps they are too much alike. Bring in Tom, however, to play with Billy and Fred. Both the boys like Tom and when he is with them all goes well.

So it is with the colors—the sun children. Some of them just don't get on well together. Like Billy and Fred, they are too much alike or too different. Therefore, when we find we have two colors together that aren't good friends, we need not get discouraged. We can bring in Tom, the third color, that is in harmony with them both. Then we have beauty.

Now, since color is light, we can see how important it is, if we are decorating a room, to know which way our windows face and whether the light comes in from north, south, east or west. Above all, we want the colors in our rooms to help bring us health and happiness, for we should be able to count on them for much of the cheer we get in our daily lives.

Rule No. 1. Never, never let anyone—relative, friend or salesman—persuade us to use a color that we do not like, for we may be sure that there is a very good, practical reason for our not liking it.

—MARY L. HULL.
Colorist, Medford Terra Cotta Co.

New Rugs

INEXPENSIVE rugs show great improvement this season, in design and color. One firm is making a beautiful rug to retail at fifty dollars for the nine-by-twelve size—French, after an old Aubusson design. In lovely soft greens with subdued gold, rose and pink. Address upon request.

LEARN FROM AMERICA'S LEADING DECORATORS how to select and use furnishings correctly. Our new PRIMER OF INTERIOR DECORATION gives simply and fully the rules beginners need, and you benefit from the experience of almost a dozen of America's leading decorators. Price, 25 cents. Send stamps or cash, do not send envelope. Address Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

$100.00 EXTRA BY CHRISTMAS



LAUGH at your budget. Get the things you want—buy the things you need—earn extra money through our easy, pleasant spare-time plan.

From now until Christmas, Curtis men and women will earn more money than any other time of the year. In your odd moments of spare-time (or full time if you wish) you may earn $1 to $3 an hour.

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A COLDSPOT for Christmas!



THE
IDEAL GIFT
for all the family

● For as little as $10 down you can have a Coldspot Refrigerator in your home on Christmas Day.

It keeps the children's milk and food cold and clean, saves money for the household because it is so inexpensive to operate, and saves your time and worry by reducing food spoilage and keeping everything fresh *all* the time.

The compact freezing unit is conveniently placed in the top of the cabinet. The quick freezing control is automatic. The lacquered steel cabinets have porcelain interiors, designed to give the maximum storage space.

Go to the Sears store nearest you and see the Coldspot Refrigerator. Look at our hundreds of other bargains, too. You can do your Christmas shopping at Sears' for less money and buy guaranteed gifts.

4 SIZES to CHOOSE FROM

Christmas shop at SEARS' *and save!*

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.

Wall Papers

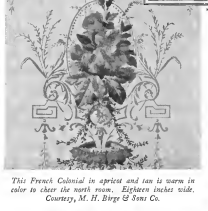
By A. LOUISE FILLEBROWN

A graceful interpretation of a modern floral. Delightful with green-painted furniture and yellow organdie curtains. Twenty-two inches wide. Courtesy, Beach Wallpaper Co.



Blue and grey make this a restful background for the rather formal bedroom or light-toned living room. Thirty inches wide. Courtesy, Geo. T. Hunken Co.

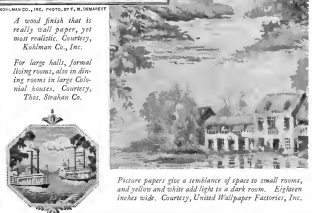
Small hallways, attic bedrooms and living rooms would be charming papered in this delicate design, in peach, tan and ivory. Courtesy, United Wallpaper Factories, Inc.



This French Colonial in apricot and tan is warm in color to cheer the north room. Eighteen inches wide. Courtesy, M. H. Birge & Sons Co.

A wood finish that is really wall paper, yet most realistic. Courtesy, Kaulman Co., Inc.

For large hall, formal living rooms, also in dining rooms in large Colonial houses. Courtesy, Thos. Strahan Co.



Picture papers give a semblance of space to small rooms, and yellow and white add light to a dark room. Eighteen inches wide. Courtesy, United Wallpaper Factories, Inc.



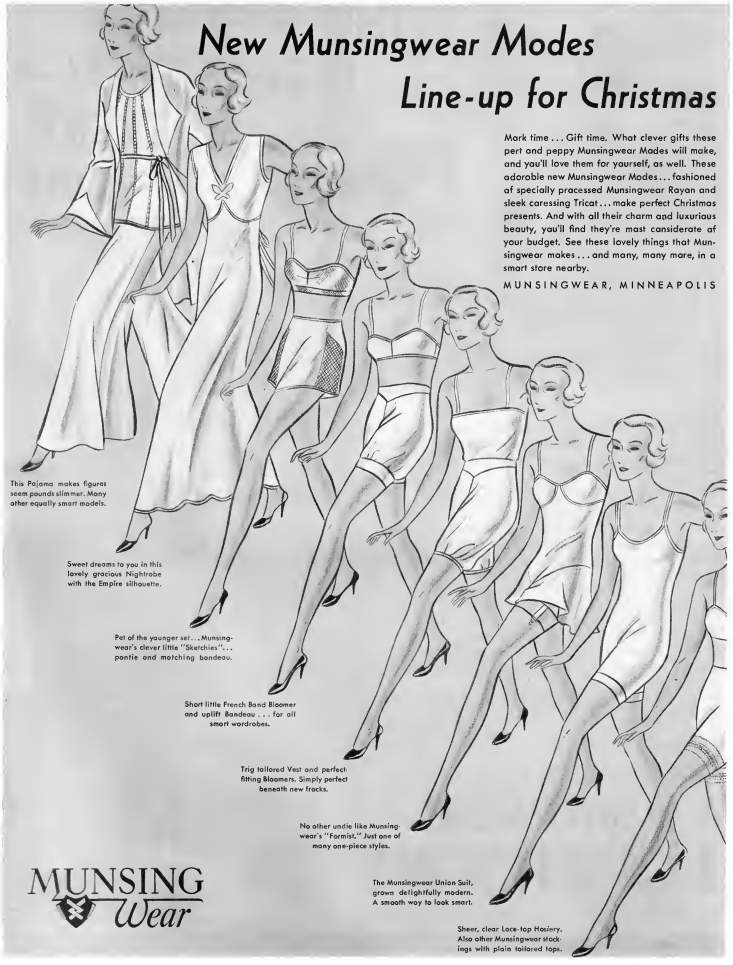
Lovely for dainty bedrooms with pink-and-blue taffeta draperies and pale pink lamp shades bound with orchid. Eighteen inches wide. Courtesy, M. H. Birge & Sons Co.

Rising lines make a low ceiling appear higher where the design is used. For sun rooms and bedrooms. Waterproof. Courtesy, The Robert Griffin Co., Arleigh—Colorful, amusing, for a boy.

New Munsingwear Modes Line-up for Christmas

Mark time . . . Gift time. What clever gifts these pert and peppy Munsingwear Modes will make, and you'll love them for yourself, as well. These adorable new Munsingwear Modes . . . fashioned of specially processed Munsingwear Rayon and sleek caressing Tricat . . . make perfect Christmas presents. And with all their charm and luxurious beauty, you'll find they're most considerate of your budget. See these lovely things that Munsingwear makes . . . and many, many more, in a smart store nearby.

MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS



This Pajama makes figures seem pounds slimmer. Many other equally smart models.

Sweet dreams to you in this lovely gracious Nightrobe with the Empire silhouette.

Pet of the younger set . . . Munsingwear's clever little "Sketchies" . . . panties and matching bandeau.

Short little French Band Bloomer and uplift Bandeau . . . for all smart wardrobes.

Trig tailored Vest and perfect fitting Bloomers. Simply perfect beneath new frocks.

No other undie like Munsingwear's "Formit." Just one of many one-piece styles.

The Munsingwear Union Suit, grown delightfully modern. A smooth way to look smart.

Sheer, clear Lace-top Hosiery. Also other Munsingwear stockings with plain tailored tops.

MUNSING Wear

THIS GIFT WILL PLEASE THEM—EVERY ONE!







Photograph above courtesy of Paramount Pictures

IS THERE a little homemaker on your gift list? A mother deep in diets . . . an up-on-her-toes business girl? A hostess eager for new party plans? Or a friend whose heart is wrapped around a garden?

Now you can be sure of pleasing them—*every one.* For, from the ease of your chair, you can order the gift that will bring a gala thrill twelve times a year—a subscription for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. And there's an order form for your convenience in nearly all copies of this issue. After you've filled it in, hand it to one of our authorized representatives, your newsdealer, the boy who serves you, or mail it to the address below.

Then you'll avoid all the rushing, the wrapping, the standing in line. We'll tell your friends about your gifts with colorful cards sent to arrive in the holiday mail and start their Journals with the issue following.

U. S. Rates: 1 year, $1; 2 years, $1.50; 3 years, $2
Canadian: 1 year, $1.50; 2 years, $2.75; 3 years, $3.75 ***(including tax)***



A pple cheeks . . . twinkling eyes . . . a snowy cloud of beard . . . a Santa Claus aglow with holiday spirit. Such is the 7x9 inch card which we'll send without cost to announce your gift subscriptions over your name. The small sketch below, of course, gives just a shadowy idea of the vivid brightness of the original by John R. Peirce.



Photograph above courtesy of Radio Pictures

Two Other Pleasing Gifts

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FOR COUNTRY-LOVING FOLKS

The Country Gentleman

(U. S.—Monthly)

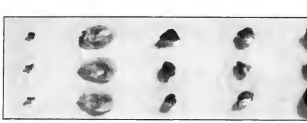
3 years, $1

(For foreign and Canadian prices, see the publications, themselves)

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

766 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And . . . hold infinity in the palm of
your hand. . . .
—WILLIAM BLAKE.



Variation in seed sizes shown. Left to right—Delphinium, gladiolus seed in winged container, rose seed, iris seed and peony seed. All seed natural size.

Nature's Seed Sense

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

THERE are worlds in grains of sand, and the whole secret of life is locked up in the tiniest seed or spore that Nature has yet devised. We now know more about the structure of the grain of sand and the laws to which it is obedient than we do about the seed.

Nature has shown an all-consuming curiosity about sex processes and exerted herself to give it all the variety her invention can perfect, but she is none the less irregular and illogical in the physical aspects of the seed she causes to be produced. There is no standardisation here, no stamping dies, no machine methods, no time clocks. Her lack of these violates the heart of all the Hoover codes ever devised.

Variation in Seed

ORCHID SEED are microscopic in size—like so much fine coal dust blown upon your blotter. Indeed, that is just the sort of wanton Nature is—she scatters such precious seed to the wind, blowing it into the crevices of the bark of some tree and there it lodges and, perhaps, grows.

On the other hand, the coconut is a pellet large enough to dash out your brains. Native waterlily seed are the size of buckshot and often as hard, though not so heavy. The sunflower has a big, fat seed somewhat typical of the plant's own rank coarseness. Radishes have reddish, plump seed suggestive of the apothecaries' connivance—you distrust them at sight. Sweet peas—ah, here are seed that quite seduce one! I know of no seed that reflect so much of the soul of the parent so well. They come in almost as many colors as one can find in a sweet-pea garden. They are almost perfectly round, with a dimple in their cheeks and a lush heave in their bosoms that enchants one.

Seed vary in appearance usually according to the manner in which Nature has decided they shall be dispersed. Just as Nature has taken advantage of every force and agency to bring about the fertilization of the ovule, so she uses every conceivable force and agency to scatter her seed.

Every time we go into the woods or fields we are forcibly reminded of this. We often find ourselves littered from head to foot with Spanish needles, burs, and others of the clinging, sticking type.

Why does Nature take such a spiteful fling at us? Perhaps it is only a touch of her sardonic humor. I have no theory about it at all. The orthodox explanation is that Nature is merely observing Emerson's definition of commerce. She is "carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are scarce." In other words, she wants that seed scattered over a wide area. It would seem at times that Nature's humor is a bit dangerous—to her own plans. By investing these plants with such obnoxious seed she most assuredly set the hand of the whole mean tribe against them. But then, again, I may be wrong; we still have Spanish needles and cockleburs a plenty!

Squirting Seed

HOW many of you have ever come in contact with the squirting cucumber? It can be grown in any home garden, as the seed may be obtained from most seedsmen. The fruits discharge their seed with a great deal of force, throwing them many feet away from the parent. So far as I know, this is the best example of Nature using the principle of the catapult.

There are many other types of seed dispersed by the explosion of the fruits or pods. Nature has not confined the ability to do so to any particular type of plant. We find it in low-growing vegetables, in medium-size bushes and high shrubs. The violet and the oxalis violently expel seed in all directions. In my own garden, native violets have even thrown seed over a low stone wall twenty feet from the parent plant! The ordinary garden bean makes use of this method, and most vegetable gardeners will recall how annoying it is to be a little late in harvesting the crop and to discover that the beans have been lost because they are shattered over the ground.

The gladiolus seed grow in a pod that opens and shatters the seed. They are not thrown with force, however, but are carried by the wind. The seed themselves are inclosed in a thin, tissuelike wrapper, brown in color, which helps propel them. The seed, when unwrapped, are suggestive of radish seed. One pod will contain a handful, and when you consider that no two of them will produce gladiolus exactly alike, one truly holds vast infinities in the palm of the hand!

Air-Minded Seed

NATURE has been ages ahead of man in the use of the air. She provides her seed with wings and with parachutes. The parachute types are the great travelers, riding high in the air even in a mild breeze, whereas the wingbearers—the heavier-than-air types—usually nose-dive to earth within comparatively short distances of the parent.

The maple seed is an example of the wing-bearing types. Others are the flat seeds of the catalpa, the samaras of elm, ash, ailanthus and tuliptree.

The seed of the dandelion and the thistle are examples of the parachute types. Their structure is such that even the slightest agitation of the seed head will start them on their journey. They seem to ride the air with no difficulty and doubtless travel great distances in dry weather. They travel until the parachute becomes moisture-laden, when it falls to earth. Many are doubtless lost because they fall on unfavorable ground, but, heaven knows, we are in no apparent danger of seeing them wiped off the face of the earth.

Sweet-Packaged Seed

LOOK at these berries! Now, why should Nature have wrapped these seed up in such delicious packages? How can she ever expect to save these seed when they are so tempting to every creature that runs, flies or crawls?

Well, now! Birds like berries and fruits of all kinds. Birds eat these berries, vast quantities of them. And birds cover all sorts of distances on the wing. In time, the seed are expelled in the excrement absolutely uninjured by the digestive processes. This is one of the reasons for the hard shell on such small seeds as those of the blackberry, raspberry, the elderberry, the wild grape, the strawberry, and the like. Even the comparatively tender grain of the Indian corn frequently passes through the digestive systems of farm animals unimpaired, and sprouts and grows.

The drupes of the black haw and many shrubs seem deliberately to persist on the parent until late in winter, when they are especially inviting to the birds, other food being unattainable. It is then that they turn to these half-dried fruits and the dispersal of seed begins. There is an economy in Nature's scheme, after all, that is certain. She seems to say, with Old John Burroughs:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Seed Production

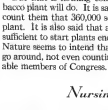
HAVE a care if some wag offers you a dollar for a pound of maple seed! Do you know how many it will take to make a pound? Approximately 4000 seed of the soft maple. There are 400,000 birch seed to the pound, and 6,000,000 redtop seed to the pound. It takes about forty average hickory nuts and about twenty black walnuts to weigh a pound.

Now, how many seed do you suppose one radish plant will produce? I missed it a mile when the question was first proposed to me by a waggish old seedsman. He claimed 12,000 and proved it.

But that is nothing compared with what one sturdy tobacco plant will do. It is said by those who have had time to count them that 360,000 seed are produced by the average plant. It is also said that a tablespoonful of tobacco seed is sufficient to start plants enough to plant six acres of ground! Nature seems to intend that there shall be plenty of seed to go around, not even counting that distributed by the honorable members of Congress.

Nursing Mothers

ALMOST all seed contain not only the embryo, which is only the parent plant in miniature, but also a storehouse of food which is to sustain that embryo when it starts growth and until it can produce roots and foliage sufficient to provide its own nourishment. For the most part, the food stored up with the embryo consists of starch which needs only the addition of water and heat to convert it into soluble food for the young plant.



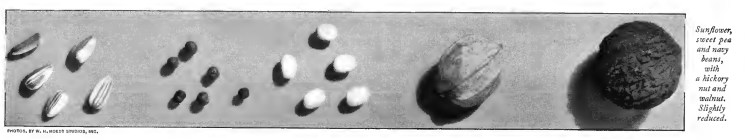
The coconut is a pellet large enough to dash out your brains.

It is interesting to know that every seed contains not only a miniature of the plant that is to be, but carries with it also its own nursing mother to feed it. Thus, infant and mother are locked together in dormant embrace, needing only the addition of heat and moisture to arouse each to its peculiar function.

Survival of Seed

HOW long can seed retain vitality? There is much so-called evidence pro and con. We have all heard the story of the wheat found in the mummy case in Egypt which was planted and grew. There seems to be no foundation in fact whatever for this yarn. I have discussed it with many experts and they all disagree with it, even though William Jennings Bryan took the other view in his lecture on The Prince of Peace.

This we know: Under average conditions in our climate most seed begin to lose vitality soon after becoming ripe. The majority will germinate up to a few weeks after maturity, while some last for months and a few for several years. The fully ripe peony seed, for instance, will not germinate for two years, and rose seed have been known to lie dormant in flats for six or seven years before germinating. Some seeds properly stored will survive for ten to twenty years and grow, but they are obviously impaired in vitality.



Sunflower, sweet pea and navy beans, with a hickory nut and walnut. Slightly reduced.

PHOTOS. BY H. H. HORST STUDIOS, INC.

X marks Scene of the Crime

(FOR FLOOR SCRUBBING IS A CRIME NOWADAYS)

It's a crime for any woman to put herself in such an unattractive position — reddened hands, weary back, bedraggled hair, tired-out expression. This inefficient method of floor cleaning belongs to the dim, dark past. Up-to-date housewives don't believe in punishing themselves unnecessarily — in sentencing themselves to hard labor when they don't have to.

• But how do they escape this undignified business of scrubbing and yet keep their floors always beautiful and clean?

• Johnson's Wax is the answer. Therein lies the secret of immaculate floors, preserved against wear — the secret, too, of rested, happy housewives who wouldn't risk spoiling their floors with the old scrubbing methods.

• Dirt can't become imbedded in a genuine Johnson Waxed surface any more than it can penetrate the surface of a mirror. A light dusting with a dry floor duster removes the surface dust — a few drops of wax on a clean rag wipes away all spots or stains. An occasional polishing with the new Johnson Electric Polisher guarantees both beauty and cleanliness—and all with very little effort on your part, for the marvelous little machine actually runs by itself and polishes a whole floor in a few minutes' time.

• You are liberated from tedious work by the long-handled wax applier, the Johnson Electric Polisher and the Johnson Dry Floor Duster.

TUNE IN!

Ted Weems and his famous Johnson's Wax Orchestra featuring the Johnson Wax Doll

• Every Sunday night at 10:15 Eastern Standard Time, on a coast-to-coast N. B. C. Network—WEAF and 45 affiliated stations.



Rent it!

The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher rents for only $2 a day at hardware, paint, drug, grocery or department stores.



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Out of Bounds

(Continued from Page 21)

"And whom might you tell, John?"

"Why, miss, the police is mighty anxious to hear anything."

"To be sure they are," said Potter, answering mechanically, but thinking, thinking hard in the back of her crisp, logical, alert mind. Blackmail! A surrender to this person and there would be no end to it. She would be placing herself in his hands. And in the end—what? Then she made her resolution, made it courageously, alone. She made it because it seemed the only possible stroke to play in the game as it then stood.

"Abner," she called.

"Yes."

"Will you ask Mr. Forest to step here a moment?"

Abner stared at her and hesitated. "At once, please," she said crisply. Then to the waiter in a low voice, "I'll give you an opportunity to tell the police."

He looked about him, frightened.

"No," she said sharply. "Stay out."

He sagged against the window frame and stood collapsed and pale until Mr. Forest appeared, smiling, but no little surprised at the summons.

"Mr. Commissioner," she said calmly, "this is official. John here has something that he wishes to tell you. Suppose we three go into the office where we can talk without being interrupted."

XII.

"WHAT'S it all about, Potter?" asked Walker Forest. "Why this star-chamber session? Has somebody swiped your lipstick?"

"The party of the third part, meaning John the waiter, has disclosures to make. I'm nipping a promising career in blackmail right in the bud. Speak up, John, and tell the nice man all the dreadful truth. It's about Uncle Beau," she added to Forest.

"I seen Mr. East the night of the murder," said John sullenly. "He come in his car to the lane there, and he got out and walked down it toward the spot where that body was found."

"What time?" asked Mr. Forest sharply.

"Near eleven."

"Tell about the other wicked man that followed him," prompted Potter.

"Another man was hidin' in the shrubs and he followed Mr. East," said John.

"Is that all you saw?"

"That's all."

"Recognize the second man?"

"No, it was too dark," said John.

"Did you hear a shot?" asked Forest.

"No."

Potter smiled at Walker Forest in her most charming manner. "Now suppose we dispense with the principal witness," she said, "and discuss this and that, and speculate on causes and effects."

"Clear out," Forest said to the waiter, "but don't clear out far."

When he was gone Potter smiled again into Forest's face, which was very grave indeed. "I wouldn't worry about it," she said. "It's not nice, but it's not necessarily fatal."

"It is very disturbing."

"JUST offhand and man to man, do you think Uncle Beau could commit a murder if he started out to do one equipped like an army? In the first place he'd miss. In the second place he couldn't think one up."

"Nevertheless he seems to be mixed up in the affair."

"And it will all have to come out and there'll be a scandal in high life. Not necessarily," said Potter.

"Why not necessarily?"

"Every time," Potter said, "there's a murder in which the first families are involved, folks of wealth or position or what have you, improper influences are brought to bear and the matter is hushed up. You may now watch me in the act of bringing improper influence."

"Bring it," said Forest. "and I'll see what effect it has. Am I to be offered a huge sum?"

"I'm not even going to promise to be a sister to you," said Potter. "Of course I might show you how to quit shanking your mashie shots."

"I'm bought. But, Potter, I'm afraid you don't see how serious this is."

"I'M AWAY," said Potter; "it's still my shot. My point is that it will not help the police to scare the life out of Uncle Beau or to hold him up to scorn and odium in the newspapers. It won't help you to arrest him for something he didn't do, or even to send him to prison for life. But it might help the murderer."

"How?"

"Isn't it possible that gentleman is depending on the police to make Uncle Beau double for him?"

"I see," said Forest. "Go on, lady."

"Isn't it possible also that this murder is only a symptom and that there's something nasty underneath?"

"Murders generally are done for a purpose."

"Exactly. My argument is that you now have a fact. Uncle Beau was in the neighborhood. The murderer knows it, but he doesn't know you know it. He intends to make use of it. Now, if you make it public that you know it, the fact is worthless to the man you want to get. But if you keep it a secret the murderer will somehow manage to inform you—and then you have a lead."

"Smart child," said Forest. "You're undermining my noble character. What next?"

"Why, you trace back the informer to the killer and catch him. That's enough, isn't it?"

"What else do you know?"

"Heaps," said Potter, "but I'm not going to tell it—now."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't your promise to keep Uncle Beau out of it—until it becomes necessary to drag him in."

"But suppose your uncle is guilty?"

"Get some real evidence of it and then surround him," said Potter.

"We'll have to question him."

"NO, I CAN tell you more than he can. I can tell you all he knows and a lot he doesn't. I give you my word you won't gain a thing. And also," she added with an impish grin, "it would be pretty sweet for the new commissioner, alone and unaided, to solve a crime that has baffled his efficient and experienced force."

"Tell," said Forest.

Potter studied him for a moment and then nodded her head. "On the golf course tomorrow morning. Prepare to have your eyes bug."

"At nine," said the commissioner.

"Sharp," said Potter; "and now to rescue Uncle Beau from a peril far greater than the law."

When she returned to the grill Uncle Beau was alone with Marie Losser, bending over her hand, his chubby face rapt, his shoulders quivering with romantic emotion.

He did not see his niece as she came up behind him and stood listening.

"I wish I could—er—sing. You know, sing tenor like—like somebody that sings tenor. There's something about tenor. And if I could sing it and play on one of

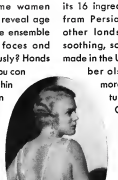
(Continued on Page 129)

Identically THE SAME AGE



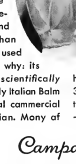
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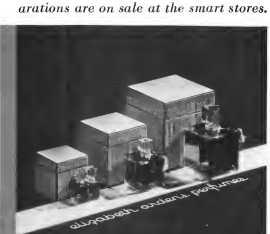
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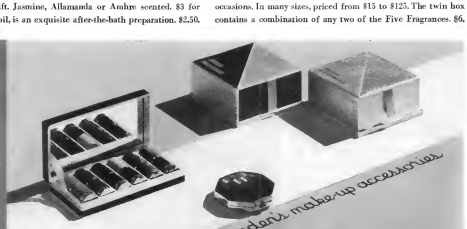


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(Continued from Page 127)

those—er—what-d'ye-call-'ems, I'd come and sing it under your window."

"That would be lovely," said Miss Losser.

"Romance!" exclaimed Uncle Beau. "Beautiful ladies and all, eh? Moons. I—I'm very fond of romance—it's so—ah—you know the word—romantic. And the moon shining on your hair, eh? And everything. And me singing tenor! Pretty romantic, eh?"

"Oh, yes," coed Miss Losser. "Go on. Talk some more. You talk so beautifully."

Uncle Beau hesitated. He was full of his subject, but it clogged and clotted. So he squeezed Miss Losser's hand and prayed for inspiration.

"Now, there's horses," he said suddenly. "Horses?"

"Horses," he repeated impressively. "To ride on. Snatch you up—er—right out of the middle of it and gallop. Get the idea? Gallop off—er—somewheres. And sing tenor under—under ——"

"Under the shower bath," Potter cut in. "Why don't you invite Miss Losser to drop in and hear you sing in your bath? While you merrily jingle the bath salts. Don't you think he's just too cunning, Miss Losser, when he mounts his charger and gallops off across the desert sands?"

"Urph!" gurgled Uncle Beau.

MISS LOSSER did not lose her expression of bland vacuity, nor did she smile a glad welcome.

"I never heard anyone talk so beautifully before," she said raptly.

"That's because you're a newcomer. Uncle has dangled that line under the nose of every woman in the state between the ages of eight and eighty. Haven't you, darling? Wicked old Don Juan. And now, if you've run out of horses and guitars and oases and moons for the evening, I think we'd better go home."

"Don't want to go home."

"Nevertheless, home is where the heart is. You mustn't believe a word he says, Miss Losser. Once there was a woman who took him seriously."

"Yes?" said Miss Losser with rising inflection.

Uncle Beau got to his feet and assumed a pose which, to him, personified youth and golden romance, and enchanting illusion and mysterious glamour.

"I shall always remember this hour," he said.

"Exactly twelve-eleven," said Potter. "Make a note, Uncle Beau. You're always at your best just eleven minutes after the hour."

They passed into the ballroom, Uncle Beau lagging and sulky, Miss Losser expressionless, Potter positively beaming. Bangs Kemble and Abner Seward raced to reach her first and it was a dead heat.

"My dance!" both of them said.

Potter eyed them and smiled an introspective sort of smile.

"BOTH wrong," she said. "I'm taking Uncle Beau home as he can sing tenor in his shower. If you like you may all stand outside on the sidewalk and listen."

"How about golf tomorrow?" asked Bangs.

"I'm all dated up with the police force," said Potter.

"What!" exclaimed Bangs, and Potter looked at him quickly, for there was something arresting in his tone. There was also something in his eyes she could not read and in the lines which appeared suddenly upon his face. For some reason she photographed that expression upon her memory, because she was conscious of wishing to study it. For the first time Bangs became a person to her and not merely a young man who played excellent golf.

"You've no idea how clumsy I am with the forces of law and order," she said. "I'm golfing with the commissioner."

"Oh," said Bangs, and his face relaxed and that interesting expression disappeared. Instantly he became quite another person, a young, careless, not exceptionally intelligent youth without such significance.

But, said Potter to herself, that expression had told another story. Among other things it told her that Bangs Kemble might in certain circumstances be a young man of stern and even dangerous quality.

XIII.

BECAUSE he was a very old friend of the family Abner seldom or never thought of ringing doorbells when he called informally at the East residence—especially before breakfast. So now he entered without ceremony, to find Potter at breakfast with Uncle Beau.

"I am," he announced from the threshold, "starting my vacation in style."

"If you break in somewhere for all of your meals," said Potter, "it will be an economical holiday."

I wallowed in flapjacks half an hour ago." He looked at his watch. "Technically a vacation can't commence until the instant one would start to work. I punch the time clock at eight-thirty. That is four minutes hence. Shall we have speeches or open the orgy with a game of post office?"

"Speeches, by all means. I never like to be kissed within half an hour of a meal. You might kiss uncle, though."

Uncle Beau became haughty. "A—ah—certain amount of decent respect is—ah—should be, you know—um—manifested by ——"

"The working classes," interrupted Potter. "And Abner isn't a working class. He's a vacation. He doesn't look like a vacation, but he is one. Why are you so serious in your lighter moments?"

"My mind," he said, "is all cluttered up with lofty resolutions."

"I," said Potter, "you mention murders today I shall say whoosh and collapse like a toy balloon."

"No intention. In the bright lexicon of sloth there's one such word as golf. I'm golf-minded. For two weeks I mean to devote my unflagging energies to the game. Single-minded is the watchword. Golf for golf's sweet sake."

"Abner Seward," exclaimed Potter, "have you gave in?"

"I HAVE not gave in, neither have I succumbed nor been suborned. But I've determined to make you champion of the universe. It's a life work. I've become your manager, and my first duty is to win for you the State Woman's Amateur Championship just seven days from the moment of writing."

"By request," she asked ironically, "or are you only a volunteer?"

"My aim is to make you state champion, and then national champion—and then British champion. If they have tournaments scattered around the firmament I'll compel you to win them also."

"It must be something he ate," Potter said to her uncle.

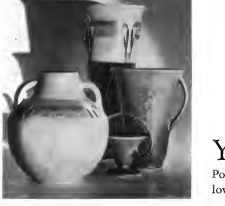
"In order," said Abner, "to demonstrate to you the relative unimportance and insignificance of what the vulgar have named with unerring penetration cowpasture pool. I'm going to feed you up on golf till the sight of it makes you gag. I'm going to make you realize by possession that all the championships in the world aren't worth one little gentle, hearty, sympathetic clasp of the hand of a true friend on a rainy day."

"The effects," said Potter, "of the bites of different insects are different. This one is novel."

"You are young," said Abner, "and impressionable. Practically you know almost nothing. During the campaign to follow I expect to concentrate rays of light upon your abysmal ignorance."

"Yes, sir," said Potter ominously. "Thank you, sir."

"And in the end I shall stand with open arms waiting to receive and welcome you



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as you rush frantically to me as a sure haven of refuge. And then they lived happy ever after."

"Go away," said Potter, "and play with naughty little boys."

"On the walls of our charming home shall be a motto, designed, lettered, framed and hung by your own calloused hands which shall read, 'Thank God for a husband who neither plays nor talks golf.'"

"Potter," said Uncle Beau ponderously, "is a—er—a splendid golfer. She is a—ah—potential champion. I am very proud of her game. I am, if I may say so, wholly in sympathy with her ambitions."

"So am I," said Abner, "until she attains them. She is a swell golfer because accidentally she has a certain physical structure and muscular arrangement, and an equally accidental coördination of hand and brain. She plays golf well, because, by chance, she is so constructed she can't play it badly. It is nothing to be proud of any more than it is to be accidentally so constructed that you can only play it very badly. Champions are freaks. Dubs are normal. . . . But the tocsin sounds; the hour is struck. *En avant, mes enfants!* To the field of glory—and surfeit."

"As a lifelong friend," said Potter, "you're a washout, but to be tolerated because traditional. As a suitor you're just plain punk. But as a husband —"

"And a father and a grandsire," interjected Abner, "I win all the cups. Home is where the niblick is turned into plowshares. Whom the gods would destroy they first make champions."

Potter got to her feet and looked down at them. "I'm going to the club," she said.

"And I," said Abner.

"And I," said Uncle Beau.

"Must you?" asked Potter.

"Absolutely," said Abner.

Walker stood in the doorway. "Telephone, Miss Potter?"

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Mr. Van Houten, miss."

Potter narrowed her eyes. "Tell Mr. Van Houten," she said, "that I have gone to Timbuktu and won't be back until ten minutes past." And with that she led the way out of the house to Abner's car, which carried them to the club.

XIV.

Abner was a manager; in fact, Potter seemed to have become equipped with three managers, or even four, if one included Tom Finch, professional at the club. And each of the four resented bitterly to the point of vindictiveness the other three. Potter could not hit a golf ball without having as critical gallery Abner, Uncle Beau and Bangs Kemble. Abner was not troublesome on the practice tee with advice, because as he said frequently, "I thank the gods of my forefathers I know nothing about this game. If I'm going to hit a little ball I'd stand up and hit it. I wouldn't wiggle and waggle and apply quadratics and tell myself riddles. I'd just sock it on its little after end."

But the hours when she was neither practicing nor playing were the worst. Abner meddled. He butted in. He could not be got rid of, and he would allow no topic of conversation but golf.

"Singleness of purpose is the watchword," he said. "From now until you're champion of the world we talk nothing, think nothing, dream nothing but golf."

Whereupon he would launch into what he called skull practice until Potter reached a stage of exasperation which was close to rage.

It was on Tuesday morning that Alanson Van Houten strolled across from the clubhouse to the practice tee where, for once, Potter was alone with Abner. The older man offered courteous greetings and then, turning to Abner, said, in the manner of a man accustomed to deference from subordinates, "I wish a few words with Miss East."

Abner glanced at Potter, whose face had set and whose eyes were alert and apprehensive, and pretended convincingly not to understand the hint.

"Lots of folks do," he said amiably.

"Must I be more explicit?" Van Houten said impatiently.

"Not necessarily," said Abner. "It's very tiresome being explicit on a hot morning."

"My young friend," said Van Houten, "you are being impertinent."

"Not very," replied Abner gently.

"Once more," Van Houten said with rising temper, "will you leave me with Miss East for a few moments?"

"Never," said Abner, "try to get rid of the chaperon." He got to his feet lazily and stretched and leaned against the sand box. "Now I'll tell you, Mr. Van Houten. So we will be all clear and no irritating little misunderstandings. The situation is this way: I don't like you. I don't like your hat. I don't like the way you wear either your tie or your nose. I don't like your manners. To put it in a nutshell, I don't like anything about you." His voice was unhurried and placid, and his eyes smiled. "I don't think you should be allowed to speak to any white woman alone—or in a crowd. You come under the head of naughty boy with nasty mind, and you contaminate all the good children in the neighborhood. So please go away now and tell improper stories to the old men in the locker room."

Van Houten was purple with rage and made certain preliminary threatening gestures, but Abner waggled his head. "No, no," he said. "I've been making an analysis of you, Mr. Van Houten. Lots of men in the present circumstances would smack me on the nose. But you never do your own fighting. You've lost the knack. You do your nose smacking vicariously. So unfold the fingers and tiptoe away. Eh?"

Van Houten spoke through his teeth to Potter, "Send this young squiggins away before I hurt him."

"The matter," said Potter, "seems to be between you and him."

"You have not forgotten our last conversation," he said significantly.

"No."

"Do you think it wise to treat me in this manner?"

Here Abner interjected himself. "That question seems to savor of a threat, and gentlemen do not threaten ladies in the upper circles. Do go away before I have to make you all lumpy."

"If," said Van Houten, "you don't send this young whippersnapper away and give me a few moments of your time, I shall be compelled to take the step I indicated."

Abner advanced a step and tapped Van Houten on the broad chest. "Has it occurred to you," he asked, "that you are not particularly safe at the moment?"

"From you?" demanded Van Houten. "Oh, no. Far from it. I mean shooting. With a gun. I don't shoot. When exasperated past endurance I sometimes hit, but I never shoot. Bodies lying around make so much nuisance for everybody."

"Abner!" exclaimed Potter.

He shook his head at her and smiled. "What I am getting at," he said, "is that if Mr. Van Houten isn't vastly circumspect there will be funeral orations which he will not hear."

"Meaning what?"

"I'm merely trying to make it nice for everybody," said Abner. "Especially for you. You see you don't really know why Tanis Hammer was shot in the back over yonder, and that changes the complexion of everything."

"Do you?"

"I'm guessing, and all my friends say I'm a swell guesser. He was killed to prevent his telling Uncle Beau something that would have spilled the beans. Fear

(Continued on Page 132)

THEY WON'T KNOW—THEY WON'T CARE
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Cannon towels in sets . . .



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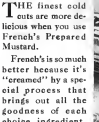
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(Continued from Page 130)

did it. Somebody shot to save his own bacon."

"Go on," said Van Houten.

"You can't punish a man a bit more for ten murders than you can for one. After the first one the rest are clear velvet. Ever think of that? And what I am getting at is that you would positively hate being the second in the series—which you may be if you get to wiggling around too heartily."

"Me! Young man, you're crazy." He paused and frowned at Abner. "What do you know about this anyhow?"

"I know that there is a killer browsing about who doesn't want to get caught at it. And you are his chief danger. If you go taking funny steps he'll get all hot and bothered, and you'll go solving the great riddle. This is by way of warning you that you'd better give up polite blackmail and leave Uncle Beau East alone."

Potter gasped.

"Now scoot," said Abner, "and if I were you I wouldn't stop this side of Australia."

Van Houten stood silent and frowning. Presently he spoke. "If what you say is true," he said, "and if you are so well informed, I'm quite sure I shouldn't care to be you, young man."

"I," said Abner, "am just vain enough to like it."

FOR an instant Van Houten hesitated, then he turned on his heel and strode toward the clubhouse. Abner lifted his brows. Potter stared at him bewildered.

"What are you saying, Abner?" she asked.

"I was answering guile with guile. And I didn't like the idea of having my future wife threatened by that octopus. I've given him something to think about too."

"What have you been doing? What have you found out?"

"Not nearly enough," said Abner.

"Who shot Tanis Hammer? Do you know?"

"I'm getting warm," said Abner. "I've got it narrowed down. One of two people. It's got to be. Either Uncle Beau did it in the throes of a brainstorm, or the other fellow did."

"What other fellow?"

"There," said Abner, "is the hitch, I haven't been able to identify him yet."

Potter bit her lip. "Suppose he finds out you are trying to identify him?"

"Probably he will," said Abner, "but he won't get in a stew until he sees I'm likely to do it."

"And then?" asked Potter.

"Why, then it'll be a sort of race to see if I land him before he pops me, or if he pops me before I land him. And as I said before, we may all be wrong about it, and Uncle Beau is the gunman."

"He isn't."

"Agreed," said Abner. "Now hit golf balls. The intermission is over."

BUT the intermission was not over, for a caddy came running from the shop with a message. "Mr. Forest wants to see you in the clubhouse," said the boy.

Potter frowned. "Now what?" she asked anxiously.

"Let's go see," said Abner, so, leaving balls and clubs, they hurried across to the lounge, where Walker Forest walked up and down with much-disturbed face.

"Potter," he asked, "did you drive your uncle's roadster out here this morning?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I've got to look it over," said the commissioner. "I came out to do it myself in case the information was a canard. It is on the parking space?"

"Yes," said Potter.

"Then we'll go together," said Forest, and led the way out of the house and down the driveway to Uncle Beau's car, a gorgeous yellow roadster.

The police commissioner opened the right-hand door and unbuttoned the flap of the pocket. From it he drew a handful of waste, a couple of rumpled road maps, and then something heavier, something that caused Potter to stand rigid and staring. It was a revolver, and Forest snapped it open as she watched. He showed her the cylinder with cartridge heads exposed.

"One fired," he said shortly.

"But—but ——"

"I'm sorry, Potter," he said gently. "We've the bullet that killed Hammer. If the experts prove it was fired from this gun ——"

"Yes?"

"Then," he said regretfully, "we'll have to take action."

"You mean arrest Uncle Beau?"

"This has forced my hand," he said.

XV.

ABNER SEWARD laid his hand on the commissioner's arm and shook his head vigorously. "Let's read what isn't printed on the back," he said. "Personally I think this gun is grand evidence of Uncle Beau's innocence."

"I'm listening," said Mr. Forest.

"Handle it pretty carefully," said Abner. "When you get to headquarters examine it for fingerprints. If I'm right and there aren't any of those detective's delights on the weapon, then what do we deduce?"

"What?"

"That they were wiped off," said Abner. "Exactly what one would expect."

"Not of a careless man, inexperienced in crime. Not of a very frightened oldish person who shot a man in a paroxysm of fear. Not at all. He would either throw the gun away on the spot, where it would be found with whorls and doodads all over it to identify his hands, or he would rush off and throw it in the river. But he would not wipe it clean and then put it in so silly a place as his automobile."

"A point," agreed the commissioner.

"Point," said Abner, "if some third person seeking the services of a fall guy, and finding Uncle Beau begging for the job, put this gun here, what? Certainly he would wipe it clean. Having wiped it of his own fingerprints he would have no way to substitute Uncle Beau's. To my feeble mind we demonstrate that Uncle Beau never saw the gun."

IT WAS apparent to Abner, to Potter, that Mr. Forest would welcome any argument, any evidence which would permit him to keep hands off Uncle Beau, and Abner hammered in his logic.

"Now, then," he said, "if Uncle Beau shot that man and rushed off with his gun, no outsider would have a chance to see where he put it. I guess that Uncle Beau made tracks from that spot as fast as his little legs would carry him, and then drove his car like all-get-out. But some outsider knew the gun was here and tips off the police. We have quite a pot of evidence here. First, the tiptoe-off must have known about the shooting, must have seen the shooting, must have been present at the shooting. Second, he knew where a gun was that nobody could know about except Uncle Beau. Or this third person himself—who shot this man Hammer and then planted the gun here to serve Uncle Beau to the police on a platter. And before you leap, Mr. Commissioner, I propose a test."

"Test?"

"A demonstration. Is Uncle Beau at home, Potter?"

"He was when I left."

"Pile in, everybody," said Abner.

So they drove to the East residence, where Uncle Beau was visible as they drove into the grounds. He was giving directions to his gardener.

"Oh, Mr. East," called Abner.

"Ah, good morning. Good morning. The—ah—various shrubs and plants are growing nicely, eh? Nicely."



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"Come over here and leave the shrubs alone," said Potter. And then to Abner: "Do your stuff, Ab, if you've got any to do."

"Mr. East," said Abner, "we've been arguing about the best way to get to New Lisbon, and Potter says you've a road map. May we see it?"

"Road map. Road map. To be sure I have a road map. I always have road maps. Now let me see. Road maps! Drove through New Lisbon about a week ago. Now what did I do with that road map?"

"He gave it to a poor tenant to thatch his cottage," said Potter.

"Absurd. Ridiculous. Nothing of the sort. I consulted it. I always consult maps—and then—er—arrive at the wrong destination. I—ah—consulted that map and then—why, good morning, Walker. Didn't see you at first. I trust your administration is—er—proving—um—satisfactory. Map. Map. Why, my dear, I stuffed it in the pocket in the door. You had it all the time. Right in the car there. Right-hand door. Two or three maps. That door right beside you, Forest."

"This one?" asked the commissioner, scrutinizing Uncle Jake's face.

"To be sure. Help yourself. Delighted—ah—to be of service."

HE TURNED, unconcerned, to watch the gardener as the commissioner opened the flap and thrust his hand into the pocket where the revolver had been found: It was obvious that Uncle Beau had no fears concerning that pocket—either that or he was a superb actor.

"What else is in here?" asked the commissioner.

"Wouldn't know that? Why, I'll tell you, I do. Waste, a handful of waste. Got grease on my fingers last evening and looked everywhere in the car for waste. There wasn't any. So I got some in the garage and put it there—in case of future emergencies."

"Do I understand you searched this pocket last night?"

"I absolutely scraped it clean looking for waste."

"And you found nothing there?"

"Nothing but maps and a wrench."

Abner chuckled and smiled at the commissioner. "Try that on your pipe organ," he said. "Have I demonstrated? Do we write Q. E. D.?"

"But it's no evidence for a jury," said Mr. Forest.

"I'm not so sure of that. But it's evidence enough for any man with eyes—and it's evidence that gun was planted there between midnight last night and the moment you found it. By whom?—Not by Uncle Beau. Your case falls."

"Oh, it does. It does, doesn't it, Mr. Forest?" Potter's voice was vibrant.

"I am very glad, very glad indeed, to agree with you, Potter."

"And you won't arrest uncle?"

"DECIDEDLY not." Then his face clouded. "But we can't accept this as proof of innocence. Not yet. The gun, we must admit, was a plant, but beyond that we cannot go."

"But we can go back to the club, can't we?" asked Potter.

"Take me back," said the commissioner, "and I'll pick up my car."

"And I," said Potter, "shall lunch and then play a round of golf."

"With whom?" asked Abner quickly. "Bangs Kemble," said Potter sweetly. They drove back to the club, where Walker Forest changed to his own car.

"Am I dismissed?" asked Abner.

"No. Lunch with us."

"And listen to that superman talk about backswings? Not on this bright day."

"Please," said Potter.

"THANK you—no. I'm going somewhere to be alone. All alone. Where the word 'golf' never has been mentioned. I've had quite all I can bear for an hour or two."

"You're angry," said Potter.

"No—bored." He got out of the car.

"Abner," said Potter.

"Yes, ma'am." He turned to listen.

"Thank you," she said gravely.

"For what?"

"For getting Uncle Abner out of this last mess. You did a job. You thought quickly. I—please lunch with me."

"Is it supposed to be a reward?"

"Don't be nasty."

"I feel an irresistible urge to be nasty. Briefly and succinctly, I'm jealous, and I don't care who knows it. Not seriously and to the point of alarm, because I know you couldn't marry a sleek-haired, animated golf pill pounder. But to the point of exasperation. Your gentleman friend would spoil a very promising appetite for ham and eggs which I shall eat in the privacy of the men's grill. After which I shall buy three new golf balls and hack them to pieces with a hatchet."

"You," said Potter, in the conversational forms of her childhood, "give me a pain."

Abner strode away without turning his head, and Potter, her cheeks flushed now and rosy with resentment, marched across the parking space with firm resolution never again in her life to speak to him. With which resolution firmly in mind she was more cordial than usual in her greetings to Bangs Kemble, who awaited her on the practice green.

"Putt a while?" asked Bangs.

"Ten cents a hole," challenged Potter.

"If your putting holds up," said Bangs, "you ought to go through that field next week like—"

"Go ahead. I love similes."

"Like a bullet through a pine plank," he said.

"NOT what I expected at all. You might have said, like a knife through butter, or like a rat through a knot hole—or almost anything beautiful. But, somehow, one doesn't associate you with bullets."

He smiled and bent over his putt, and the wind, which was brisk, tugged at his loose, tweed sports coat, filling it as a sail is filled so that it stood out from his chest. And Potter, standing above him, glanced down. It was a casual glance, but it became fixed and staring. For her eyes had seen within that distended coat to his left armpit, and there, tight to his body in a sort of harness, she saw the grim, ugly butt of an automatic pistol.

He made his putt.

"But on second thought," she said, "and upon wider acquaintance, one sometimes revises first impressions."

"I hope for the better in my case."

"Well," she replied, "you become more interesting second by second. I think I shall cultivate you."

(To be Concluded)

A "Twelve Star" Gift

IT NOT only makes a happy holiday appearance, but "encores" every month in the year for every friend to whom you send a JOURNAL gift subscription is due to receive twelve brilliant numbers of a magazine that touches her every interest from fashions to fiction.

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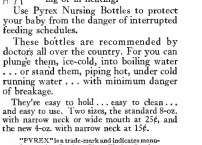
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THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

NOVEMBER has a history all its own. And most of it is football. Then the old grads feel like undergrads, and all the highways on a Saturday lead to the stadiums.

And Canada Dry seems to sparkle even more gaily in tune with the nip in the weather . . . to become more welcome because of the stirring times . . . and reflects in its own amber hue the debonair spirit of these brave events.

Certainly no celebration could be without this Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . and seem complete. For it's most of all when you're having a good time . . . in moments of relaxation and gaiety . . . that you want Canada Dry.

Now Priced for the Thrifty

And now that the price of this fine old ginger ale is so low, it appeals to your more serious moments, too, when you stop to count your pennies. For there never was a greater value in ginger ales. Today The Champagne of Ginger Ales is just as much the favorite of the thrifty as it is the constant choice of connoisseurs.

Make sure you have an ample supply of Canada Dry. In most cities it now comes in two sizes—the new large size and the familiar twelve-ounce bottle.

A football party buffet

Little sandwiches shaped like footballs to satisfy an appetite made large by an afternoon in the open air . . . olives stuffed with anchovies, pimientos, almonds, and pearl onions to help work up another appetite for dinner . . . some caviar and canapés . . . and above all, cool, sparkling glasses of Canada Dry to take the huskiness out of your throat and to refresh and exhilarate you. Make the ice cubes of frozen ginger ale, too, so you won't dilute the flavor. Let your guests help themselves.
—Originated by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *President National Radio Home Makers Club.*

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A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

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Christmas-gift wrappings. Courtesy Dennison Manufacturing Company.

The Hostess

Conducted by
NANCY OAKLEY

Photographs by Charles Garner

The three Christmas breakfast tables on this page set through courtesy Strawbridge & Clothier



Children will love this gay breakfast table with its orange-and-cream china in peasant design, and long orange-colored zippers to drink their orange or tomato juice from the ringed glasses.

CHRISTMAS EVE and breakfast on Christmas morning have always seemed two specially lovely times of the Christmas season to me. They are essentially hours for knitting family ties very closely, and that alone—in these days of hectic, too-crowded living—would make them important.

But you simply must build your Christmas around a child, or children, to get the most out of it, even if you have to borrow some—nieces, nephews, cousins or a neighbor's excited youngsters from over the way.

Plan at least one children's party for the holidays. You will enjoy it as much as your eager little guests.

A Novel Christmas Eve

I KNOW a delightful older woman with no children of her own who always gives a Christmas Eve party for the children of all the young couples in her neighborhood.

This enables the fathers and mothers to trim their own trees, fill stockings, wrap packages and generally prepare—in a peaceful and leisurely manner—for the excitements of the morrow.

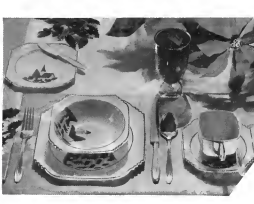
The feature, however, of this Christmas Eve party is that it is given for Santa Claus himself—surely a topsy-turvy innovation that—and etch small guest is asked to bring a toy (something left over from last Christmas but still in good condition) which the good saint can pass on the next morning to another little boy or girl, in the children's ward of a big city hospital in which their hostess is interested.



Many-colored Bavaria linen and rainbow-ringed china and glasses in matching colors make this breakfast table charming for all ages. The centerpiece is a bowl of snapping mottoes.

Supper is served immediately upon the guests' arrival—supper at small tables-for-four, each gay with Christmas lights, crêpe-paper tablecloth and napkins in Yuletide design, and snapping Christmas mottoes at every place, in which are hidden tiny toys as favors for the youthful guests to take home.

After supper they all adjourn to the big living room, where a small, bushy Christmas tree, about four feet in height, is waiting to be decorated. Boxes of Christmas ornaments, tinsel, "icicles," and strings of pop corn and of cranberries are piled high on chairs, and the children are allowed to carry out their own ideas of decoration, unaided. Half the fun lies in doing everything themselves, you know.



Green-and-white linen, Christmas-red goblets, and gay china with little red village roofs are used for this breakfast table.

Next, all the toys brought must be wrapped in the gayest of the new, colorful decorative papers, tied with big gauze or satin bows and fastened with Christmas seals, ready for transportation to the hospital early Christmas morning.

The third and final event on the evening's program is filling long red stockings with oranges, lady apples, bananas, nuts, stick candy and Christmas mottoes and, down in the very tip of the toe of each stocking, a bright new dime wrapped in a twist of red or green tissue paper.

It's really a moot question whether my friend or her busy guests get most happy excitement from those Christmas Eves. Not to speak of the sheer bliss that's carried over to the next morning and a long white hospital ward when that gaudy, overtrimmed tree—yes, of course, the children overdo it, but the equally youthful recipients have the same taste in quantity decoration, so it all works out splendidly—the bulging red stockings and the basketful of beribboned packages are wheeled in by a smiling, white-capped nurse, substituting for Santa Claus.

Christmas Breakfast Tables

YOU will notice that, here on this page, I have had photographed for you three different suggestions for the family breakfast table on Christmas morning.

Many people cling to the pretty custom of having all the smaller gifts in their Christmas wrappings at the various places at the breakfast table, so everyone can have the fun of seeing what everyone else receives.

This can be elaborated to include Christmas mottoes as place cards—each motto containing a specially prepared jingle of Christmas wishes and perhaps a gay prediction for the future, if there is someone in your family with a knack for that sort of amusing rime-making.

Another suggestion is to hide the tiniest packages of all under the fruit in the center bowl, and run red or green ribbons to the place of each one for whom these presents are intended. Or the centerpiece might be a big bowl of red and green mottoes, each with a specially tiny and amusing gift hidden in it, and a bright length of ribbon confetti running from motto to plate.

Or—again—send each member of the family, and any guests staying with you, a Christmas night letter the evening before.

This may contain just Christmas wishes or some gay and appropriate little joke that will bring a laugh when it's read aloud at breakfast. The telegraph company will deliver them Christmas morning on festive holiday blanks, and they can be put on the table on top of each napkin or tucked under the orange-juice glass. The children will be terribly pleased and feel important over receiving their—probably—first telegram. Even their elders will appreciate the surprise.

Cards and Gifts

ON THE list of selected Hostess booklets at the end of this page you will see one called HANDMADE CHRISTMAS CARDS, which will interest all of you who like to send your friends individual and original greeting cards at this season.

There are a number of designs, which may be copied exactly, or rearranged to combine certain features of several designs which happen to please you, thus making your card even more your own individual thought.

And today, perhaps more so than in a long time, fashion says we are to be individual in all our ways if we would be thoroughly up-to-date. It's a nice fashion too; for, after all, it is much more interesting to be our brightest, smartest, most distinctive selves than to be one of the "me too" copyists that fashion tried to make us all two or three seasons ago.

Naturally enough, speaking of Christmas cards leads us on to the even more complicated and serious subject of our Christmas-gift lists.

May I suggest, then, in that connection, that you turn to pages 6 and 7, if you haven't already studied them and passed them around the family, hoping to catch helpful comments.

They're in natural-color photography, and so we haven't had to do much describing—you can see them exactly as they'll look in the shops; and if you would like the addresses where they can be found, write me as soon as possible and I'll be delighted to tell you.

And how—in the meantime—Merry Christmas to you and yours, and all the good things one friend can wish another for the coming year!

Special Hostess Booklets

CHEERFUL BREAKFAST TABLES. Designs and directions for breakfast-tray and breakfast-table linens. Price, 2 cents.

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FOOT-ACHES WERE PUTTING AGE LINES IN MY FACE



You can't hide hurting feet

..I found that out from my mirror

"I had never realized what it wos that was making me look so tired . . . and so much older.

"Ordinarily my feet didn't hurt me. Yet whenever I had to be on them for any length of time they did ache so.

"It wasn't until one evening after a dance . . . the last dance of the season at our Country Club . . . that I found out it was my feet that were putting those lines in my face. I was sitting at my boudoir table . . . thinking only of how my feet were aching . . . when I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I looked positively old. I almost prayed that Robert hadn't noticed how much older I was looking. The thought frightened me.

"What a relief it was ta discover Selby Arch Preserver Shoes. They're stunningly smart . . . just look at this model they call Solace . . . would you believe that shae is scientifically constructed to preserve the orches?

"You will when you put it on, though."

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. The scientifically correct features of Selby Arch Preserver Shoes are patented . . . not duplicated in any other shoe. No cheaper shoe affords the same comfort. There are dealers everywhere. Ask to see the new Arch Preserver fashions of Winter. Don't let foot-aches age your face any more!

Most styles $8.50 to $12.50

Selby Arch Preserver Shoes are sold by Dorison Poxon, of Atlanta; LaSalle & Koch Co., of Toledo; Burdine's, of Miami; and other leading stores in all parts of the United States. Write to The Selby Shoe Company, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, for the name of your nearest dealer.



SOLACE—A *closed throat oxford for street wear, especially smart because of its Cuban heel and pleasing trim of two contrasting leathers—either patent, calf or opalescent kid on suede. ILLUSTRATED*

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Look for trademark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Made for women, misses, and children by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O.

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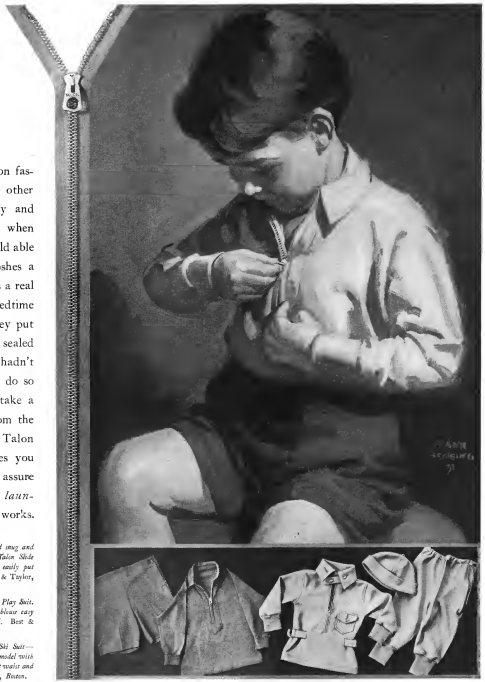
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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Only two an' a half...
but he can dress himself





Thousands of youngsters proudly manage Talon fastened clothes unaided *three full years* before other children can dress themselves. . . . The hurry and confusion of "time to go to school" is gone when children are made self-reliant. . . . To have a child able to get in and out of coat, leggings and galoshes a dozen times a day without bothering mother is a real help. . . . Even at the sleepy, trying hour of bedtime children remove for themselves the clothes they put on so easily in the morning—the suits Talon sealed up the front—the Talon fastened shoes they hadn't had to touch all day—proud of being able to do so alone. . . . *Teach your children self-help*, and take a well-earned rest from the button box, and from the drudgery of daily dressing. . . . Look for Talon Slide Fasteners on the next children's clothes you buy. . . . Talon on the pull-tab or slider will assure you *the rust proof fastener that laughs at laundries*—that never sticks or jams—that *always* works.



● *Left—Galoshes sealed snug and weather-tight with a Talon Slide Fastener. Children can easily put them on unaided.* Lord & Taylor, *New York.*

● *Center—Boy's Jersey Play Suit. Concealed Talon makes blouse easy to slip over the head.* Best & Company, *New York.*

● *Right—Youngster's Ski Suit—miniature copy of adult model with bloused trousers. Talon at waist and front of jacket.* Filene's, *Boston.*

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA · NEW YORK · BOSTON · PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO · SEATTLE

TALON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



the Slide Fastener that Launders Perfectly



"I never go to bed without It"

DID you ever get your mouth so gloriously clean you can almost taste the freshness of the air?

"Not a fleeting sensation that is only momentary, but a satisfying and lasting cleanliness. A mouth even a surgeon calls clean. So alkaline and sweet that the breath is like newmown hay. So free from acid your teeth and gums feel slippery to the tongue.

"Of course I brush my teeth! But I'd rather go without a tooth-brush than miss my daily alkaline rinse. Every night I pour out about a tablespoon of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and slosh it back and forth in my mouth until it's gone. I don't even use any water. Just the pure emulsion. I force it between the teeth with my tongue, and work it all around the gums.

"Look in my mouth. My teeth *are* white, as you've remarked. And I smoke a lot. See my tongue. It will be just as pink in the morning, and I used to have to scrub it clean. People who don't know this use of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia just *think* their mouths are clean."

Dentists are urging this scientific protection from acid-mouth. And when you adopt the suggestion your dentist knows it on your next visit! You may go three or four years without a single new cavity when you alkalinize your mouth in this manner and neutralize the acid that cats the enamel.

Get the genuine preparation that is used in prescriptions and endorsed by doctors. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



Answers to Christmas Puzzles

(Continued from Page 7)

Maple desk, table, leather armchair, lamp with parchment shade. From W. & J. Sloane.

Leather box with colored chips; china tobacco jar; table lighter; set of lighter and pencil in one case. From Alfred Dunhill of London, Inc.

Pocket tool kit in leather case; "Domar" bridge board. From Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Inc.

Cigarette jar with ash trays. From Ovington's.

Four gold toes in a pin; china decorators; leather cigarette case with matching bill fold, folding leather backgammon set; chromium-plated clock; leather cigarette box; aluminum playing cards for out-of-doors. From Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

FOR THE CHILDREN

(Two blocks at lower right of page 7.) Knitted skiing suit with matching cap and mittens; woolly scarf and matching cap. From Best & Co.

Plaid bath robe of flannel with silk crêpe collar and cuffs. From Saks Fifth Avenue.

Pirate fancy-dress costume with leggings and hat. From Schwartz & Co.

Flowered hooked rug. From Jas. McCutcheon & Co.

Wooden blocks in cart; letters of the alphabet to hang on a wall. From R. H. Macy & Co.

"Talking Blocks" that squeak; rag doll. From Best & Co.

Doll's wardrobe trunk; toy airplane. From Schwartz & Co.

"Musical" plates painted with French songs for children. From Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Inc.

Navajo doll. From Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts. Pewter lamp with circus and alphabet shade. From W. & J. Sloane.

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No one but your physician can give you safe and adequate advice about the feedings when your baby needs to have milk from a bottle. The matter is too important to baby's life and health for you to take any chance that he will not have the best and safest of food, prepared in the best way, and given in the right quantities. Only your physician can tell you how most surely to accomplish these things





WHETHER baby lives and grows—and what he grows to be—depends to a great extent on how well and safely he's fed during the first year of his life. Doctors agree that the best food for babies during this important first year, is the milk that nature designed for them—their own mothers' milk. But that sometimes fails. And weaning time always comes. Then you want to know that your baby has the very best and safest milk that can be had.

In Case This Happens

Many physicians are now prescribing Pet Milk for babies. They prescribe it because they *know* its good qualities. But there are many mothers who do not know how good it is. For their benefit we publish the following facts about it—facts which are established by scientific experiment and proved by the careful experience and observation of specialists in the care of babies.

1. *Pet Milk is always safe milk.* Sterilized in a sealed can, it is as surely free from harmful germs as if there were no such germ in the world.

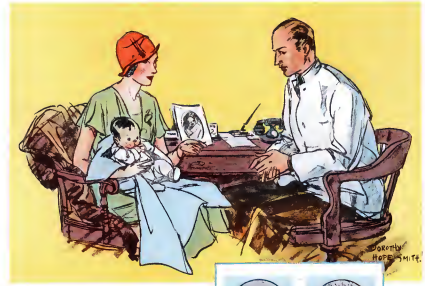
2. *Every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly rich* in all the food elements of whole milk. By scientific method it is concentrated to a definite standard of richness and tested for food content.

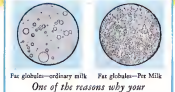
3. *Pet Milk is more easily digested by babies* than raw or pasteurized or boiled milk. The fat globules are broken into tiny particles so that the fat is quickly digested. The curds that form in the baby's stomach in the course of digestion are as soft and flocculent as those which form from human milk.

4. *All of the vitamins* which milk can be depended upon to supply are present in Pet Milk.

5. *Hundreds of babies, fed on this milk,* under the direction and observation of specialists, have had exceptional freedom from digestive disturbances—have had splendid growth—have enjoyed vigorous health.

Your physician will assure you that these enumerated qualities are essential points of virtue in milk for babies. You may confidently expect rugged health and sturdy growth for your baby with Pet Milk in his bottle.





Fat globules—ordinary milk Fat globules—Pet Milk

One of the reasons why your doctor tells you that Pet Milk is more readily digestible



This fond father is about to have his first solemn thought on the problem of pure, safe milk.

When Bottle Days Are Over

The same superior qualities which make Pet Milk so good for babies, make it excellent milk for children to drink. Its sure safety is most important. The uniform richness of every drop is of great importance, too. Pet Milk can never be skimmed milk. The fat can't be taken out of it. When your children drink Pet Milk, you know they're free from the danger of milk-borne disease—you *know* they are getting all the milk-food substances which growing bodies so much need.

Let Us Do Two Things For You

1. We'll send you, free of charge, our booklet about Pet Milk for babies. There are no formulas for preparing the feedings. Your physician will give you that. But it will tell you more than we can here tell you about this extraordinary milk.

2. We'll also send you, free of charge, our loose-leaf recipe book containing three hundred recipes. It will show you how Pet Milk will enable you to give your whole family better food—and save dollars on your milk and cream bill. Use coupon below to send us your name and address.





PET MILK COMPANY
1434-2 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Missouri
Please send me, free of charge,
☐ *Baby book* ☐ *Loose-leaf cookbook*

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

(This offer is limited to residents of Continental U. S.)



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

. . . Before he needs this correct tooth paste

Almost before you know it, he'll have so many teeth that it will be high time to start brushing them.

That's one of the important moments in his life—when you begin the care of his teeth. Depending on how well you do it, you make them grow fine and strong—or unhealthy and ugly. You influence his permanent teeth. You teach him habits of the utmost importance to his appearance, comfort, and health.

You can't be too careful. You can't use too good a tooth brush and tooth paste.

Why not start right out with Listerine Tooth Paste, which so many mothers have found ideal for their children? Its taste makes children love to brush their teeth, instead of rebelling. It cleans extra-thoroughly, without scratching or damaging even an infant's teeth. And it costs only half as much as many dentifrices!

Cleans Teeth Extra-thoroughly And Extra-safely, too

The makers of Listerine had 40 years' experience in oral hygiene behind them before they put Listerine Tooth Paste on the market. That made them able to produce a better tooth paste than ever before.

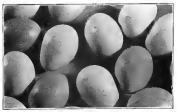
But, above all, the excellence of this dentifrice is due to a special polishing agent, which sweeps off tartar, tobacco stains, and all other discolorations, in half the usual time. Yet it is too gentle ever to damage tooth enamel, even a child's.



Up-to-date Manufacturing Saves Money for You

Many millions responded at once to its wonderful effects and its appealing taste. To the surprising price—25¢ instead of 50¢. They switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, and have used it ever since.

This huge demand permits production on a great, cost-cutting scale. And enables us to use the most modern, economical methods of manufacture. That is why we are able to sell you this top-notch tooth paste for the rock-bottom price of 25¢. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*



Buy six dozen eggs with that $3 you save

Here is a little health suggestion: EAT MORE EGGS.

The money you save on tooth paste will earn you biggest dividends in health and happiness, if you buy eggs for the family. Physicians and dietetic authorities stress the importance of eggs as a valuable food. They contain vitamins "a" and "b," as well as *lecithin*, an important substance which nourishes nerves and aids growth. Eggs blend with all foods and add richness to a large variety of dishes, and are of especial importance in all diets for invalids.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE..25¢

In LIBBY'S Pineapple: *just the center slices*



In LIBBY'S Peaches:



superbly matched halves

and they cost you no more!

Here's news that will interest every careful housewife, especially hostesses—now you can get peach halves that are *matched!*

Matched for size and shape, for glowing golden color, for delicacy of texture. Full of luscious true peach flavor. Carefully selected for the utmost possible uniformity.

To get them, insist on Libby's. For Libby alone gives you these marvelously matched halves.

And they cost you not one penny more. In spite of the difficulty and expense of matching halves like this—and Libby insists on *ten* exacting inspections—still these peaches are offered you at the same price as ordinary fruit.

So whenever you serve California Peaches, to your family or your guests, be sure to serve Libby's *Matched Halves.* They're one of the niceties that mark the thoughtful hostess. Just ask your grocer for Libby's. He has them or can get them for you easily and quickly.

RADIO! Tune in for the Libby programs, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, over the N. B. C. networks. 10 A. M. Eastern Time.





LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY · · CHICAGO

How Grand!.. Silverware is low and Christmas is near



JELLY SERVER
In the Legacy pattern
$1.50



SERVING SPOON
In Her Majesty pattern
$2.50



LONG SERVER
In the Silhouette pattern
$3.50



COMPOTIER
In the new Her Majesty pattern
$7.50

CANDLESTICKS
In Her Majesty Pattern
pair . . $10.00



34-PIECE SET OF HER MAJESTY FLATWARE
In Florentine Chest. Covers for eight, with knives and forks in the smart, new Viande* shape $43.00. Or a 26-piece set $33.25

*Trade-Mark—Knife; U. S. Pat. Applied For. Canadian Regis. Granted February 11, 1930.



IN all the world there's nothing lovelier for giving . . . or for getting . . . than *silverware* . . . quality silverware. And prices now are the lowest in years, for 1847 Rogers Bros. . . . Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate. Doesn't that suggest the perfect Christmas thought to you and to your budget? Look over your list . . . look over the prices . . . see how much you can get . . . and give . . . for so little. Most important, it is the same finely wrought, deep-lustered silverplate that has been famous for over eighty years.

Write International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for Booklet M-28 "How Much Silver Do I Need?"



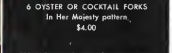
Here are the six patterns which you may choose from in selecting your 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate: Ancestral, Legacy, Her Majesty, Silhouette, Ambassador, Anniversary.

IS

This is the mark of the International Silver Company . . . a guarantee of silver nobility.



6 OYSTER OR COCKTAIL FORKS
In Her Majesty pattern
$4.00



6 SALAD FORKS
In the Ambassador pattern
$6.00



6 CREAM SOUP SPOONS
In the Silhouette pattern
$6.00



DOUBLE VEGETABLE DISH
In the Ambassador pattern
$17.50



3-PIECE TEA SET
In Her Majesty pattern . . $45.00
SERVING TRAY . . . $20.00

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

© I. S. Co., 1931

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY